(Dr. Gengler's Gesch. (1845)

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DIDACTIC AND DESCRIPTIVE.

VOL. II.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOL. II.

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M.DCC.LXXXI.

AN

ESSAY

ON

HISTORY;

IN THREE EPISTLES TO EDW. GIBBON, ESQ.

WITH

NOTES.

Της ἱσοριας οικειον ἀμα και χρησιμον
εξεταζεσθω.

POLYBIVS, Lib. II.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

ESSAY

ON

HISTORY;

IN THREE EPISTLES TO EDW. GIBBON, ESQ.

BY

A GUEST.

Tu, si quando citus optatum cursus ad Ithacam
Estque aliquis tanto properantibus addere solem,
Ne pelagi tantos patiare errare per æstus.

Persius, Lib. II.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. — *Relation between Hiſtory and Poetry* — *Decline of the latter.* — *Subject of the preſent Poem ſlightly touched by the Ancients.* — DIONYSIUS — LUCIAN. — *Importance and advantage of Hiſtory* — *its origin* — *ſubſequent to that of Poetry* — *diſguiſed in its infancy by Prieſtcraft and Superſtition* — *brought from* EGYPT *into* GREECE. — *Scarcity of great Hiſtorians* — *Perfect compoſition not to be expected.* — *Addreſs to Hiſtory, and Characters of many ancient Hiſtorians* — HERODOTUS — THUCYDIDES — XENOPHON — POLYBIUS — SALLUST — LIVY — TACITUS. — *Biography* — PLUTARCH. — *Baleful influence of deſpotic power* — AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS — ANNA COMNENA.

HIGH in the world of Letters, and of Wit,
Enthron'd like JOVE, behold Opinion ſit!
As ſymbols of her ſway, on either hand
Th' unfailing urns of Praiſe and Cenſure ſtand *;

* Ver. 4. See Note I.

Their mingled ſtreams her motley ſervants ſhed
On each bold Author's ſelf-devoted head.

On thee, O GIBBON! in whoſe ſplendid page
ROME ſhines majeſtic 'mid the woes of age,
Miſtaken Zeal, wrapt in a prieſtly pall,
Has from the baſer urn pour'd darkeſt gall:
Theſe ſtains to Learning would a Bard efface
With tides of glory from the golden vaſe,
But that he feels this nobler taſk require
A ſpirit glowing with congenial fire —
A VIRGIL only may uncenſur'd aim
To ſing in equal verſe a LIVY's fame:
Yet while Polemics, in fierce league combin'd,
With ſavage diſcord vex thy feeling mind;
And raſhly ſtain Religion's juſt defence,
By groſs detraction and perverted ſenſe;
Thy wounded ear may haply not refuſe
The ſoothing accents of an humbler Muſe.

The lovely Science, whoſe attractive air
Derives new charms from thy devoted care,
Is near ally'd to that enchanting Art,
Which reigns the idol of the Poet's heart.
Tho' ſiſter Goddeſſes, thy guardian maid
Shines in the robe of freſher youth array'd,
Like PALLAS recent from the brain of JOVE,
When Strength with Beauty in her features ſtrove;
While elder Poeſy, in every clime
The flower of earlieſt fall, has paſt her prime:
The bloom, which her autumnal cheeks ſupply,
Palls on the Public's philoſophic eye.
What! tho' no more with Fancy's ſtrong controul

Her

Her Epic wonders faſcinate the ſoul;
With humbler hopes, ſhe wiſhes ſtill to pleaſe
By moral elegance, and labour'd eaſe:
Like other Prudes, leaves Beauty's loſt pretence,
And ſtrives to charm by Sentiment and Senſe.
Yet deaf to Envy's voice, and Pride's alarms,
She loves the rival, who eclips'd her charms;
Safe in thy favour, ſhe would fondly ſtray
Round the wide realm, which owns that Siſter's ſway,
Sing the juſt fav'rites of hiſtoric fame,
And mark their pureſt laws and nobleſt aim.

My eyes with joy this pathleſs field explore,
Croſs'd by no ROMAN Bard, no GREEKS of yore.
Thoſe mighty Lords of literary ſway
Have paſs'd this province with a ſlight ſurvey:
E'en He, whoſe bold and comprehenſive mind
Immortal rules to Poeſy aſſign'd,
High Prieſt of Learning! has not fix'd apart
The laws and limits of hiſtoric Art:
Yet one excelling * GREEK in later days,
The happy teacher of harmonious phraſe,
Whoſe patient fingers all the threads untwine,
Which in the myſtic chain of Muſic join;
Strict DIONYSIUS, of ſevereſt Taſte,
Has juſtly ſome hiſtoric duties trac'd,
And ſome pure precepts into practice brought,
Th' Hiſtorian proving what the Critic taught.
And ** LUCIAN! thou, of Humour's ſons ſupreme!
Haſt touch'd with liveliеſt art this tempting theme.

* Ver. 55. See Note II.

** Ver. 63. See Note III.

When in the ROMAN world, corrupt and vain,
Hiſtoric Fury madden'd every brain;
When each baſe GREEK indulg'd his frantic dream,
And roſe a * XENOPHON in ſelf-eſteem;
Thy Genius ſatyriz'd the ſcribbling ſlave,
And to the liberal pen juſt leſſons gave:
O ſkill'd to ſeaſon, in proportion fit,
Severer wiſdom with thy ſportive wit!
Breathe thy ſtrong power! thy ſprightly grace infuſe
In the bold efforts of no ſervile Muſe,
If ſhe tranſplant ſome lively flower, that throws
Immortal ſweetneſs o'er thy Attic Proſe!

In Egypt ** once a dread tribunal ſtood;
Offspring of Wiſdom! ſource of Public Good!
Before this Seat, by holy Juſtice rear'd,
The mighty Dead, in ſolemn pomp, appear'd;
For 'till its ſentence had their rights expos'd,
The hallow'd portals of the tomb were clos'd;
A ſculptur'd form of Truth the Judges wore,
A ſacred emblem of the charge they bore!
The claims of Virtue their pure voice expreſt,
And bade the opening grave receive its honor'd gueſt.
Thus awefully array'd in Judgment's robe,
With powers extenſive as the peopled Globe;
To her juſt bar impartial Hiſt'ry brings
The gorgeous group of Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings;
With all whoſe minds, out-ſhining ſplendid birth,
Attract the notice of th' enlighten'd earth.
From artful Pomp ſhe ſtrips the proud diſguiſe

That

* Ver. 68. See Note IV.
** Ver. 77. See Note V.

That flash'd delusion in admiring eyes;
To injur'd Worth gives Glory's wish'd reward,
And blazons Virtue in her bright record:
Nature's clear Mirror! Life's instructive Guide!
Her Wisdom sour'd by no preceptive Pride!
Age from her lesson forms its wisest aim,
And youthful Emulation springs to Fame.

Yet thus adorn'd with noblest powers, design'd
To charm, correct, and elevate mankind,
From darkest Time her humble Birth she drew,
And slowly into Strength and Beauty grew;
As mighty streams, that roll with gather'd force,
Spring feebly forth from some sequester'd source.

The fond desire to pass the nameless crowd,
Swept from the earth in dark Oblivion's cloud;
Of transient life to leave some little trace,
And win remembrance from the rising race,
Led early Chiefs to make their prowess known
By the rude symbol on the artless stone:
And, long ere man the wondrous secret found,
To paint the voice, and fix the fleeting sound,
The infant Muse, ambitious at her birth, *
Rose the young herald of heroic worth.
The tuneful record of her oral praise,
The Sire's atchievements to the Son conveys:
Keen Emulation, wrapt in trance sublime,
Drinks with retentive ear the potent rhyme;
And faithful Memory, from affection strong,
Spreads the rich torrent of her martial song.
Letters at length arise; but envious Night

* Ver. 115. See Note VI.

Conceals their bleſt Inventor from our ſight.
O'er the wide earth his ſpreading bounty flew,
And ſwift thoſe precious ſeeds of Science grew;
Thence quickly ſprung the Annal's artleſs frame,
Time its chief boaſt! and brevity its aim!
The Temple-wall preſerv'd a ſimple date,
And mark'd in plaineſt form the Monarch's fate.

But in the center of thoſe vaſt abodes, *
Whoſe mighty maſs the land of Egypt loads;
Where, in rude triumph over years unknown,
Gigantic Grandeur, from his ſpiry throne,
Seems to look down diſdainful, and deride
The poor, the pigmy toils of modern Pride;
In the cloſe covert of thoſe gloomy cells,
Where early Magic fram'd her venal ſpells,
Combining prieſts, from many an ancient tale,
Wove for their hallow'd uſe Religion's veil;
A wondrous texture! ſupple, rich, and broad,
To dazzle Folly, and to ſhelter Fraud!
This, as her cæſtus, Superſtition wore;
And ſaw th' enchanted world its powers adore:
For in the myſtic web was every charm
To lure the timid, and the bold diſarm;
To win from eaſy Faith a blind eſteem,
And lull Devotion in a laſting dream.
The Sorcereſs, to ſpread her empire, dreſt
Hiſtory's young form in this illuſive veſt,
Whoſe infant voice repeated, as ſhe taught,
The motley fables on her mantle wrought;
Till Attic Freedom brought the Foundling home

From

* Ver. 131. See Note VII.

From the dark cells of her Egyptian dome;
Drew by degrees th' oppreſſive veil aſide,
And, ſhewing the fair Nymph in nature's pride,
Taught her to ſpeak, with all the fire of youth,
The words of Wiſdom in the tone of Truth;
To catch the paſſing ſhew of public life,
And paint immortal ſcenes of Grecian ſtrife.
Inchanting Athens! oft as Learning calls
Our fond attention to thy foſt'ring walls,
Still with freſh joy thy glories we explore,
With new idolatry thy charm adore.
Bred in thy boſom, the Hiſtorian caught
The warmeſt glow of elevated thought.
Yet while thy triumphs to his eye diſplay,
The nobleſt ſcene his pencil can portray;
While thy rich language, grac'd by every Muſe,
Supplies the brighteſt tints, his hand can uſe;
How ſmall their band, who, in thy happier days,
Reach the bright ſummit of hiſtoric praiſe!
'Tis thus with every Art, in every age,
From the mechanic to the moral ſage:
Excelling merit is by nature rare:
Millions contend for crowns they cannot wear.
Coy Science, in her ſcene of wide command,
Beſtows her honours with a ſparing hand,
Like CHARLEMAIN'S proud hoſt, her vaſſal crew
No tongue can count — Her paladins are few.
Pure, faultleſs writing, like tranſmuted gold,
Mortals may wiſh, but never ſhall behold:
Let Genius ſtill this glorious object own,
And ſeek Perfection's philoſophic ſtone!
For while the mind, in ſtudy's toilſome hours,

Tries on the long reſearch her latent powers,
New wonders riſe, to pay her patient thought,
Inferior only to the prize ſhe ſought.

But idle Pride no arduous labor ſees,
And deems th' Hiſtorian's toil a taſk of eaſe:
Yet, if ſurvey'd by Judgment's ſteady lamp,
How few are juſtly grac'd with Glory's ſtamp!
Tho' more theſe volumes, than the ruthleſs mind
Of the fierce OMAR to the flames conſign'd, *
When Learning ſaw the ſavage with a ſmile
Devote her offspring to the blazing pile!

O Hiſtory! whoſe pregnant mines impart
Unfailing treaſures to poetic art;
The Epic gem, and thoſe of darker hues,
Whoſe trembling luſtre decks the tragic Muſe;
If, juſtly conſcious of thy powers, I raiſe
A votive tablet to record thy praiſe,
That ancient temple to my view unfold,
Where thy firſt Sons, on Glory's liſt enroll'd,
To Fancy's eye, in living forms, appear,
And fill with Freedom's notes the raptur'd ear! —
The dome expands! — Behold th' Hiſtoric Sire!**
Ionic roſes mark his ſoft attire;
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mien
As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen, †
When her proud galley ſham'd the Perſian van,
And grateful XERXES own'd her more than man!

Soft

* Ver. 194. See Note VIII.
** Ver. 207. See Note IX.
† Ver. 210. See Note X.

Soft as the ſtream, whoſe dimpling waters play,*
And wind in lucid lapſe their pleaſing way,
His rich, Homeric elocution flows,
For all the Muſes modulate his proſe:
Tho' blind Credulity his ſtep miſleads
Thro' the dark miſt of her Egyptian meads,
Yet when return'd, with patriot paſſions warm,
He paints the progreſs of the Perſian ſtorm,
In Truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear
A trophy worthy of the Spartan ſpear:
His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
Behold! where Valour, reſting on his lance,
Drinks the ſweet ſound in rapture's ſilent trance,
Then, with a grateful ſhout of fond acclaim,
Hails the juſt herald of his country's fame! —
But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd! **
See the proud tear of emulation burſt!
O faithful ſign of a ſuperior ſoul!
Thy prayer is heard: — 'tis thine to reach the goal.
See! bleſt OLORUS! ſee the palm is won!
Sublimity and Wiſdom crown thy Son:
His the rich prize, that caught his early gaze,
Th' eternal treaſure of increaſing praiſe!
Pure from the ſtain of favor, or of hate,
His nervous line unfolds the deep Debate;
Explores the ſeeds of War; with matchleſs force
Draws Diſcord, ſpringing from Ambition's ſource,
With all her Demagogues, who murder Peace,

In

* Ver. 213. See Note XI.

** Ver. 229. See Note XII.

In the fierce ſtruggles of contentious Greece.
Stript by Ingratitude of juſt command —
Above reſentment to a thankleſs land,
Above all envy, rancour, pride, and ſpleen,
In exile patient, in diſgrace ſerene,
And proud to celebrate, as Truth inſpires,
Each patriot Hero, that his ſoul admires —
The deep-ton'd trumpet of renown he blows,
In ſage retirement 'mid the Thracian ſnows.
But to untimely ſilence Fate devotes
Thoſe lips, yet trembling with imperfect notes,
And baſe Oblivion threatens to devour
Ev'n this firſt offspring of hiſtoric power.
A generous guardian of a rival's fame, *
Mars the dark Fiend in this malignant aim:
Accompliſh'd XENOPHON! thy truth has ſhewn
A brother's glory ſacred as thy own:
O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace
Minerva's darling ſons of Attic race!
The Sage's olive, the Hiſtorian's palm,
The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm!
The ſimple diction, free from glaring art,
With ſweet allurement ſteals upon the heart;
Pure, as the rill, that Nature's hand refines,
A cloudleſs mirror of thy ſoul it ſhines.
Two paſſions there by ſoft contention pleaſe,
The love of martial Fame, and learned Eaſe:
Theſe friendly colours, exquiſitely join'd,
Form the enchanting picture of thy mind.
Thine was the praiſe, bright models to afford

To

* Ver. 255. See Note XIII.

To CÆSAR'S rival pen, and rival ſword:
Bleſt, had Ambition not deſtroy'd his claim
To the mild luſtre of thy purer fame!
Thou pride of Greece! in thee her triumphs end:
And Roman chiefs in borrow'd pomp aſcend.
Rome's haughty genius, who enſlav'd the Greek,*
In Grecian language deigns at firſt to ſpeak:
By ſlow degrees her ruder tongue ſhe taught
To tell the wonders that her valour wrought;
And her hiſtoric hoſt, with envious eye,
View in their glittering van a Greek ally.
Thou Friend of SCIPIO! vers'd in War's alarms! **
Torn from thy wounded country's ſtruggling arms!
And doom'd in Latian boſoms to inſtill
Thy moral virtue, and thy martial ſkill!
Pleas'd, in reſearches of elaborate length,
To trace the fibres of the Roman ſtrength!
O highly perfect in each nobler part,
The Sage's wiſdom, and the Soldier's art!
This richer half of Grecian praiſe is thine:
But o'er thy ſtyle the ſlighted Graces pine,
And tir'd Attention toils thro' many a maze,
To reach the purport of thy doubtful phraſe:
Yet large are his rewards, whoſe toils engage
To clear the ſpirit of thy cloudy page;
Like Indian fruit, its rugged rind contains
Thoſe milky ſweets that pay the ſearcher's pains.

Rome's haughty Genius, with exulting claim,
Points to her rivals of the Grecian name!

Senten-

* Ver. 277. See Note XIV.

** Ver. 283. See Note XV.

Sententious SALLUST leads her lofty train; *
Clear, tho' conciſe, elaborately plain,
Poiſing his ſcale of words with frugal care,
Nor leaving one ſuperfluous atom there!
Yet well diſplaying, in a narrow ſpace,
Truth's native ſtrength, and Nature's eaſy grace;
Skill'd to detect, in tracing Action's courſe,
The hidden motive, and the human ſource.
His lucid brevity the palm has won,
By Rome's deciſion, from OLORUS' Son.

Of mightier ſpirit, of majeſtic frame,
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And ſhadow'd with his plumes the ſubject world,
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer LIVY claims th' Hiſtoric throne; †
With that rich Eloquence, whoſe golden light
Brings the full ſcene diſtinctly to the ſight;
That Zeal for Truth, which Intereſt cannot bend,
That Fire, which Freedom ever gives her friend.
Immortal artiſt of a work ſupreme!
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud eſteem,
Her own bright image, of Coloſſal ſize,
From thy long toils in pureſt marble riſe.
But envious Time, with a malignant ſtroke,
This ſacred ſtatue into fragments broke;
In Lethe's ſtream its nobler portions ſunk,
And left Futurity the wounded trunk.

Yet,

* Ver. 301. See Note XVI.

† Ver. 316. See Note XVII.

Yet, like the matchleſs, mutilated frame, *
To which great ANGELO bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whoſe ſtrength we find
The ſplendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration ſtill
Rivals the finiſh'd forms of modern ſkill.

Next, but, O LIVY! as unlike to thee,
As the pent river to th' expanding ſea,
Sarcaſtic TACITUS, abrupt and dark, †
In moral anger forms the keen remark;
Searching the ſoul with microſcopic power,
To mark the latent worm that mars the flower.
His Roman voice, in baſe degenerate days,
Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praiſe;
And with indignant hate, ſeverely warm,
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghaſtly form!
There are, whoſe cenſures to his Style aſſign
A ſubtle ſpirit, rigid and malign;
Which magnified each monſter that he drew,
And gave to darkeſt vice a deeper hue;
Yet his ſtrong pencil ſhews the gentleſt heart,
In one ſweet ſketch of Biographic art,
Whoſe ſofteſt tints, by filial love combin'd,
Form the pure image of his Father's mind.

O bleſt Biography! thy charms of yore
Hiſtoric Truth to ſtrong Affection bore,
And foſt'ring Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
Of both thy Parents the attractive power;

To

* Ver. 329. See Note XVIII.

† Ver. 337. See Note XIX.

To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix,
And fond delight with wiſe inſtruction mix.
Firſt of thy votaries, peerleſs, and alone,
Thy PLUTARCH ſhines, by moral beauty known: * 360
Enchanting Sage! whoſe living leſſons teach,
What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
Tho' oft thy Pen, eccentrically wild,
Ramble, in Learning's various maze beguil'd;
Tho' in thy Style no brilliant graces ſhine, 365
Nor the clear conduct of correct Deſign,
Thy every page is uniformly bright
With mild Philanthropy's diviner light.
Of gentleſt manners, as of mind elate,
Thy happy Genius had the glorious fate 370
To regulate, with Wiſdom's ſoft controul,
The ſtrong ambition of a TRAJAN's ſoul.
But O! how rare benignant Virtue ſprings,
In the blank boſom of deſpotic kings!

Thou bane of liberal Knowledge! Nature's curſe! 375
Parent of Miſery! pamper'd Vice's nurſe!
Thou who canſt bind, by thy petrific breath,
The ſoul of Genius in the trance of death!
Unbounded Power! beneath thy baleful ſway.
The voice of Hiſt'ry ſinks in dumb decay. 380

Still in thy gloomy reign one martial Greek,
In Rome's corrupted language dares to ſpeak;
Mild MARCELLINUS! free from ſervile awe! **
A faithful painter of the woes he ſaw;
Forc'd by the meanneſs of his age to join 385

Adul-

* Ver. 360. See Note XX.

** Ver. 383. See Note XXI.

Adulterate Colours with his juſt Deſign!
The ſlighted Attic Muſe no more ſupplies
Her pencil, dipt in Nature's pureſt dies;
And Roman Emulation, at a ſtand,
Drops the blurr'd pallet from her palſy'd hand.

But while Monaſtic Night, with gathering ſhades,
The ruin'd realm of Hiſtory invades;
While, pent in CONSTANTINE'S ill-fated walls,
The mangled form of Roman Grandeur falls;
And, like a Gladiator on the ſand,
Props his faint body with a dying hand;
While ſavage Turks, or the fierce Sons of Thor,
Wage on the Arts a wild Titanian war;
While manly Knowledge hides his radiant head,
As Jove in terror from the Titans fled;
See! in the lovely charms of female youth,
A ſecond Pallas guards the throne of Truth!
And, with COMNENA'S royal name impreſt, *
The zone of Beauty binds her Attic veſt!
Fair ſtar of Wiſdom! whoſe unrival'd light
Breaks thro' the ſtormy cloud of thickeſt night;
Tho' in the purple of proud miſery nurſt,
From thoſe oppreſſive bands thy ſpirit burſt;
Pleas'd in thy public labours, to forget
The keen domeſtic pangs of fond regret!
Pleas'd to preſerve, from Time's deſtructive rage,
A Father's virtues in thy faithful page!
Too pure of ſoul to violate, or hide
Th' Hiſtorian's duty in the Daughter's pride!
Tho' baſe Oblivion long with envious hand

Hid

* Ver. 403. See Note XXII.

Hid the fair volume which thy virtue plann'd,
It ſhines, redeem'd from Ruin's darkeſt hour,
A wond'rous monument of Female power;
While conſcious Hiſt'ry, careful of thy fame,
Ranks in her Attic band thy filial name,
And ſees, on Glory's ſtage, thy graceful mien
Cloſe the long triumph of her ancient ſcene!

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

Sunt et alii Scriptores boni: ſed nos genera deguſtamus, non bibliothecas excutimus. QUINTIL. Lib. X.

ARGUMENT.

Defects of the Monkiſh Hiſtorians — our obligations to the beſt of them. — Contraſt between two of the moſt fabulous, and two of the moſt rational. — Indulgence due to Writers of the dark Ages. — Arabians — ABULFEDA — BOHADDIN. — *Slow Progreſs of the human Mind. — Chivalry.* — FROISSART. — *Revival of ancient Learning under* LEO X. — *Hiſtorians in Italy*, MACHIAVEL, GUICCIARDIN, DAVILA, *and Father* PAUL — *in Portugal*, OSORIUS — *in Spain*, MARIANA — *in Holland*, GROTIUS — *in France*, THUANUS. — *Praiſe of Toleration.* — VOLTAIRE. — *Addreſs to England.* — CLARENDON — BURNET — RAPIN — HUME — LYTTELTON. — *Reaſon for not attempting to deſcribe any living Hiſtorian.*

AS eager Foſſiliſts with ardour pore
On the flat margin of the pebbled ſhore,
Hoping ſome curious Shell, or Coral-root,
Will pay the labours of their long purſuit;

And yield their hand the pleaſure to diſplay
Nature's neglected Gems in nice array:
So, GIBBON! toils the mind, whoſe labour wades
Thro' the dull Chronicle's monaſtic ſhades,
To pick from that drear coaſt, with learned care,
New ſhells of Knowledge, thinly ſcatter'd there;
Who patient hears, while cloiſter'd Dullneſs tells
The lying legend of her murky cells;
Or ſtrangely mingles, in her phraſe uncouth,
Diſguſting Lies with unimportant Truth:
How Biſhops give (each tort'ring Fiend o'ercome)
Life to the faint, and language to the dumb:
How ſainted Kings renounce, with holy dread, *
The chaſte endearments of their marriage-bed:
How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celeſtial mount, **
Frantic with rapture from a ſacred fount:
How cunning Prieſts their dying Lord cajole,
And take his riches to enſure his ſoul:
While he endows them, in his pious will,
With thoſe choice gifts, the Meadow and the Mill, †
They wiſely chronicle his Spirit's health,
And give him Virtue in return for Wealth.
So Hiſt'ry ſinks, by Hypocrites depreſt,
In the coarſe habit of the cloiſter dreſt;
When her weak Sons that noxious air imbibe,
Such are the tales of their monaſtic tribe!

But let not Pride, with blind contempt, arraign
Each early Writer in that humble train!

No!

* Ver. 17. See Note I.

** Ver. 19. See Note II.

† Ver. 24. See Note III.

No! let the Muſe, a friend to every claim,
That marks the Candidate for honeſt fame,
Be juſt to patient Worth, ſeverely ſunk,
And paint the merits of the modeſt Monk!

Ye purer minds! who ſtopt, with native force,
Blind Ignorance in his barbarian courſe;
Who, in the field of Hiſt'ry, dark and waſte,
Your ſimple path with ſteady patience trac'd;
Bleſt be your labours! and your virtues bleſt!
Tho' paid with inſult, and with ſcorn oppreſt,
Ye reſcu'd Learning's lamp from total night,
And ſav'd with anxious toil the trembling light,
In the wild ſtorm of that tempeſtuous time,
When Superſtition cheriſh'd every crime;
When meaner Prieſts pronounc'd with falt'ring tongue,
Nor knew to read the jargon which they ſung;
When Nobles, train'd like blood-hounds to deſtroy,
In ruthleſs rapine plac'd their ſavage joy;
And Monarchs wanted ev'n the ſkill to frame
The letters that compos'd their mighty name.
How ſtrong the mind, that, try'd by ills like theſe,
Could write untainted with the Time's diſeaſe!
That, free from Folly's lie, and Fraud's pretence,
Could riſe to ſimple Truth, and ſober Senſe!
Such minds exiſted in the darkeſt hour
Of blind Barbarity's debaſing power.

If mitred TURPIN told, in wildeſt ſtrain, *
Of giant-feats atchiev'd by CHARLEMAIN;
Of ſpears, that bloſſom'd like the flowery thorn,
Of ROLAND'S magic ſword, and ivory horn,

* Ver. 59. See Note IV.

Whoſe ſound was wafted by an angel's wing,
In notes of anguiſh, to his diſtant king;
Yet modeſt ÆGINHARD, with grateful care, *
In purer colours, and with Nature's air,
Has drawn diſtinctly, in his clear record,
A juſter portrait of this mighty Lord,
Whoſe forceful lance, againſt the Pagan hurl'd,
Shone the bright terror of a barbarous world.
Nor on his maſter does he idly ſhower
The prieſtly gifts of ſupernat'ral Power:
This candid Scribe of Gratitude and Truth,
Correctly paints the Patron of his youth,
Th' imperial Savage, whoſe unletter'd mind
Was active, ſtrong, beneficent, and kind;
Who, tho' he lov'd the Learned to requite,
Knew not that ſimpleſt art, the art to write.

If Britiſh GEFFREY fill'd his motley page **
With MERLIN'S ſpells, and UTHER'S amorous rage;
With fables from the field of Magic glean'd,
Giant and Dragon, Incubus and Fiend;
Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'ſbury! engag'd thy pen. †
Nor vainly doſt thou plead, in modeſt phraſe,
Thy manly paſſion for ingenuous praiſe:
'Twas thine the labours of thy Sires to clear
From Fiction's harden'd ſpots, with toil ſevere;
To form, with eyes intent on public life,
Thy bolder ſketches of internal ſtrife;

And

* Ver. 65. See Note V.
** Ver. 79. See Note VI.
† Ver. 84. See Note VII.

And warmly celebrate, with love refin'd,
The rich endowments of thy GLO'STER'S mind;
May this, thy Praiſe, the Monkiſh pen exempt
From the ungenerous blame of blind Contempt!

Tho' Truth appear to make thy works her care,
The lurking Prodigy ſtill lingers there:
But let not cenſure on thy name be thrown
For errors, ſpringing from thy age alone!
Shame on the Critic! who, with idle ſcorn,
Depreciates Authors, in dark periods born,
Who chance to want, irregularly bright,
That equal Knowledge, and that ſteadier Light,
Which Learning, in its full meridian power,
Has richly laviſh'd on his happier hour!

Where martial tribes a warlike Deſpot own,
And civil Freedom is a bliſs unknown,
In caſual fits of intermitted ſtrife,
The Arts are ſummon'd into tranſient life:
The royal mind ſupplies the quick'ning ray,
And Science ſeems the inſect of a day.
Mark the fierce ſons of many a ſavage horde,
That from her fertile wilds Arabia pour'd!
Behold them, as they range the ſubject earth,
Now ſtifle Knowledge, and now give it birth!
In Syrian Hamah, lo! a Prince preſides,
Whoſe faithful hand the pen of Hiſt'ry guides:
Mild ABULFEDA! whoſe rich merits claim *
No ſingle wreath of literary Fame:
The regions he deſcrib'd, his talents boaſt,
And Eaſtern Poets rank him in their hoſt.

* Ver. 117. See Note VIII.

In different climes behold an Arab Lord
Cruſh the fair Art his brutal ſoul abhorr'd!
And with that victim's blood his ſabre ſtain, *
Who dar'd to write the annals of his reign!
Yet in the land, that ſaw this ſavage deed,
Arabian Science gain'd her richeſt meed:
There Corduba, in hours of happier fate, **
Sublimely roſe in academic ſtate,
Alike for Gallantry and Learning known,
Aſylum of the Arts, and Valour's throne!
Ye turrets creſcent-crown'd! the prey of Time!
Bright ſcenes! that ecchoed with Arabian rhyme;
Ere yet Oblivion's hateful curtain falls
On the faint ſplendor of your proſtrate walls,
May ſome juſt hand your hidden wealth explore,
The laurel to your letter'd Chiefs reſtore,
To all your pomp a new exiſtence give,
And bid your glories in deſcription live!
The daring Moor, tho' robb'd of Freedom's rays,
Glow'd with the noble avarice of praiſe;
Keen as an Attic mind in Fame's purſuit,
He ſhook, from Labour's tree, that golden fruit.

Of all the heroes of the Moſlem line,
Triumphant SALADIN! 'twas chiefly thine
To cheriſh, in thy ſcenes of bloody ſtrife
A juſt Encomiaſt of thy ſplendid life!
Thy warm BOHADDIN, with that generous zeal, †
Which no baſe ſons of Adulation feel,

At

* Ver. 123. See Note IX.
** Ver. 127. See Note X.
† Ver. 147. See Note XI.

At large delineates, with hiſtoric Art,
Thy bold, intrepid mind, thy gentle heart.
Tho' in his portrait, which reveals the Friend,
The tints of Truth with thoſe of Fondneſs blend,
The picture, finiſh'd on no ſervile plan,
Gives to our view the hero, and the man.
Affliction ſpeaks, all abject aims above;
The tender Servant in the Scribe we love,
Who ſhrinks, diſabled by the guſhing tear,
From his laſt duty to a Lord ſo dear.
Yet, tho' his boſom, touch'd with manly grief,
Shar'd the mild virtue of his feeling Chief,
His page betrays the bigot of the Eaſt,
And laviſh execrations mark the Prieſt.

In all its various paths, the human Mind
Feels the firſt efforts of its ſtrength confin'd;
And in the field, where Hiſtory's laurels grow,
Winds its long march with lingering ſtep and ſlow:
Like Fruit, whoſe taſte to ſweet luxuriance runs
By conſtant ſuccour from autumnal ſuns,
This lovely Science ripens by degrees,
And late is faſhion'd into graceful eaſe.

In thoſe enlivening days, when Europe roſe
From the long preſſure of lethargic woes;
When the Provencal lyre, with roſes dreſt,
By ardent Love's extatic fingers preſt,
Wak'd into life the Genius of the Weſt;
When Chivalry, her banners all unfurl'd,
Fill'd with heroic fire the ſplendid world;
In high-plum'd grandeur held her gorgeous reign,
And rank'd each brilliant Virtue in her train;
When ſhe imparted, by her magic glove,

To Honour' ſtrength, and purity to Love;
New-moulded Nature on her nobleſt plan,
And gave freſh ſinews to the ſoul of man:
When the chief model of her forming hand,
Our ſable EDWARD, on the Gallic ſtrand,
Diſplay'd that ſpirit which her laws beſtow,
And ſhone the idol of his captive foe:
Unbleſt with Arts, th' unletter'd age could yield
No ſkilful hand, to paint from Glory's field
Scenes, that Humanity with pride muſt hear,
And Admiration honour with a tear.

Yet Courteſy, with generous Valour join'd,
Fair Twins of Chivalry! rejoic'd to find
A faithful Chronicler in plain FROISSART; *
More rich in honeſty than void of art.
As the young Peaſant, led by ſpirits keen
To ſome great city's gay and gorgeous ſcene,
Returning, with increaſe of proud delight,
Dwells on the various ſplendor of the ſight;
And gives his tale, tho' told in terms uncouth,
The charm of Nature, and the force of Truth,
Tho' rude engaging; ſuch thy ſimple page
Seems, O FROISSART! to this enlighten'd age.
Proud of their ſpirit, in thy writings ſhewn,
Fair Faith and Honour mark thee for their own;
Tho' oft the dupe of thoſe deluſive times,
Thy Genius, foſter'd with romantic rhymes,
Appears to play the legendary Bard,
And treſpaſs on the Truth it meant to guard:
Still ſhall thy Name, with laſting glory, ſtand
High

* Ver. 194. See Note XII.

High on the liſt of that advent'rous band,
Who, bidding Hiſtory ſpeak a modern Tongue,
From her cramp'd hand the Monkiſh fetters flung,
While yet depreſs'd in Gothic night ſhe lay,
Nor ſaw th' approaching dawn of Attic day.

On the bleſt banks of Tiber's honour'd ſtream
Shone the firſt glance of that reviving beam;
Enlighten'd Pontiffs, on the ſignal ſpot
Where Science was proſcrib'd, and Senſe forgot,
Bade Learning ſtart from out her mould'ring tomb,
And taught new laurels on her brow to bloom;
Their Magic voice invok'd all Arts, and all
Sprung into glory at the potent call.

As in Arabia's waſte, where Horror reigns,
Gigantic tyrant of the burning plains!
The glorious bounty of ſome Royal mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, and friend to human kind,
Bids the rich Structure of refreſhment riſe,
To chear the Traveller's deſpairing eyes;
Who ſees with rapture the new fountains burſt,
And, as he ſlakes his ſoul-ſubduing thirſt,
Bleſſes the hand which all his pains beguil'd,
And rais'd an Eden in the dreary wild:
Such praiſes, LEO! to thy name are due,
From all who Learning's cultur'd field review,
And to its Fountain, in thy liberal heart,
Trace the diffuſive Stream of modern Art.
'Twas not thy praiſe to animate alone
The ſpeaking Canvaſs, and the breathing Stone,
Or tides of Bounty round Parnaſſus roll,
To quicken Genius in the Poet's ſoul;
Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,

Brought the keen SCRIBE OF FLORENCE into Day; *
Whoſe ſubtle Wit diſcharg'd a dubious ſhaft,
At once the Friend and Foe of Kingly Craft.
Tho', in his maze of Politics perplext,
Great Names have differ'd on that doubtful text;
Here crown'd with praiſe, as true to Virtue's ſide,
There view'd with horror, as th' Aſſaſſin's guide;
High in a purer ſphere, he ſhines afar,
And Hiſt'ry hails him as her Morning-ſtar.

Nor leſs, O LEO! was it thine to raiſe
The great Hiſtoric Chief of modern days, **
The ſolemn GUICCIARDIN, whoſe pen ſevere,
Unſway'd by favour, nor reſtrain'd by fear,
Mark'd in his cloſe of life, with keen diſdain,
Each fatal blemiſh in thy motley reign;
Who, like OLORUS' Son, of ſpirit chaſte,
And form'd to martial toils, minutely trac'd
The woes he ſaw his bleeding country bear,
And wars, in which he claim'd no trivial ſhare.

With equal wreaths let DAVILA be crown'd, †
Alike in letters and in arms renown'd!
Who, from his country driv'n by dire miſchance,
Plung'd in the civil broils of bleeding France,
Maintaining ſtill, in Party's raging ſea,
His judgment ſteady, and his ſpirit free;
Save when the fierce religion of his Sires
Drown'd the ſoft zeal Humanity inſpires:
Who boldly wrote, with ſuch a faithful hand,

The

* Ver. 243, See Note XIII.

** Ver. 253. See Note XIV.

† Ver. 262. See Note XV.

The tragic ſtory of that foreign land,
The hoary Gallic Chief, whoſe tranquil age
Liſten'd with joy to his recording page,
Tracing the ſcenes familiar to his youth,
Gave his ſtrong ſanction to th' Hiſtorian's truth.

Oh Italy! tho' drench'd with civil blood,
Tho' drown'd in Bigotry's ſoul-quenching flood,
Hiſtoric Genius, in thy troubles nurſt,
Ev'n from the darkneſs of the Convent burſt.
Venice may boaſt eternal Honour, won
By the bright labours of her dauntleſs Son,
Whoſe hand the curtains of the Conclave drew,
And gave each prieſtly art to public view.

SARPI, bleſt name! from every foible clear, *
Not more to Science than to Virtue dear.
Thy pen, thy life, of equal praiſe ſecure!
Both wiſely bold, and both ſublimely pure!
That Freedom bids me on thy merits dwell,
Whoſe radiant form illum'd thy letter'd cell;
Who to thy hand the nobleſt taſk aſſign'd,
That earth can offer to a heavenly mind:
With Reaſon's arms to guard invaded laws,
And guide the pen of Truth in Freedom's cauſe.
Too firm of heart at Danger's cry to ſtoop,
Nor Lucre's ſlave, nor vain Ambition's dupe,
Thro' length of days invariably the ſame,
Thy Country's liberty thy conſtant aim!
For this thy ſpirit dar'd th' Aſſaſſin's knife,
That with repeated guilt purſu'd thy life;
For this thy fervent and unweary'd care

Form'd,

* Ver. 284. See Note XVI.

Form'd, ev'n in death, thy patriotic prayer,
And, while his ſhadows on thine eye-lids hung,
"Be it immortal!" trembled on thy tongue.

But not reſtricted, by the partial Fates,
To the bright cluſter of Italian States,
The light of Learning, and of liberal Taſte,
Diffuſely ſhone o'er Europe's Gothic waſte.

On Tagus' ſhore, from whoſe admiring ſtrand
Great GAMA ſail'd, when his advent'rous hand
The flag of glorious enterprize unfurl'd,
To purchaſe with his toils the Eaſtern world,
The clear OSORIUS, in his claſſic phraſe, *
Portray'd the Heroes of thoſe happier days,
When Luſitania, once a mighty name,
Outſtripp'd each rival in the chace of Fame:
Mild and majeſtic, her Hiſtorian's page
Shares in the glory of her brighteſt age.
Iberia's Genius bids juſt Fame allow
As bright a wreath to MARIANA's brow: **
Skill'd to illuminate the diſtant ſcene,
In diction graceful, and of ſpirit keen,
His labour, by his country's love endear'd,
The gloomy chaos of her Story clear'd.
He firſt aſpir'd its ſcatter'd parts to claſs,
And bring to juſter form the mighty maſs;
As the nice hand of Geographic art
Draws the vaſt globe on a contracted chart,
Where Truth uninjur'd ſees, with glad ſurprize,
Her ſhape ſtill perfect, tho' of ſmaller ſize.

Exalted

* Ver. 312. See Note XVII.

** Ver. 319. See Note XVIII.

Exalted Mind! who felt the People's right,
In climes, where ſouls are cruſh'd by Kingly might;
And dar'd, unaw'd before a tyrant's throne,
To make the ſanctity of Freedom known!
But ſhort, O Genius! is thy tranſient hour,
In the dark regions of deſpotic Power.
As the faint ſtruggle of the ſolar beam,
When vapours intercept the golden ſtream,
Pouring thro' parted clouds a glancing fire,
Plays, in ſhort triumph, on ſome glittering ſpire;
But while the eye admires the partial ray,
The pale and watery luſtre melts away:
Thus gleams of literary ſplendor play'd,
And thus on Spain's o'erclouded realm decay'd:
While Holland, Liberty's immediate care,
Defy'd the preſſure of Bœotian air,
Burſt the oppreſſive gloom around her hurl'd,
And drew attention from th' admiring world.
When, by long toils, her dauntleſs warriors broke
Their Spaniſh bonds, and ſpurn'd a bloody yoke,
In the bright moments of that bleſſed hour;
With talents equal to his Country's power,
The fervid GROTIUS to her glory rais'd *
A column, ſplendid as the feats he prais'd;
Stifled his juſt reſentment, to beſtow
A clear encomium on his private foe,
And honour'd in the Chief, who ſav'd the State,
The raſh oppreſſor, who provok'd his hate.

Thou all-accompliſh'd Youth! whoſe early page
Charm'd the aſtoniſh'd eye of learned Age,

Let

* Ver. 352. See Note XIX.

Let admiration of thy worth inſpire
Sirch liberal praiſe, as echoed from thy lyre,
When Honour crown'd, by thy poetic hand,
The far-fam'd Scholar of thy native land!
Learning ne'er ſaw, in all her numerous race,
A ſon more worthy of her fond embrace:
Thy mind expanded to her empire's bound;
There every Science a firm ſtation found;
There gay and grave, in rare aſſemblage, ſhone;
A wonder, equall'd by thy heart alone!
For, by enlighten'd Faith's preſiding care,
The rival Virtues were all marſhall'd there.
Worth ſo tranſcendent, Heaven with ſmiles ſurvey'd,
And with the choiceſt of its gifts repaid;
Gave thee a Partner of thy chequer'd fate,
Pure as thy Genius, and as firmly great;
With equal love, with equal courage warm,
A kindred Spirit in a ſofter form:
Thy dear MARIA ſhar'd thy captive hour,
She brav'd the vengeance of offended power;
And, with the fondneſs of Admetus' wife,
Reſtor'd thy freedom at the riſk of life:
Her days were guarded by the Powers above;
And thy juſt lyre immortaliz'd her love.
Ye peerleſs Couple! tho' with wrongs oppreſt,
In virtue happy, and by union bleſt,
From Fame's fond lips your blended praiſe ſhall flow,
While Excellence can find a friend below;
While Love's chaſte fires thro' human boſoms roll;
While Liberty and Truth delight the ſoul!
Your names, applauded by the ſpacious earth,
Still dignify the land that boaſts your birth;

Tho'

Tho' her tame Genius, Wealth's more willing slave,
Soon lost that mental fire, which Freedom gave,
Whose brilliant flame in sickly languor dies,
Where'er the damps of Avarice arise:
Hence, tho' less free, yet true to Honour's aim,
France is more opulent in letter'd fame.

There, in the dignity of virtuous Pride,
Thro' painful scenes of public service try'd,
And keenly conscious of his Country's woes,
The liberal spirit of THUANUS rose: *
O'er Earth's wide stage a curious eye he cast,
And caught the living pageant as it past:
With patriot care most eager to advance
The rights of Nature, and the weal of France!
His language noble, as his temper clear
From Faction's rage, and Superstition's fear!
In Wealth laborious! amid Wrongs sedate!
His Virtue lovely, as his Genius great!
'Ting'd with some marks, that from his climate spring,
He priz'd his Country, but ador'd his King;
Yet with a zeal from slavish awe refin'd,
Shone the clear model of a Gallic mind.

Thou friend of Science! 'twas thy signal praise,
A just memorial of her Sons to raise;
To blazon first, on Hist'ry's brighter leaf,
The laurel'd Writer with the laurel'd Chief!

But O! pure Spirit! what a fate was thine!
How Truth and Reason at thy wrongs repine!
How blame thy King, tho' rob'd in Honour's ray,
Who left thy Fame to subtle Priests a prey,

And

* Ver. 401. See Note XX.

And tamely ſaw their murky wiles o'erwhelm
Thy works, the light of his reviving realm!

'Tho' Pontiffs execrate, and Kings betray,
Let not this fate your generous warmth allay,
Ye kindred Worthies! who ſtill dare to wield
Reaſon's keen ſword, and Toleration's ſhield,
In climes where Perſecution's iron mace
Is rais'd to maſſacre the human race!
The heart of Nature will your virtue feel,
And her immortal voice reward your zeal:
Firſt in her praiſe her fearleſs champions live,
Crown'd with the nobleſt palms that earth can give.
Firm in this band, who to her aid advance,
And high amid th' Hiſtoric ſons of France,
Delighted Nature ſaw, with partial care,
The lively vigour of the gay VOLTAIRE;
And fondly gave him, with ANACREON'S fire,
To throw the hand of Age acroſs the lyre:
But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd ſo long!
Th' Hiſtorian's tale is cloſ'd, the Poet's ſong!
Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
Who fill'd ſo large a ſpace in Learning's eye!
Thou Mind unweary'd! thy long toils are o'er;
Cenſure and Praiſe can touch thy ear no more:
Still let me breathe with juſt regret thy name,
Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim!

On the wide ſea of Letters 'twas thy boaſt
To croud each ſail, and touch at every coaſt:
From that rich deep how often haſt thou brought
The pure and precious pearls of ſplendid Thought!
How didſt thou triumph on that ſubject-tide,

Till Vanity's wild guſt, and ſtormy pride,
Drove thy ſtrong bark, in evil hour, to ſplit
Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit!
But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb!
And guardian laurels o'er thy aſhes bloom!

From the long annals of the world thy art,
With chemic proceſs, drew the richer part;
To Hiſt'ry gave a philoſophic air,
And made the intereſt of mankind her care;
Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
And from the roſe of Knowledge ſtrip the thorn.

Thy lively Eloquence, in proſe, in verſe,
Still keenly bright, and elegantly terſe,
Flames with bold ſpirit; yet is idly raſh:
Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flaſh;
Thy Wiſdom verges to ſarcaſtic ſport,
Satire thy joy! and ridicule thy *fort!*
But the gay Genius of the Gallic ſoil,
Shrinking from ſolemn taſks of ſerious toil,
Thro' every ſcene his playful air maintains,
And in the light Memoir unrival'd reigns.
Thy Wits, O France! (as e'en thy Critics own) *
Support not Hiſtory's majeſtic tone;
They, like thy Soldiers, want, in feats of length,
The perſevering ſoul of Britiſh ſtrength.

Hail to thee, Britain! hail! delightful land!
I ſpring with filial joy to reach thy ſtrand:
And thou! bleſt nouriſher of Souls, ſublime
As e'er immortaliz'd their native clime,

* Ver. 474. See Note XXI.

Rich in Poetic treaſures, yet excuſe
The trivial offering of an humble Muſe,
Who pants to add, with fears by love o'ercome,
Her mite of Glory to thy countleſs ſum!
With vary'd colours, of the richeſt die,
Fame's brilliant banners o'er thy Offspring fly:
In native Vigour bold, by Freedom led,
No path of Honour have they fail'd to tread:
But while they wiſely plan, and bravely dare,
Their own atchievements are their lateſt care.
Tho' CAMDEN, rich in Learning's various ſtore,
Sought in Tradition's mine Truth's genuine ore,
The waſte of Hiſt'ry lay in lifeleſs ſhade,
Tho' RAWLEIGH'S piercing eye that world ſurvey'd.
Tho' mightier Names there caſt a caſual glance,
They ſeem'd to ſaunter round the field by chance,
Till CLARENDON aroſe, and in the hour
When civil Diſcord wak'd each mental Power,
With brave deſire to reach this diſtant Goal,
Strain'd all the vigour of his manly ſoul.
Nor Truth, nor Freedom's injur'd Powers, allow
A wreath unſpotted to his haughty brow:
Friendſhip's firm ſpirit ſtill his fame exalts,
With ſweet atonement for his leſſer faults.
His Pomp of Phraſe, his Period of a mile,
And all the maze of his bewilder'd Style,
Illum'd by Warmth of Heart, no more offend:
What cannot Taſte forgive, in FALKLAND'S friend?
Nor ſhow his praiſes from this ſingle ſource;
One province of his art diſplays his force:
His Portraits boaſt, with features ſtrongly like,
The ſoft preciſion of the clear VANDYKE:

Tho'

Tho', like the Painter, his faint talents yield,
And ſink ambarraſs'd in the Epic field.
Yet ſhall his labours long adorn our Iſle,
Like the proud glories of ſome Gothic pile:
They, tho' conſtructed by a Bigot's hand,
Nor nicely finiſh'd, nor correctly plan'd,
With ſolemn Majeſty, and pious Gloom,
An awful influence o'er the mind aſſume;
And from the alien eyes of every Sect
Attract obſervance, and command reſpect.

In following years, when thy great name, NASSAU!
Stampt the bleſt deed of Liberty and Law;
When clear, and guiltleſs of Oppreſſion's rage,
There roſe in Britain an Auguſtan age,
And cluſter'd Wits, by emulation bright,
Diffus'd o'er ANNA'S reign their mental light;
That Conſtellation ſeem'd, tho' ſtrong its flame,
To want the ſplendor of Hiſtoric fame:
Yet BURNET'S page may laſting glory hope,
Howe'er inſulted by the ſpleen of POPE.
Tho' his rough Language haſte and warmth denote,
With ardent Honeſty of Soul he wrote;
Tho' critic cenſures on his work may ſhower,
Like Faith, his Freedom has a ſaving power.

Nor ſhalt thou want, RAPIN! thy well-earn'd praiſe;
The ſage POLYBIUS thou of modern days!
Thy Sword, thy pen, have both thy name endear'd;
This join'd our Arms, and that our Story clear'd:
Thy foreign hand diſcharg'd th' Hiſtorian's truſt,
Unſway'd by Party, and to Freedom juſt.
To letter'd Fame we own thy fair pretence,

From patient Labour, and from candid Senſe.
Yet Public Favour, ever hard to fix,
Flew from thy page, as heavy and prolix.
For ſoon, emerging from the Sophiſts' ſchool,
With Spirit eager, yet with Judgment cool,
With ſubtle ſkill to ſteal upon applauſe,
And give falſe vigour to the weaker cauſe;
To paint a ſpecious ſcene with niceſt art,
Retouch the whole, and varniſh every part;
Graceful in Style, in Argument acute;
Maſter of every trick in keen Diſpute!
With theſe ſtrong powers to form a winning tale,
And hide Deceit in Moderation's veil,
High on the pinacle of Faſhion plac'd,
HUME ſhone the idol of Hiſtoric Taſte.
Already, pierc'd by Freedom's ſearching rays,
The waxen fabric of his fame decays. —
Think not, keen Spirit! that theſe hands preſume
To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb!
Theſe hands! which, if a heart of human frame
Could ſtoop to harbour that ungenerous aim,
Would ſhield thy Grave, and give, with guardian care,
Each type of Eloquence to flouriſh there!
But Public Love commands the painful taſk,
From the pretended Sage to ſtrip the maſk,
When his falſe tongue, averſe to Freedom's cauſe,
Profanes the ſpirit of her antient laws.
As Aſia's ſoothing opiate Drugs, by ſtealth,
Shake every ſlacken'd nerve, and ſap the health;
Thy Writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,
Seeming to ſoothe its ills, unnerve the Mind.
While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends

To ſtrike alone at Party's abject ends,
Our hearts more free from Faction's Weeds we feel,
But they have loſt the Flower of Patriot Zeal.
Wild as thy feeble Metaphyſic page,
Thy Hiſt'ry rambles into Sceptic rage;
Whoſe giddy and fantaſtic dreams abuſe
A HAMPDEN's Virtue, and a SHAKESPEAR's Muſe.

With purer Spirit, free from Party ſtrife,
To ſoothe his evening hour of honour'd life,
See candid LYTTELTON at length unfold
The deeds of Liberty in days of old!
Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,
He winds the lengthen'd tale thro' many a page;
But there the beams of Patriot Virtue ſhine;
There Truth and Freedom ſanctify the line,
And laurels, due to Civil Wiſdom, ſhield
This noble Neſtor of th' Hiſtoric field.

The living Names, who there diſplay their power,
And give its glory to the preſent hour,
I paſs with mute regard; in fear to fail,
Weighing their worth in a ſuſpected ſcale:
Thy right, Poſterity! I ſacred hold,
To fix the ſtamp on literary Gold;
Bleſt! if this lighter Ore, which I prepare
For thy ſupreme Aſſay, with anxious care,
Thy current ſanction unimpeach'd enjoy,
As only tinctur'd with a ſlight alloy!

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE III.

Ventum eſt ad partem operis deſtinati longe graviſſimam ---- nunc quoque, licet major quam unquam moles premat, tamen proſpicienti finem mihi conſtitutum eſt vel deficere potius, quam deſperare ---- noſtra temeritas etiam mores ei conabitur dare, et aſſignabit officia. QUINTIL. Lib. XII.

ARGUMENT.

The ſources of the chief defects in Hiſtory — Vanity, national and private — Flattery, and her various arts — Party-ſpirit, Superſtition, and falſe Philoſophy. — Character of the accompliſh'd Hiſtorian. — The Laws of Hiſtory — Style — Importance of the ſubject — Failure of KNOLLES *from a ſubject ill choſen — Danger of dwelling on the diſtant and minute parts of a ſubject really intereſting — Failure of* MILTON *in this particular. — The worſt defect of an Hiſtorian, a ſyſtem of Tyranny — Inſtance in* BRADY. *— Want of a General Hiſtory of England: Wiſh for its accompliſhment. — Uſe and Delight of other Hiſtories — of Rome. Labour of the Hiſtorian — Cavils againſt him. — Concern for* GIBBON'S *irreligious ſpirit — The idle cenſure of his paſſion for Fame — Defence of that paſſion. — Concluſion.*

SAY thou! whose eye has, like the Lynx's beam,
Pierc'd the deep windings of this mazy stream,
Say, from what source the various Poisons glide,
That darken History's discolour'd tide;
Whose purer waters to the mind dispense
The wealth of Virtue, and the fruits of Sense!
These Poisons flow, collective and apart,
From Public Vanity, and Private Art.
At first Delusion built her fase retreat
On the broad base of National Conceit:
Nations, like Men, in Flattery confide,
The slaves of Fancy, and the dupes of Pride.
Each petty region of the peopled earth,
Howe'er debas'd by intellectual dearth,
Still proudly boasted of her claims to share
The richest portion of celestial care:
For her she saw the rival Gods engage,
And Heaven convuls'd with elemental rage.
To her the thunder's roar, the lightning's fire,
Confirm'd their favour, or denounc'd their ire.
To seize this foible, daring Hist'ry threw
Illusive terrors o'er each scene she drew;
Nor would her spirit, in the heat of youth,
Watch, with a Vestal's care, the lamp of Truth;
But, wildly mounting in a Witch's form,
Her voice delighted to condense the storm;
With showers of blood th' astonish'd earth to drench,
The frame of Nature from its base to wrench;
In Horror's veil involve her plain events,
And shake th' affrighted world with dire portents. * 30

* Ver. 30. See Note I.

Still ſofter arts her ſubtle ſpirit try'd,
To win the eaſy faith of Public Pride:
She told what Powers, in times of early date,
Gave conſecration to the infant State;
Mark'd the bleſt ſpot by ſacred Founders trod,
And all th' atchievements of the guardian God.
Thus while, like Fame, ſhe reſts upon the land,
Her figure grows; her magic limbs expand;
Her tow'ring head, to high Olympus toſt,
Pierces the ſky, and in that blaze is loſt.

Yet bold Philoſophy at length deſtroy'd
The brilliant phantoms of th' Hiſtoric void;
Her ſcrutinizing eye, whoſe ſearch ſevere
Rivals the preſſure of Ithuriel's ſpear,
Permits no fraudful ſemblance to eſcape,
But turns each Marvel to its real ſhape.
The blazing meteors fall from Hiſt'ry's ſphere;
Her darling Demi-gods no more appear;
No more the Nations, with heroic joy,
Boaſt their deſcent from Heaven-deſcended Troy:
On FRANCIO now the Gallic page is mute, *
And Britiſh Story drops the name of BRUTE.
What other failings from this fountain flow'd,
Ill-meaſur'd fame on martial feats beſtow'd,
And heaps, enlarg'd to mountains of the ſlain,
The miracles of valour, ſtill remain.
But of all faults, that injur'd Truth may blame,
Thoſe proud miſtakes the firſt indulgence claim,
Where Public Zeal the ardent Pen betrays,
And Patriot Paſſions ſwell the partial praiſe.

Ev'n

* Ver. 51. See Note II.

Ev'n private Vanity may pardon find,
When built on Worth, and with Inſtruction join'd:
In Britiſh Annaliſts more rarely found,
This venial foible ſprings on foreign ground;
'Tis theirs, who ſcribble near the Seine or Loire,
Thoſe lively Heroes of the light Memoir!

Defects more hateful to ingenuous eyes,
In Adulation's ſervile arts ariſe:
Mean Child of Int'reſt! as her Parent baſe!
Her charms Deformity! her wealth Diſgrace!
Dimm'd by her breath, the light of Learning fades;
Her breath the wiſeſt of mankind degrades,
And BACON'S ſelf, for mental glory born, *
Meets, as her ſlave, our pity, or our ſcorn.
Unhappy Genius! in whoſe wond'rous mind
The ſordid Reptile and the Seraph join'd;
Now traverſing the world on Wiſdom's wings,
Now baſely crouching to the laſt of Kings:
Thy fault, which Freedom with regret ſurveys,
This uſeful Truth, in ſtrongeſt light, diſplays:
That not ſufficient are thoſe ſhining parts,
Which ſhed new radiance o'er concenter'd arts;
To reach with glory the Hiſtoric goal
Demands a firm, an independent ſoul,
An eagle-eye, that with undazzled gaze
Can look on Majeſty's meridian blaze.
But Adulation, in the worſt of times,
Throws her broad mantle o'er imperial crimes;
In Hiſtry's field, her abject toils delight
To ſhut the ſcenes of Nature from our ſight,

Each

* Ver. 73. See Note III.

Each human Virtue in one maſs to fling,
And of that mountain make the ſtatue of a King. *
Yet oft her labours, ſlighted or abhorr'd,
Receive in preſent ſcorn their juſt reward;
Scorn from that Idol, at whoſe feet ſhe lays
The ſordid offering of her venal praiſe.

As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won, **
His conqueſt ended, Philip's warlike Son
Sail'd down th' Hydaſpes in a voyage of ſport,
The chief Hiſtorian of his ſumptuous court
Read his deſcription of the ſingle fight,
Where Porus yielded to young Ammon's might;
And, like a Scribe in courtly arts adroit,
Moſt largely magnify'd his Lord's exploit:
Tho' ever on the ſtretch to Glory's goal,
Fame the firſt paſſion of his fiery ſoul!
Fierce from his ſeat the indignant Hero ſprung,
And o'er the veſſel's ſide the volume flung;
Then, as he ſaw the fawning Scribler ſhrink,
"Thus ſhould the Author with his Writing ſink,
"Who ſtifles Truth in Flattery's diſguiſe,
"And buries honeſt Fame beneath a load of Lies."

But modern Princes, having leſs to loſe,
Rarely theſe inſults on their name accuſe:
In Dedications quietly inurn'd, †
They take more lying Praiſe than Ammon ſpurn'd;
And Learning's pliant Sons, to flattery prone,
Bend with ſuch blind obeiſance to the throne,

The

* Ver. 92. See Note IV.
** Ver. 97. See Note V,
† Ver. 115. See Note VI.

The baſeſt King that ever curſt the earth,
Finds many a witneſs to atteſt his worth:
Tho' dead, ſtill flatter'd by ſome abject ſlave,
He ſpreads contagious poiſon from his grave,
While ſordid hopes th' Hiſtorian's hand entice
To varniſh ev'n the tomb of Royal Vice.

Tho' Nature wept with deſolated Spain,
In tears of blood, the ſecond Philip's reign;
Tho' ſuch deep ſins deform'd his ſullen mind,
As merit execration from mankind:
A mighty empire by his crimes undone;
A people maſſacred; a murder'd ſon:
Tho' Heaven's diſpleaſure ſtopt his parting breath,
To bear long loathſome pangs of hideous death;
Flattery can ſtill the Ruffian's praiſe repeat,
And call this Waſter of the earth diſcreet:
Still can HERRERA, mourning o'er his urn, *
His dying pangs to bliſsful rapture turn,
And paint the King, from earth by curſes driven,
A Saint, accepted by approving Heaven!

But arts of deeper guile, and baſer wrong,
To Adulation's ſubtle Scribes belong:
They oft, their preſent idols to exalt,
Profanely burſt the conſecrated vault;
Steal from the buried Chief bright Honour's plume,
Or ſtain with Slander's gall the Stateſman's tomb:
Stay, ſacrilegious ſlaves! with reverence tread
O'er the bleſt aſhes of the worthy dead!
See! where, uninjur'd by the charnel's damp,
The Veſtal, Virtue, with undying lamp,

Fond

* Ver. 135. See Note VII.

Fond of her toil, and jealous of her truſt,
Sits the keen Guardian of their ſacred duſt,
And thus indignant, from the depth of earth,
Checks your vile aim, and vindicates their worth:
"Hence ye! who buried excellence belied,
"To ſooth the ſordid ſpleen of living Pride;
"Go! gild with Adulation's feeble ray
"Th' imperial pageant of your paſſing day!
"Nor hope to ſtain, on baſe Detraction's ſcroll,
"A TULLY'S morals, or a SIDNEY'S ſoul!" — *
Juſt Nature will abhor, and Virtue ſcorn,
That Pen, tho' eloquence its page adorn,
Which, brib'd by Intereſt, or from vain pretence
To ſubtler Wit, and deep-diſcerning Senſe,
Would blot the praiſe on public toils beſtow'd,
And Patriot paſſions, as a jeſt, explode.

Leſs abject failings ſpring from Party-rage,
The peſt moſt frequent in th' Hiſtoric page;
That common jaundice of the turbid brain,
Which leaves the heart unconſcious of a ſtain,
Yet ſuffers not the clouded mind to view
Or men, or actions, in their native hue:
For Party mingles, in her feveriſh dreams,
Credulity and Doubt's moſt wild extremes:
She gazes thro' a glaſs, whoſe different ends
Reduce her foes, aud magnify her friends:
Deluſion ever on her ſpirit dwells;
And to the worſt exceſs its fury ſwells,
When Superſtition's raging paſſions roll
Their ſavage frenzy thro' the Bigot's ſoul.

Nor

* Ver. 158. See Note VIII.

Nor leſs the blemiſh, tho' of different kind, *
From falſe Philoſophy's conceits refin'd!
Her ſubtle influence, on Hiſtory ſhed,
Strikes the fine nerve of Admiration dead,
(That nerve deſpis'd by ſceptic ſons of earth,
Yet ſtill a vital ſpring of human worth.)
This artful juggler, with a ſkill ſo nice,
Shifts the light forms of Virtue and of Vice,
That, ere they wake abhorrence or delight,
Behold! they both are vaniſh'd from the ſight;
And Nature's warm affections thus deſtroy'd,
Leave in the puzzled mind a lifeleſs void.

Far other views the liberal Genius fire,
Whoſe toils to pure Hiſtoric praiſe aſpire;
Nor Moderation's dupe, nor Faction's brave,
Nor Guilt's apologiſt, nor Flattery's ſlave:
Wiſe, but not cunning; temperate, not cold;
Servant of Truth, and in that ſervice bold;
Free from all biaſs, ſave that juſt controul
By which mild Nature ſways the manly ſoul,
And Reaſon's philanthropic ſpirit draws
To Virtue's intereſt, and Freedom's cauſe;
Thoſe great ennoblers of the human name,
Pure ſprings of Power, of Happineſs, and Fame!
To teach their influence, and ſpread their ſway,
The juſt Hiſtorian winds his toilſome way;
From ſilent darkneſs, creeping o'er the earth,
Redeems the ſinking trace of uſeful Worth;
In Vice's boſom marks the latent thorn,
And brands that public peſt with public ſcorn.

A lively

* Ver. 179. See Note IX.

A lively teacher in a moral ſchool!
In that great office ſteady, clear, and cool!
Pleas'd to promote the welfare of mankind,
And by informing meliorate the mind!
Such the bright taſk committed to his care!
Boundleſs its uſe; but its completion rare.
Critics have ſaid "Tho' high th' Hiſtorian's charge,
His Laws are ſimple, tho' his Province large;
Two obvious rules enſure his full ſucceſs —
To ſpeak no Falſehood; and no Truth ſuppreſs: *
Art muſt to other works a luſtre lend,
But Hiſtory pleaſes, howſoe'er it's penn'd."
Perchance in ruder periods; but in thoſe,
Where all the luxury of Learning flows,
To Truth's plain fare no palate will ſubmit,
Fach reader grows an Epicure in Wit;
And Knowledge muſt his nicer taſte beguile
With all the poignant charms of Attic ſtyle.
The curious Scholar, in his judgment choice,
Expects no common Notes from Hiſtory's voice;
But all the tones, that all the paſſions ſuit,
From the bold Trumpet to the tender Lute:
Yet if thro' Muſic's ſcale her voice ſhould range,
Now high, now low, with many a pleaſing change,
Grace muſt thro' every variation glide,
In every movement Majeſty preſide:
With eaſe not careleſs, tho' correct not cold;
Soft without languor, without harſhneſs bold.
Tho' Affectation can all works debaſe,
In Language, as in Life, the bane af Grace!

Regar-

* Ver. 218. See Note X.

Regarded ever with a ſcornful ſmile,
She moſt is cenſur'd in th' Hiſtoric ſtyle:
Yet her inſinuating power is ſuch,
Not ev'n the Greeks eſcap'd her baleful touch;
Hence the fictitious Speech, and long Harangue,
Too oft, like weights, on ancient Story hang.
Leſs fond of labour, modern Pens deviſe
Affected beauties of inferior ſize:
They in a narrower compaſs boldly ſtrike
The fancied Portrait, with no feature like;
And Nature's ſimple colouring vainly quit,
To boaſt the brilliant glare of fading Wit.
Thoſe works alone may that bleſt fate expect
To live thro' time, unconſcious of neglect,
That catch, in ſpringing from no ſordid ſource,
The eaſe of Nature, and of Truth the force.
But not ev'n Truth, with bright Expreſſion grac'd,
Nor all Deſcription's powers, in lucid order plac'd,
Not even theſe a fond regard engage,
Or bind attention to th' Hiſtoric page,
If diſtant tribes compoſe th' ill-choſen Theme,
Whoſe ſavage virtues wake no warm eſteem;
Where Faith and Valour ſpring from Honours grave,
Only to form th' Aſſaſſin and the Slave.
From Turkiſh tyrants, ſtain'd with ſervile gore,
Enquiry turns; and Learning's ſighs deplore,
While o'er his name Neglect's cold ſhadow rolls,
A waſte of Genius in the toil of KNOLLES. *
There are, we own, whoſe magic power is ſuch,
Their hands embelliſh whatſoe'er they touch:

Their

* Ver, 266. See Note XI.

Their bright Moſaic ſo enchants our eyes,
By nice Arrangement, and contraſted Dies,
What mean materials in the texture lurk,
Serve but to raiſe the wonder of the work.
Yet from th' Hiſtorian (as ſuch power is rare)
The choice of Matter claims no trifling care.
'Tis not alone collected Wealth s diſplay,
Nor the proud fabric of extended Sway,
That mark (tho' both the eye of Wonder fill)
The happy Subject for Hiſtoric ſkill:
Wherever Nature, tho' in narrow ſpace,
Foſters, by Freedom's aid, a liberal race;
Sees Virtue ſave them from Oppreſſion s den,
And cries with exultation, "Theſe are Men!"
Tho' in Bœotia or Batavia born,
Their deeds the Story of the World adorn.
The Subject fix'd, with force and beauty fraught,
Juſt Diſpoſition claims yet deeper thought;
To caſt enlivening Order's lucid grace
O'er all the crouded fields of Time and Space;
To ſhew each wheel of Power in all its force,
And trace the ſtreams of Action from their ſource;
To catch, with ſpirit and preciſion join'd,
The varying features of the human Mind;
The Grace, the Strength, that Nature's children draw
From Arts, from Science, Policy, and Law;
Opinion's faſhion, Wiſdom's firmer plan,
And all that marks the character of Man.
Of all the parts, that Hiſtory's volume fill,
The juſt Digreſſion claims the niceſt ſkill;
As the ſwift Hero, in the Olympic race,
Ran with leſs toil along the open ſpace;

But round the Goal to form the narrow curve,
Call'd forth his utmoſt ſtrength from every nerve.
The Subject's various powers let Study tell!
And teach th' Hiſtorian on what points to dwell!
How in due ſhades to ſink each meaner part,
And pour on nobler forms the radiance of his art!
Tho' Patriot Love the curious ſpirit fires
With thirſt to hear th' atchievements of his Sires;
And Britiſh ſtory wins the Britiſh mind
With all the charms that fond attention bind;
Its early periods, barbarous and remote,
Pleaſe not, tho' drawn by Pens of nobleſt note:
O'er thoſe rude ſcenes Confuſion's ſhadows dwell,
Beyond the power of Genius to diſpell;
Miſts! which ev'n MILTON's ſplendid mind enſhroud;
Loſt in the darkneſs of the Saxon cloud!

Neglect alone repays their ſlight offence,
Whoſe wand'ring wearies our bewilder'd ſenſe:
But juſt Abhorrence brands his guilty name,
Who dares to vilify his Country's fame;
With Slander's rage the pen of Hiſtory graſp,
And pour from thence the poiſon of the Aſp;
The murdrous falſehood, ſtifling Honour's breath!
The ſlaviſh tenet, Public Virtue's death!
With all that undermines a Nation's health,
And robs the People of their richeſt wealth!
Ye tools of Tyranny! whoſe ſervile guile
Would thus pollute the records of our iſle,
Behold your Leader curſt with public hate,
And read your juſt reward in BRADY's fate! *

* Ver. 330. See Note XII.

O ſacred Liberty! ſhall Faction's train
Pervert the reverend archives of thy reign?
Shall ſlaves traduce the blood thy votaries ſpilt,
Blaſpheming Glory with the name of Guilt?
And ſhall no Son of thine their wiles o'erwhelm,
And clear the ſtory of thy injur'd realm?
To this bright taſk ſome Britiſh ſpirit raiſe,
With powers ſurpaſſing ev'n a Livy's praiſe!
Thro' this long wilderneſs his march inſpire,
And make thy temperate flame his leading fire!
Teach his keen eye, and comprehenſive ſoul,
To pierce each darker part, and graſp the whole!
Let Truth's undoubted ſignet ſeal his page,
And Glory guard the work from age to age!
That Britiſh minds from this pure ſource may draw
Senſe of thy Rights, and paſſion for thy Law,
Wiſdom to prize, and Honour, that aſpires
To reach that virtue which adorn'd our ſires!

But not alone our native land attracts;
Far different Nations boaſt their ſplendid facts:
In ancient Story the rich fruits unite
Of civil Wiſdom and ſublime Delight:
At Rome's proud name Attention's ſpirits riſe,
Rome, the firſt idol of our infant eyes!
Uſe and Importance mark the vaſt deſign,
Clearly to trace her periods of Decline.
Yet here, O Gibbon! what long toils enſue!
How winds the labyrinth? how fails the clue?
Tho' rude materials Time's deep trenches fill,
A radiant ſtructure riſes from thy ſkill;
Whoſe ſplendor, ſpringing from a dreary waſte,
Enchants the wondering eye of Public Taſte.

Thus

Thus to the ancient traveller, whoſe way
Acroſs the hideous ſands of Syria lay,
The Deſart blaz'd with ſudden glory bright;
And rich Palmyra ruſh'd upon his ſight.

But O! what foes beſet each honour'd Name,
Advancing in the path of better'd fame!
To ſtop thy progreſs, and inſult thy pen,
The fierce Polemic iſſues from his den.

Think not my Verſe means blindly to engage
In raſh defence of thy profaner page!
Tho' keen her ſpirit, her attachment fond,
Baſe ſervice cannot ſuit with Friendſhip's bond;
Too firm from Duty's ſacred path to turn,
She breathes an honeſt ſigh of deep concern,
And pities Genius, when his wild career
Gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a fear.
Humility herſelf, divinely mild,
Sublime Religion's meek and modeſt child,
Like the dumb Son of CROESUS, in the ſtrife, *
Where Force aſſail'd his Father's ſacred life,
Breaks ſilence, and, with filial duty warm,
Bids thee revere her Parent's hallow'd form!

Far other ſounds the ear of Learning ſtun,
From proud Theology's contentious Son;
Leſs eager to correct, than to revile, **
Rage in his voice! and Rancour in his ſtyle!
His idle ſcoffs with coarſe reproof deride
Thy generous thirſt of Praiſe, and liberal Pride;

* Ver. 381. See Note XIII.

** Ver. 387. See Note XIV.

Since thy frank ſpirit dares that wiſh avow,
Which Nature owns, and Wiſdom muſt allow!
The noble Inſtinct, Love of laſting Fame, †
Was wiſely planted in the human frame:
From hence the brighteſt rays of Hiſtory flow;
To this their Vigour and their Uſe they owe.
Nor ſcorns fair Virtue this untainted ſource,
From hence ſhe often draws her lovely force:
For Heaven this paſſion with our life combin'd,
Which, like a central power, impels the languid mind.
When, clear from Envy's cloud, that general peſt!
It burns moſt brightly in the Author's breaſt,
Its ſoothing hopes his various pains beguile,
And give to Learning's face her ſweeteſt ſmile:
What joy, to think his Genius may create
Exiſtence far beyond the common date!
His Wealth of Mind to lateſt ages give,
And in Futurity's affection live!
From unborn beauty, ſtill to Fancy dear,
Draw with ſoft magic the delightful tear;
Or thro' the boſom of far diſtant Youth,
Spread the warm glow of Liberty and Truth!

O GIBBON! by thy frank ambition taught,
Let me like thee maintain th' enlivening thought,
That, from Oblivion's killing cloud ſecure,
My Hope may proſper and my Verſe endure:
While thy bright Name, on Hiſtory's car ſublime,
Rolls in juſt triumph o'er the field of Time,
May I, unfaltering, thy long march attend,
No flattering Slave! but an applauding Friend!

Diſplay

† Ver. 393. See Note XV.

Diſplay th' imperfect ſketch I fondly drew,
Of that wide province, where thy laurels grew:
And, honour'd with a wreath of humbler bays,
Join the loud Pæan of thy laſting praiſe!

NOTES.

Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.

TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Note I. Verse 4,

TH' unfailing urns of Praise and Censure stand.]

Δοιοι γαρ τε πιθοι κατακειαται εν Διος ωδει
Δωρων, οἱα διδωσι, κακων· ἑτερος δε ἑαων·
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good.
POPE'S Iliad XXIV. v. 663.

Note II. Verse 55.

Yet one excelling Greek, &c.] Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the celebrated historian and critic of the Augustan age, who settled in Italy, as he himself informs us, on the close of the civil war. He has addressed a little treatise, containing a critique on the elder historians, to his friend Cnæus Pompeius, whom the French critics suppose to be Pompey the Great; but Reiske, the last editor of Dionysius, has sunk him into a petty Greek grammarian, the client or freedman of that illustrious Roman.

In this treatise of Dionysius, and in one still longer, on the character of Thucydides, there are some excellent historical precepts, which Mr. Spelman has judici-

ouſly thrown together in the preface to his admirable tranſlation of the Roman Antiquities. — He introduces them by the following obſervation, which may ſerve perhaps to recommend the ſubject of the preſent poem. — "So much has been ſaid, both by the antients and the moderns, in praiſe of the advantages reſulting from the ſtudy of Hiſtory, particularly by Diodorus Siculus among the former, in the noble preface to his Hiſtorical Collections; and by the late Lord Bolingbroke, among the moderns, in his admirable letter on that ſubject; that I am aſtoniſhed no treatiſe has ever yet appeared in any age, or any language, profeſſedly written to preſcribe rules for writing Hiſtory; a work allowed to be of the greateſt advantage of all others to mankind, the repoſitory of truth, fraught with leſſons both of public and private virtue, and enforced by ſtronger motives than precepts — by examples. Rules for Poetry and Rhetoric have been written by many authors, both antient and modern, as if delight and eloquence were of greater conſequence than inſtruction: however, Rhetoric was a part of Hiſtory, as treated by the antients; not the principal part indeed, but ſubſervient to the principal; and calculated to apply the facts exhibited by the narration. I know it may be ſaid, that many antient hiſtories are ſtill preſerved, and that theſe models are ſufficient guides for modern Hiſtorians, without particular rules: ſo had the Greeks Poets of all denominations in their hands; and yet Ariſtotle thought it neceſſary to preſcribe particular rules to his countrymen for applying thoſe examples to every branch of Poetry: I wiſh he had done the

ſame in Hiſtory; if he had, it is very probable that his precepts would have rendered the beſt of our modern Hiſtories more perfect, and the worſt leſs abominable. — Since the reſurrection of letters, the want of ſuch a guide has been complained of by many authors, and particularly by Rapin, in the preface to his Hiſtory of England." — Spelman, page 15. But this ingenious and learned writer ſpeaks a little too ſtrongly, in ſaying no treatiſe has ever appeared in any age or language, containing rules for Hiſtory. There is one in Latin by the celebrated Voſſius, entitled Ars Hiſtorica; another by Hubertus Folieta, an elegant Latin writer, of the 16th century, on whom Thuanus beſtows the higheſt commendation; and Maſcardi, an Italian critic, patroniſed by Cardinal Mazarine, has written alſo dell Arte Hiſtorica. The curious reader may find a ſingular anecdote relating to the publication of this work in Bayle, under the article Maſcardi. — But to return to Dionyſius. In comparing Herodotus and Thucydides, he cenſures the latter with a degree of ſeverity unwarranted by truth and reaſon: indeed this ſeverity appeared ſo ſtriking to the learned Fabricius, that he ſeems to conſider it as a kind of proof, that the critical works of Dionyſius were compoſed in the haſty fervor of youth They are however in general, to uſe the words of the ſame ingenious author, eximia & lectu digna; and a valuable critic of our own country, who reſembles Dionyſius in elegance of compoſition, and perhaps in ſeverity of judgment, har ſpoken yet more warmly in their favour. — See Warton's Eſſay on Pope, 3d edit. page 175.

Note

Note III. Verſe 63.

And Lucian! thou, of Humour's ſons ſupreme!] The little treatiſe of Lucian "How Hiſtory ſhould be written," may be conſidered as one of the moſt valuable productions of that lively author; it is not only written with great vivacity and wit, but is entitled to the ſuperior praiſe of breathing moſt exalted ſentiments of liberty and virtue. There is a peculiar kind of ſublimity in his deſcription of an accompliſhed Hiſtorian.

Τοιστος ουν μοι ὁ συγγραφευς εστω, αφοβος, αδεηαστος, ελευθερος, παρρησιας και αληθειας φιλος, ὡς ὁ Κωμικος φησι, τα συκα, συκα, την σκαφην δε σκαφην ονομαζων, ϗ μισει, ϗδε φιλιᾳ νεμων, ϗδε φειδομενος, η ελεων, η αισχυνομενος, η δυσωπεμενος· ισος δικαστης, ευνους ἁπασιν, αχρι του μη θατερῳ τι απονειμαι πλειον τϵ δεοντος· ξενος εν τοις βιβλιοις, και απολις, αυτονομος, αβασιλευτος, ου τι τωδε, η τωδε δοξει λογιζομενος, αλλα τι πεπραπται λεγων.

It is a piece of juſtice due to our own country to remark, that in the 3d volume of the World, there is a ludicrous eſſay on Hiſtory by Mr. Cambridge, which is written with all the ſpirit and all the humour of Lucian.

Note

Note IV. Verſe 68.

And roſe a Xenophon in ſelf-eſteem.] Ουδεις ὁς τις ἐχ ἱστοριαν συγγραφει· μαλλον δε Θεκυδιδαι, και Ηροδοτοι, και Ξενοφωντες ἡμιν ἁπαντες. LUCIAN. edit. Riollay, p. 6.

Note V. Verſe 77.

In Egypt once a dread tribunal ſtood.] This ſingular inſtitution, which is alluded to by many of our late authors, is related at large in the Firſt Book of Diodorus Siculus; and as the paſſage is curious, the following free tranſlation of it may afford entertainment to the Engliſh reader — "Thoſe who prepare to bury a relation, give notice of the day intended for the ceremony to the judges, and to all the friends of the deceaſed; informing them, that the body will paſs over the lake of that diſtrict to which the dead belonged: when, on the judges being aſſembled, to the number of more than forty, and ranging themſelves in a ſemicircle on the farther ſide of the lake, the veſſel is ſet afloat, which thoſe who ſuperintend the funeral have prepared for this purpoſe. This veſſel is managed by a pilot, called in the Egyptian language Charon; and hence they ſay, that Orpheus, travelling in old times into Egypt, and ſeeing this ceremony, formed his fable of the infernal regions, partly from what he ſaw, and partly from invention. The veſſel being launched on the lake, before the coffin which contains the body is put on board, the law permits all, who are ſo inclined, to produce an accuſation againſt it. — If any one ſteps forth, and proves that the deceaſed has led an

evil

evil life, the judges pronounce ſentence, and the body is precluded from burial; but if the accuſer is convicted of injuſtice in his charge, he falls himſelf under a conſiderable penalty. When no accuſer appears, or when the accuſer is proved to be an unfair one, the relations, who are aſſembled, change their expreſſions of ſorrow into encomiums on the dead: yet they do not, like the Greeks, ſpeak in honour of his family, becauſe they conſider all Egyptians as equally well-born; but they ſet forth the education and manners of his youth, his piety and juſtice in maturer life, his moderation and every virtue by which he was diſtinguiſhed; and they ſupplicate the infernal Deities to receive him as an aſſociate among the bleſt. The multitude join their acclamations of applauſe in this celebration of the dead, whom they conſider as going to paſs an eternity among the juſt below *." — Such is the deſcription which Diodorus gives of this funereal judicature, to which even the kings of Egypt were ſubject. The ſame author aſſerts, that many ſovereigns had been thus judicially deprived of the honours of burial by the indignation of their people: and that the terrors of ſuch a fate had a moſt ſalutary influence on the virtue of their kings.

The Abbé Terraſſon has drawn a ſublime picture of this ſepulchral proceſs, and indeed of many Egyptian Myſteries, in his very learned and ingenious romance, The Life of Sethos.

Note

* Diodor. Sicul. Lib. I. Τῶ δε μελλοντος θαπτεσθαι, &c.

Note VI. Verſe 115.

The infant Muſe, ambitious at her birth,

Roſe the young herald of heroic worth.] "Not only the Greek writers give a concurrent teſtimony concerning the priority of hiſtorical Verſe to Proſe; but the records of all nations unite in confirming it. The oldeſt compoſitions among the Arabs are in Rythm or rude Verſe; and are often cited as proofs of the truth of their ſubſequent Hiſtory. The accounts we have of the Peruvian ſtory confirm the ſame fact; for Garcilaſſo tells us, that he compiled a part of his Commentaries from the antient ſongs of the country — Nay all the American tribes, who have any compoſitions, are found to eſtabliſh the ſame truth — Northern Europe contributes its ſhare of teſtimony: for there too we find the Scythian or Runic ſongs (many of them hiſtorical) to be the oldeſt compoſitions among theſe barbarous nations." BROWNE's Diſſertation on Poetry, &c. Page 50.

Note VII. Verſe 131.

But in the center of thoſe vaſt abodes,

Whoſe mighty maſs the land of Egypt loads.] This account of the Pyramids I have adopted from the very learned Mr. Bryant, part of whoſe ingenious obſervation upon them I ſhall here preſent to the reader. —

One great purpoſe in all eminent and expenſive ſtructures is to pleaſe the ſtranger end traveller, and to win their admiration. This is effected ſometimes by a mixture of magnificence and beauty: at other times ſolely by immenſity and grandeur. The latter ſeems to have been

been the object in the erecting of those celebrated buildings in Egypt: and they certainly have answered the design. For not only the vastness of their structure, and the area which they occupy, but the ages they endured, and the very uncertainty of their history, which runs so far back into the depths of antiquity, produce altogether a wonderful veneration; to which buildings more exquisite and embellished are seldom entitled. Many have supposed, that they were designed for places of sepulture: and it has been affirmed by Herodotus, and other ancient writers. But they spoke by guess: and I have shewn by many instances, how usual it was for the Grecians to mistake temples for tombs. If the chief Pyramid were designed for a place of burial, what occasion was there for a well, and for passages of communication which led to other buildings? Near the Pyramids are apartments of a wonderful fabric, which extend in length one thousand four hundred feet, and about thirty in depth. They have been cut out of the hard rock, and brought to a perpendicular by the artist's chizel; and through dint of labour fashioned as they now appear. They were undoubtedly designed for the reception of priests! and consequently were not appendages to a tomb, but to a temple of the Deity . . . . . 'The priests of Egypt delighted in obscurity; and they probably came by the subterraneous passages of the building to the dark chambers within; where they performed their lustrations, and other nocturnal rites. Many of the ancient temples in this country were caverns in the rock, enlarged by art, and cut out into numberless dreary apartments: for no nation upon earth

was

was ſo addicted to gloom and melancholy as the Egyptians. BRYANT'S Analyſis, Vol. III. Page 529.

The royal geographer Abulfeda ſeems to confirm the idea of this ingenious author; or at leaſt to have been equally perſuaded, that the Pyramids were *not* places of burial; for, ſpeaking of them, in his deſcription of Egypt, he ſays: "ſunt autem, ut narratur, ſepulcra veterum: ohe vero quam narrantur multa, quorum non certa ſides!" ABULF Egypt. Edit. Michaelis, Page 10.

Note VIII. Verſe 194.

Of the fierce Omar, &c.] The number of volumes deſtroyed in the plunder of Alexandria is ſaid to have been ſo great, that although they were diſtributed to heat four thouſand baths in that city, it was ſix months before they were conſumed. When a petition was ſent to the Chaliph for Omar the preſervatiou of this magnificent library, he replied, in the true ſpirit of bigotry, "What is contained in tbe books you mention, is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) or it is not: if it be, then the Alcoran is ſufficient without them: if otherwiſe, 'tis fit they ſhould be deſtroyed." OCKLEY'S Hiſtory of the Saracens, Vol. I. Page 313.

Note IX. Verſe 207.

The dome expands! — Behold th' Hiſtoric Sire!] Herodotus, to whom Cicero has given the honourable appellation of The Father of Hiſtory, was born in Halicarnaſſus, a city of Caria, four years before the inva-

ſion

ſion of Xerxes, in the year 484 before Chriſt. The time and place of his death are uncertain; but his countryman Dionyſius informs us, that he lived to the beginning of the Peloponneſian war; and Marcellinus, the Greek author who wrote a life of Thucydides, affirms there was a monument erected to theſe two great Hiſtorians in a burial-place belonging to the family of Miltiades.

There is hardly any author, antient or modern, who has been more warmly commended, or more vehemently cenſured, than this eminent Hiſtorian. But even the ſevere Dionyſius declares, he is one of thoſe enchanting writers, whom you peruſe to the laſt ſyllable with pleaſure, and ſtill wiſh for more. — Plutarch himſelf, who has made the moſt violent attack on his veracity, allows him all the merit of beautiful compoſition. From the heavy charges brought againſt him by the antients, the famous Henry Stephens, and his learned friend Camerarius, have defended their favourite Hiſtorian with great ſpirit. But Herodotus has found a more formidable antagoniſt in a learned and animated writer of our own times, to whom the public have been lately indebted for his having opened to them new mines of Oriental learning. — If the ingenious Mr. Richardſon could effectually ſupport his Perſian ſyſtem, the great Father of the Grecian ſtory muſt ſink into a fabuliſt, as low in point of veracity as Geoffrey of Monmouth. It muſt be owned, that ſeveral eminent Writers of our country have treated him as ſuch. Another Orientaliſt, who, in his elegant Preface

to the Life of Nader Shaw, has drawn a ſpirited and judicious ſketch of many capital Hiſtorians, declares, in paſſing judgment on Herodotus, that "his accounts of the Perſian affairs are at leaſt doubtful, if not fabulous." — Hume, I think, goes ſtill farther, and ſays, in one of his eſſays — "The firſt page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real Hiſtory." For my own part, I confeſs myſelf more credulous: the relation, which Herodotus has given of the repulſe of Xerxes from Greece, is ſo delightful to the mind, and ſo animating to public virtue, that I ſhould be ſorry to number it among the Grecian fables,

— et madides cantat quæ Soſtratus alis.

Note X. Verſe 210.

As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen.] Artemiſia of Halicarnaſſus, who commanded in perſon the five veſſels, which ſhe contributed to the expedition of Xerxes. On hearing that ſhe had ſunk a Grecian galley in the ſea-fight at Salamis, he exclaimed, that his men had proved women, and his women men. HEROD. Lib. VIII. p. 660. Edit. Weſſ.

Note XI. Verſe 213.

Soft as the ſtream, whoſe dimpling waters play.] Sine ullis ſalebris quaſi ſedatus amnis fluit. CICERO in Oratore.

Note XII. Verſe 229.

But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd!] Thucydides, the ſon of Olorus, was born at Athens in the year 471 before Chriſt, and is ſaid, at the age of 15, to have heard Herodotus recite his Hiſtory at the

Olympic

Olympic games. — The generous youth was charmed even to tears, and the Hiſtorian congratulated Olorus on theſe marks of genius, which he diſcovered in his ſon. — Being inveſted with a military command, he was baniſhed from Athens at the age of 48, by the injuſtice of faction, becauſe he had unfortunately failed in the defence of Amphipolis. — He retired into Thrace, and is reported to have married a Thracian lady poſſeſſed of valuable mines in that country. — At the end of 20 years his ſentence of baniſhment was revoked. Some authors affirm that he returned into Athens, and was treacherouſly killed in that city. But others aſſert that he died in Thrace, at the advanced age of 80, leaving his Hiſtory unfiniſhed. MARCELLINUS; and DODWELL. Annales Thucydid.

Note XIII. Verſe 255.

A generous guardian of a rival's fame.] It is ſaid by Diogenes Laertius, that Xenophon firſt brought the Hiſtory of Thucydides into public reputation, though he had it in his power to aſſume to himſelf all the glory of that work. This amiable Philoſopher and Hiſtorian was born at Athens, and became early a diſciple of Socrates, who is ſaid by Strabo to have ſaved his life in battle. About the 50th year of his age, according to the conjecture of his admirable tranſlator Mr. Spelman, he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accompliſhed his immortal retreat in the ſpace of 15 months. — The jealouſy of the Athenians baniſhed him from his native city, for engaging in the ſervice of Sparta and of Cyrus. — On his return therefore he retired to Scillus,

a town of Elis, where he built a temple to Diana, which he mentions in his Epiſtles, and devoted his leiſure to philoſophy and rural ſports. — But commotions ariſing in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is ſuppoſed to have written his Grecian Hiſtory, and to have died at the age of ninety, in the year 360 before Chriſt. By his wife Phileſia he had two ſons, Diodorus and Gryllus. The latter rendered himſelf immortal by killing Epaminondas in the famous battle of Mantinea, but periſhed in that exploit, which his father lived to record.

Note XIV. Verſe 277.

Rome's haughty genius, who enſlav'd the Greek,
In Grecian language deigns at firſt to ſpeak.] Some of the moſt illuſtrious Romans are known to have written Hiſtories in Greek. The luxuriant Lucullus, when he was very young, compoſed in that language a Hiſtory of the Marſi, which, Plutarch ſays, was extant in his time — Cicero wrote a Greek Commentary on his own conſulſhip — and the elegant Atticus produced a ſimilar work on the ſame ſubject, that did not perfectly ſatisfy the nice ear of his friend, as we learn from the following curious paſſage in a letter concerning the Hiſtory in queſtion: — "Quanquam tua illa (legi enim libenter) horridula mihi atque incompta viſa ſunt: ſed tamen erant ornata hoc ipſo, quod ornamenta neglexerant, et ut mulieres, ideo bene olere, quia nihil olebant, videbantur." Epiſt. ad ATTICUM. Lib. II. Ep. I.

Note

Note XV. Verſe 283.

Thou friend of Scipio! vers'd in War's alarms.] Polybius, born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, 205 years before Chriſt. — He was trained to arms under the celebrated Philopœmen, and is deſcribed by Plutarch carrying the urn of that great but unfortunate General in his funeral proceſſion. He roſe to conſiderable honours in his own country, but was compelled to viſit Rome with other principal Achæans, who were detained there as pledges for the ſubmiſſion of their ſtate. — From hence he became intimate with the ſecond Scipio Africanus, and was preſent with him at the demolition of Carthage. — He ſaw Corinth alſo plundered by Mummius, and thence paſſing through the cities of Achaia, reconciled them to Rome. — He extended his travels into Egypt, France, and Spain, that he might avoid ſuch geographical errors as he has cenſured in other writers of Hiſtory. He lived to the age of 82, and died of an illneſs occaſioned by a fall from his horſe. FABRICIUS, Bibliotheca Græca.

In cloſing this conciſe account of the capital Greek Hiſtorians, I cannot help obſerving, that our language has been greatly enriched, in the courſe of the preſent century, by ſuch tranſlations of theſe Authors as do great honour to our country, and are at leaſt equal to any which other nations have produced.

In the chief Roman Hiſtorians we ſeem to have been leſs fortunate; but from the ſpecimen which Mr. Aikin has lately given the public in the ſmaller pieces of Taciluable author, who has been hitherto ill treated in our

language, and among all the antients there is none perhaps whom it is more difficult to tranſlate with fidelity and ſpirit.

Note XVI. Verſe 301.

Sententious Salluſt leads her lofty train.] This celebrated Hiſtorian, who from the irregularity of his life, and the beauty of his writings, has been called, not unhappily, the Bolingbroke of Rome, was born at Amiternum, a town of the Sabines. — For the profligacy of his early life he was expelled the ſenate, but reſtored by the intereſt of Julius Cæſar, who gave him the command of Numidia, which province he is ſaid to have plundered by the moſt infamous extortion, purchaſing with part of this treaſure thoſe rich and extenſive poſſeſſions on the Quirinal Hill, ſo celebrated by the name of the Horti Salluſtiani. — He died in the 70th year of his age, four years before the battle of Actium, and 35 before the Chriſtian æra. His enmity to Cicero is well known, and perhaps it had ſome influence on the peculiarity of his diction — perſonal animoſity might make him endeavour to form a ſtyle as remote as poſſible from the redundant language of the immortal Orator, whoſe turbulent wife, Terentia, he is ſaid to have married after her divorce. This extraordinary woman is reported to have lived to the age of 103, to have married Meſſala, her third husband, and Vibius Rufus her fourth. — The latter boaſted, with the joy of an Antiquarian, that he poſſeſſed two of the greateſt curioſities in the world, namely Terentia, who had been Cicero's wife, and the chair in which Cæſar was killed. — St. Jerom; and Dio Cassius, quoted by Middleton

dleton in his life of Cicero. — But to return to Salluſt. — His Roman Hiſtory, in ſix books, from the death of Sylla to the conſpiracy of Catiline, the great work from which he chiefly derived his glory among the Antients, is unfortunately loſt, excepting a few fragments; — but his two detached pieces of Hiſtory, which happily remain entire, are ſufficient to juſtify the great encomiums he has received as a writer. — He has had the ſingular honour to be twice tranſlated by a royal hand — firſt by our Elizabeth, according to Camden; and ſecondly by the Infant Don Gabriel, whoſe Spaniſh verſion of this elegant Hiſtorian, lately printed in folio, is one of the moſt beautiful books that any country has produced ſince the invention of printing.

Note XVII. Verſe 316.

In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer Livy claims th' Hiſtoric throne.] All the little perſonal account, that can be collected of Livy, amounts only to this — that he was born at Patavium, the modern Padua; that he was choſen by Auguſtus to ſuperintend the education of the ſtupid Claudius; that he was rallied by the Emperor for his attachment to the cauſe of the Republic; and that he died in his own country in the 4th year of Tiberius, at the age of 76. — There is a paſſage in one of Pliny's letters, which, as it ſhews the high and extenſive reputation of our Hiſtorian during his life, I ſhall preſent to the reader in the words of Pliny's moſt elegant tranſlator. — "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was ſo ſtruck with the illuſtrious

character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpoſe to ſee that great Genius; and as ſoon as he had ſatisfied his curioſity, returned home again?" — MELMOTH's Pliny, Vol. I. Page 71. — A veneration ſtill more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonſo King of Naples, who in 1451 ſent Panormita as his Ambaſſador to the Venetians, in whoſe dominion the bones of Livy had been lately diſcovered, to beg a relic of this celebrated Hiſtorian — They preſented him with an arm-bone, and the preſent is recorded in an inſcription preſerved at Padua, which the curious reader may find in Voſſius de Hiſtoricis Latinis. This ſingular anecdote is alſo related in Bayle, under the article Panormita. — Learning perhaps never ſuſtained a greater loſs, in any ſingle author, than by the deſtruction of the latter and more intereſting part of Livy. — Several eminent moderns have indulged the pleaſing expectation that the entire work of this noble Hiſtorian might yet be recovered. — It has been ſaid to exiſt in an Arabic verſion: and even a compleat copy of the original is ſuppoſed to have been extant as late as the year 1631, and to have periſhed at that time in the plunder of Magdeburgh. — That munificent patron of learning, Leo the Xth, exerted the moſt generous zeal to reſcue from oblivion the valuable treaſure, which one of his moſt bigotted predeceſſors, Gregory the Great, had expelled from every Chriſtian library. — Bayle has preſerved, under the article Leo, two curious original letters of that Pontiff, concerning his hopes of recovering Livy; which afford moſt honourable proofs of his liberality in the cauſe of letters.

Note

Note XVIII. Verſe 329.

Yet, like the matchleſs, mutilated frame,

To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name.] The trunk of a ſtatue of Hercules by Apollonius the Athenian, univerſally called the Torſo of Michael Angelo, from its having been the favourite ſtudy of that divine Artiſt. — He is ſaid to have made out the compleat figure in a little model of wax, ſtill preſerved at Florence, and repreſenting Hercules repoſing after his labours. — The figure is ſitting in a penſive poſture, with an elbow reſting on the knee.

Note XIX. Verſe 337.

Sarcaſtic Tacitus, abrupt and dark.] Tacitus was born, according to the conjecture of Lipſius, in the cloſe of the reign of Claudius: through various public honours, he roſe at length to the conſular dignity, under Nerva, in the year of Chriſt 97. The date of his death is unknown, but he is ſaid to have lived happily to an advanced age with his wife, the amiable daughter of the virtuous Agricola, whoſe life he has ſo beautifully written. By this lady he is ſuppoſed to have left children; and the emperor Tacitus is conjectured to have been a remote deſcendant from the Hiſtorian, to whoſe works and memory he paid the higheſt regard. — It is reported by Sidonius Apollinaris, that Tacitus recommended the province of writing Hiſtory to Pliny the Younger, and that he did not himſelf engage in that employment, till his friend had declined it. This is not mentioned, indeed, in any of the beautiful letters ſtill remaining from Pliny to Tacitus; but it is an inſtance

of delicacy not unparallel'd among the Antients, as will appear from the following remark by one of the moſt elegant and liberal of modern critics: — "The Roman Poet, who was not more eminent by his genius than amiable in his moral character, affords perhaps the moſt remarkable inſtance that anywhere occurs, of the conceſſions which a mind ſtrongly impregnated with ſentiments of genuine amity, is capable of making. Virgil's ſuperior talents rendered him qualified to excel in all the nobler ſpecies of poetical compoſition: nevertheleſs, from the moſt uncommon delicacy of friendſhip, he ſacrificed to his intimacy with Horace, the unrivall'd reputation he might have acquired by indulging his lyric vein! as from the ſame refined motive he forbore to exerciſe his dramatic powers, that he might not obſcure the glory of his friend Varius.

Aurum et opes et rura, frequens donabit amicus:
Qui velit *ingenio cedere*, rarus erit." MART. VII. 18.

MELMOTH'S Remarks on LÆLIUS, Page 292.

As to Tacitus, it is clear, I think, from the Letters of Pliny, as well as from his own moſt pleaſing Life of Agricola, that he poſſeſſed all the refined and affectionate feelings of the heart in a very high degree, though the general caſt of his hiſtorical works might lead us to imagine, that auſterity was his chief characteriſtic. — It would be eaſy to fill a volume in tranſcribing the great encomiums, and the violent cenſures, which have been laviſhed by modern writers of almoſt every country on this profound Hiſtorian. — The laſt critic of eminence, who has written againſt him, in Britain,

is,

is, I believe, the learned Author of The Origin and Progreſs of Language; who, in his 3d volume of that work, has made many curious remarks on the compoſition of the antient Hiſtorians, and is particularly ſevere on the diction of Tacitus. He repreſents him as the defective model, from which modern writers have copied, what he is pleaſed to call, "*the ſhort and priggiſh cut of ſtyle ſo much in uſe now.*"

Note XX. Verſe 360.

Thy Plutarch ſhines, by moral beauty known.] It is to be wiſhed, that this moſt amiable Moraliſt and Biographer had added a Life of himſelf, to thoſe which he has given to the world: as the particulars, which other Writers have preſerved of his perſonal Hiſtory, are very doubtful and imperfect. According to the learned Fabricius, he was born under Claudius, 50 years after the Chriſtian æra, raiſed to the conſular dignity under Trajan, whoſe preceptor he is ſaid to have been, and made Procurator of Greece in his old age by the Emperor Adrian — in the 5th year of whoſe reign he is ſuppoſed to have died, at the age of 70. He was married to a moſt amiable woman of his own native town Chæronea, whoſe name was Timoxena, and to whoſe ſenſe and virtue he has borne the moſt affectionate teſtimony in his moral works; of which it may be regretted that we have no elegant tranſlation. Indeed even the Lives of Plutarch, the moſt popular of all the antient hiſtorical compoſitions, were chiefly known to the Engliſh reader by a motley and miſerable verſion, till a new one, executed with fidelity and ſpirit, was preſented to the public by the Langhornes in 1770.

Note

Note XXI. Verſe 383.

Mild Marcellinus! free from ſervile awe!] Ammianus Marcellinus, a Grecian and a Soldier, as he calls himſelf, flouriſhed under Conſtantius and the ſucceeding emperors, as late as Theodoſius. He ſerved under Julian in the Eaſt, and wrote a Hiſtory from the reign of Nerva to the death of Valens, in 31 books, of which 18 only remain. — The time and circumſtances of his own death are unknown. — Bayle has an article on Marcellinus, in which he obſerves, that he has introduced a moſt bitter invective againſt the Practitioners of Law into his Hiſtory. — He ſhould have added, that the Hiſtorian beſtows great encomiums on ſome illuſtrious characters of that profeſſion, and even mentions the peculiar hardſhip to which Advocates are themſelves expoſed. — The curious reader may find this paſſage, Lib. XXX. Cap. 4.

Note XXII. Verſe 403.

And, with Comnena's royal name impreſt.] Anna Comnena was the eldeſt daughter of the emperor Alexius Comnenus, and the empreſs Irene, born 1083. — She wrote the Hiſtory of her father, in 15 books, firſt publiſhed, very imperfectly, by Hæſchelius, in 1610, and ſince printed in the collection of the Byzantine Hiſtorians, with a diffuſe and incorrect Latin verſion by the Jeſuit Poſſinus, but with excellent notes by the learned Du Freſne.

Conſidering the miſeries of the time in which ſhe lived, and the merits of her work — which ſome Critics have declared ſuperior to every other in that voluminous

luminous collection — this Lady may be juſtly regarded as a ſingular phænomenon in the literary world; and, as this mention of her may poſſibly excite the curioſity of my fair Readers, I ſhall cloſe the Notes to this Epiſtle with preſenting to them a Tranſlation of the Preface to her Hiſtory, as I believe no part of her Works have yet appeared in any modern language. I found that I could not abridge it without injuring its beauty, and though long, I flatter myſelf it will eſcape the cenſure of being tedious, as ſhe feelingly diſplays in it the misfortunes of her life, and the character of her mind.

THE PREFACE OF THE PRINCESS ANNA COMNENA,

FROM THE GREEK,

Prefixed to her ALEXIAD, or Hiſtory of her Father the Emperor ALEXIUS.

TIME, which flows irreſiſtibly, ever encroaching, and ſtealing ſomething from human life, ſeems to bear away all that is mortal into a gulph of darkneſs; ſometimes deſtroying ſuch things as deſerve not utterly to be forgotten, and ſometimes, ſuch as are moſt noble, and moſt worthy of remembrance; now (to uſe the words of the tragic poet *)

Diſcovering things inviſible; and now
Sweeping each preſent object from our ſight.

But Hiſtory forms the ſtrongeſt barrier againſt this tide of Time: it withſtands, in ſome meaſure, the violence of

* Sophocles.

of the torrent, and, by collecting and cementing ſuch things as appear worthy of preſervation, while they are hurried along the ſtream, it allows them not to ſink into the abyſs of oblivion.

On this conſideration, I Anna, the daughter of the emperor Alexius, and his conſort Irene, born and educated in imperial ſplendor — not utterly void of literature, and ſolicitous to diſtinguiſh myſelf by that Grecian characteriſtic — as I have already applied myſelf to Rhetoric, and having thoroughly ſtudied the Principles of Ariſtotle and the Dialogues of Plato, have endeavoured to adorn my mind with the * four uſual branches of education (for I think it incumbent on me, even at the riſque of appearing vain, to declare what qualifications for the preſent taſk I have received from nature, or gained by application; what Providence has beſtowed upon me, or time and opportunity ſupplied.) On theſe accounts, I am deſirous of commemorating, in my preſent work, the actions of my father, as they deſerve not to be buried in ſilence, or to be plunged, as it were, by the tide of Time, into the ocean of Oblivion: both thoſe actions which he performed after he obtained the diadem, and thoſe before that period, while he was himſelf a ſubject of other Princes. I engage in this narration, not ſo much to diſplay any little talent for compoſition, as to prevent tranſactions of ſuch importance from periſhing unrecorded: ſince even the brighteſt of human atchievements, if not conſigned

to

* Aſtrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Muſic.

to memory under the guard of writing, are extinguiſhed, as it were, by the Darkneſs of Silence.

My father was a man, who knew both how to govern, and to pay to governors a becoming obedience: but in chuſing his actions for my ſubject, I am apprehenſive, in the very outſet of my work, leſt I may be cenſured as the Panegyriſt of my own family for writing of my father; that if I ſpeak of him with admiration, my whole Hiſtory will be conſidered as a falſe and flattering encomium; and if any circumſtance, I may have occaſion to mention, leads me, as it were by force, to diſapprove ſome part even of his conduct, I am apprehenſive, on the other hand, not from the character of my father, but from the very nature of things, that ſome malignant cenſurers may compare me to Cham, the ſon of Noah; ſince there are many, whom envy and malevolence will not ſuffer to form a fair judgment, and who, to ſpeak in the words of Homer,

Are keen to cenſure, where no blame is due.

For whoever engages in the province of Hiſtory, is bound to forget all ſentiments both of favour and averſion; and often to adorn his enemies with the higheſt commendations, when their actions are entitled to ſuch reward; and often to cenſure his moſt intimate friends, when the failings of their life and manners require it.—Theſe are duties equally incumbent on the Hiſtorian, which he cannot decline. As to myſelf, with regard to thoſe who may be affected either by my cenſure or my praiſe, I would wiſh to aſſure them, that I ſpeak both of them, and their conduct, according to the evi-

dence

dence of their actions themſelves, or the report of thoſe who beheld them; for either the fathers, or the grandfathers, of many perſons now living were ocular witneſſes of what I ſhall record. I have been chiefly led to engage in this Hiſtory of my father by the following circumſtance: — It was my fortune to marry Cæſar Nicephorus, of the Bryennian family, a man far ſuperior to all his contemporaries, not only in perſonal beauty, but in ſublimity of underſtanding, and all the charms of eloquence! for he was equally the admiration of thoſe who ſaw, and thoſe who heard him. But that my diſcourſe may not wander from its preſent purpoſe, let me proceed in my narration! — He was then, among all men, the moſt diſtinguiſhed; and when he marched with the emperor John Comnenus, my brother, on his expedition againſt Antioch, and other places in poſſeſſion of the Barbarians, ſtill unable to abſtain from literary purſuits, even in thoſe ſcenes of labour and fatigue, he wrote various compoſitions worthy of remembrance and of honour. But he chiefly applied himſelf to the writing an account of what related to my father Alexius, emperor of the Romans, at the requeſt of the empreſs; reducing into proper form the tranſactions of his reign, whenever the times would allow him to devote ſhort intervals of leiſure from arms and battle to works of literature, and the labour of compoſition. In forming this Hiſtory, he deduced his accounts from an early period, being directed in this point alſo by the inſtruction of our royal miſtreſs; beginning from the emperor Diogenes, and deſcending to the perſon, whom he had choſen for the Hero of his Drama —

Drama — for this ſeaſon firſt ſhewed my father to be a youth of expectation. Before this period he was a mere infant; and of courſe performed nothing worthy of being recorded: unleſs even the occurrences of his childhood ſhould be thought a fit ſubject for Hiſtory. Such then was the deſign and ſcope of Cæſar's compoſition: but he fail'd in the hope he had entertained, of bringing his Hiſtory to its concluſion: for having brought it to the times of the emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, he there broke off, having no future opportunity allowed him of continuing his narration: a circumſtance, which has proved a ſevere loſs to Literature, and robbed his readers of delight! — On this account I have undertaken to record the actions of my father, that ſuch atchievements may not eſcape poſterity. What degree of harmony and grace the writings of Cæſar poſſeſſed, all perſons know, who have been fortunate enough to ſee his compoſitions. But having executed his work to the period I have mentioned, in the midſt of hurry and fatigue, and bringing it to us half finiſhed from his expedition, he brought home, alas! at the ſame time, a diſorder that proved mortal, contracted perhaps from the hardſhips of his paſſage, or perhaps from that harraſſing ſcene of perpetual action, and poſſibly indeed from his infinite anxiety on my account; for anxiety was natural to his affectionate heart, and his labours were without intermiſſion. Moreover, the change and badneſs of climates might prepare for him this draught of death. For notwithſtanding the dreadful ſtate of his health, he perſevered in the campaign againſt the Syrians and Cilicians, till at length he was

conveyed out of Syria in a moſt infirm ſtate, and was brought through Cilicia, Pamphylia, Lydia, and Bithynia, home to the metropolis of the empire, and to his family. But his vitals were now affected by his infinite fatigue. — Even in this ſtate of weakneſs he was deſirous of diſplaying the events of his expedition: but this his diſorder rendered him unable to execute, and indeed we enjoined him not to attempt it, leſt by the effort of ſuch a narration he ſhould burſt open his wound. But in the recollection of theſe things, my whole ſoul is darkened, and my eyes are covered with a flood of tears. — O what a director of the Roman counſels was then torn from us! O what an end was there to all the treaſures of clear, of various, and of uſeful knowledge, which he had collected from obſervation and experience, both in regard to foreign affairs, and the internal buſineſs of the empire! — O what a form was then deſtroyed! — Beauty, that ſeemed not only entitled to dominion, but bearing even the ſemblance of divinity! — I indeed have been converſant with every calamity; and have found, even from the imperial cradle, an unpropitious fortune: ſome perhaps might eſteem that fortune not unpropitious, which ſeemed to ſmile upon my birth, in giving me ſovereigns for my parents, and nurſing me in the imperial purple: but for the other circumſtances of my life, alas, what tempeſts! alas, what perturbations! The melody of Orpheus affected even inanimate nature; and Timotheus, in playing the Orthic ſong to Alexander, made the Macedon ſtart to arms.

The relation of my miſeries would not, indeed, produce ſuch effects; but it would move every auditor to tears; it would force not only beings endued with ſenſibility, but even inanimate nature to ſympathize in my ſorrow. — This remembrance of Cæſar, and his unexpected death, tears open the deepeſt wound of my ſoul: Indeed, I conſider all my former misfortunes, if compared to this immeaſurable calamity, but as a drop of water to the Atlantic ſea: or rather, my earlier afflictions were a kind of prelude to this: they firſt involved me, as it were, like a ſmoke preceding this raging fire: they were a kind of heat, that portended a conflagration, which no words can deſcribe. O thou fire, that blazeſt without fuel, preying on my heart without deſtroying its exiſtence; piercing through my very bones, and ſhrinking up my ſoul! — But I perceive myſelf hurried away from my ſubject: this mention of Cæſar, aud what I ſuffer in his loſs, has led me into the prolixity of grief: wiping therefore the tear from my eyes, and reſtraining myſelf from this indulgence of ſorrow, I will proceed in order; yet, as the tragic Poet * ſays,

Still adding tear to tear,

as recollecting misfortune after misfortune: for the entering on the Hiſtory of ſuch a king, ſo eminent for his virtues, revives in my mind all the wonders he performed, which move me to freſh tears: and theſe I ſhare in common with all the world; for the remembrance of him, and the recital of his reign, ſupplies to me a

* Euripides.

new ſubject of lamentation, and muſt remind others of the loſs they have ſuſtained.

But let me at length begin the Hiſtory of my father, from the period moſt proper: — now the moſt proper period is that, which will give to my narration the cleareſt, and moſt hiſtorical appearance. —

END OF THE NOTES TO THE FIRST EPITSLE.

NOTES
TO THE SECOND EPISTLE.

Note I. Verſe 17.

HOW ſainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,
The chaſte endearments of their marriage-bed.] It is well known how Edward the Confeſſor is celebrated for his inviolable chaſtity by the Monkiſh Hiſtorians — one of them, in particular, is ſo ſolicitous to vindicate the piety of Edward in this article, that he paſſes a ſevere cenſure on thoſe, who had imputed his ſingular continence to a principle of reſentment againſt the father of his queen — Hanc quoque Rex ut cunjugem tali arte tractavit; quod nec thoro removit; nec eam virili more carnaliter cognovit: quod utrum patris illius, qui proditor convictus erat, et familiae ejus odio quod prudenter pro tempore diſſimulabat; an amore caſtitatis id fecerit, incertum eſt aliquibus, qui in dubiis ſiniſtra interpretantur. Veruntamen non benevoli, et veritati, ut videtur, diſſoni dicere praeſumunt, quod Rex charitatis et pacis munere ditatus, de genere proditoris haeredes, qui ſibi ſuccederent, corrupto ſemine noluerit procreare. Sciebat enim rex pacificus quod filia nihil criminis commiſit cum patre proditore, & ideo non reſpuit thorum virginis; ſed ambo unanimi aſſenſu caſti-

tatem voverunt, partiique voluntate. THOMÆ RUDBORNE, Hiſt. major, in Anglia Sacra· Tom. I. p. 241.

The very high degree of merit, which the writers of the dark ages attributed to this matrimonal mortification, is ſtill more forcibly diſplayed in a miraculous ſtory related by Gregory of Tours, which the curious reader may find in the Firſt Book and 42d chapter of that celebrated Hiſtorian.

Note II. Verſe 19.

How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celeſtial mount,

Frantic with rapture from a ſacred fount.] The Monkiſh Hiſtorians ſeem to have conſidered a viſion as the moſt engaging embelliſhment that Hiſtory could receive — Even the ſage Matthew Paris delights in theſe heavenly digreſſions. But the viſions, to which the preceding verſes particularly allude, are thoſe of the Virgin Flotilda, printed in the 2d volume of the Hiſtoriæ Francorum Scriptores, by the learned Du Cheſne: A very ſhort ſpecimen may ſatisfy the curioſity of the Reader — Videbatur Canis candidus eidem adgaudere, quem tamen illa timens pertranſiit, & ad quendam locum in medium decentium clericorum pervenit, qui eam gratanter excipiebant, et potum ei in vaſo pulcherrimo quaſi aquam clariſſimam offerebant. — P. 624.

Note III. Verſe 24.

With thoſe choice gifts, the Meadow, and the Mill.] The uſual legacy of the old Barons to their monaſtic dependants.

Note IV. Verſe 59.

If mitred Turpin told, in wildeſt ſtrain.] It is now generally agreed, that the Hiſtory which bears the name

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of Turpin, Archbiſhop of Rheims, was the forgery of a Monk, at the time of the Cruſades, though Pope Calixtus the Second declared it to be authentic. — But, as it was certainly intended to paſs as genuine Hiſtory, whenever it was compoſed, and actually did ſo for ſome ages, this poetical mention of it appeared not improper. For the entertaiment of the curious reader, I ſhall tranſcribe the two miraculous paſſages alluded to in the poem: — Ante diem belli, caſtris et arietibus & turmis praeparatis in pratis, ſcilicet quae ſunt inter caſtrum, quod dicitur Talaburgum, & urbem, juxta fluvium Caranta, infixerunt Chriſtiani quidam haſtas ſuas, erectas in terra ante caſtra, craſtina vero die haſtas ſuas corticibus & frondibus decoratas invenerunt; hi ſcilicet qui in bello praeſenti accepturi erant martyrii palmam pro Chriſti fide. — Qui etiam tanto miraculo Dei gaviſi, abſciſſis haſtis ſuis de terra, ſimul coaduniti primitus in bello perierunt, & multos Saracenos occiderunt, ſed tandem Martyrio coronantur. Cap. X.

After the ſoliloquy of Roland, addreſſed to his ſword, which moſt readers have ſeen quoted in Mr. Warton's excellent Obſervations on Spenſer, the Hiſtorian proceeds thus: — Timens ne in manus Saracenorum deveniret, percuſſit ſpata lapidem marmoreum trino ictu; a ſummo uſque deorſum lapis dividitur, & gladius biceps illaeſus educitur. — Deinde tuba ſua coepit altiſona tonitruare, ſi forte aliqui ex Chriſtianis, qui per nemora Saracenorum timore latitabant, ad ſe venirent. Vel ſi illi, qui portas jam tranſierant, forte ad ſe redirent, ſuoque funeri adeſſent, ſpatamque ſuam & equum acciperent, et Saracenos perſequerentur. Tunc tanta vir-

tute tuba ſua eburnea inſonuit, quod flatu omnis ejus tuba per medium ſciſſa, & venae colli ejus & nervi rupti fuiſſe feruntur, cujus vox ad aures Caroli, qui in valle quae Caroli dicitur, cum exercitu ſuo tentoria fixerat, loco ſcilicet, qui diſtabat a Carolo octo milliaribus verſus Gaſconiam, Angelico ductu pervenit. Cap. XXII. & XXIII.

Note V. Verſe 65.

Yet modeſt Æginhard, with grateful care.] The celebrated Secretary and ſuppoſed Son-in-law of Charlemain; who is ſaid to have been carried through the ſnow on the ſhoulders of the affectionate and ingenious Imma, to prevent his being tracked from her apartment by the Emperor her father: a ſtory which the elegant pen of Addiſon has copied and embelliſhed from an old German Chronicle, and inſerted in the 3d volume of the Spectator. — This happy lover (ſuppoſing the ſtory to be true) ſeems to have poſſeſſed a heart not unworthy of ſo enchanting a miſtreſs, and to have returned her affection with the moſt faithful attachment; for there is a letter of Æginhard's ſtill extant, lamenting the death of his wife, which is written in the tendereſt ſtrain of connubial affliction — it does not however expreſs that this lady was the affectionate Princeſs, and indeed ſome late critics have proved, that Imma was not the daughter of Charlemain. — But to return to our Hiſtorian. — He was a native of Germany, and educated by the munificence of his imperial maſter, of which he has left the moſt grateful teſtimony in his Preface to the Life of that Monarch — the paſſage may ſerve to ſhew both the amiable mind of

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the Hiſtorian, and the elegance of his ſtyle, conſidering the age in which he wrote: — Suberat & alia non irrationabilis, ut opinor cauſa, quae vel ſola ſufficere poſſet, ut me ad haec ſcribenda compelleret; nutrimentum videlicet in me impenſum, & perpetua, poſtquam in aula ejus converſari coepi, cum ipſo ac liberis ejus amicitia, qua me ita ſibi devinxit, debitoremque tam vivo quam mortuo conſtituit; ut merito ingratus videri & judicari poſſem, ſi tot beneficiorum in me collatorum immemor cariſſima & illuſtriſſima hominis optime de me meriti geſta ſilentio praeterirem: patererque vitam ejus quaſi qui nunquam vixerit ſine literis ac debita laude manere; cui ſcribendae atque explicandae non meum ingeniolum, quod exile & parvum imo nullum pene eſt, ſed Tullianam par erat deſudare facundiam. — The terms in which he ſpeaks of Charlemain's being unable to write are as follow: — Tentabat & ſcribere tabulaſque & codicellos ad hoc in lectulo ſub cervicalibus circumferre ſolebat, ut cum vacuum tempus eſſet, manum effigiundis literis aſſuefaceret. Sed parum proſperè ſucceſſit labor praepoſterus, ac ſerò inchoatus. — Æginhard, after the loſs of his lamented wife, is ſuppoſed to have paſſed the remainder of his days in religious retirement, and to have died ſoon after the year 840. — His Life of Charlemain, his Annals from 741 to 829, and his Letters, are all inſerted in the 2d volume of Ducheſne's Scriptores Francorum. But there is an improved edition of this valuable Hiſtorian, with the Annotations of Hermann Schminke, in Quarto 1711.

Note VI. Verſe 79.

If Britiſh Geoffrey fill'd his motley page
With Merlin's ſpells and Uther's amorous rage.] The firſt of the two excellent diſſertations prefixed to Mr. Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, gives the moſt perfect account of this famous old Chronicler and his whimſical performance. — "About the year 1100, Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a learned man, and a diligent collector of Hiſtories, travelling through France, procured in Armorica an antient Chronicle, written in the Britiſh or Armorican language, entitled, *Brut-y-Brenhined*, or the Hiſtory of the Kings of Britain. This book he brought into England, and communicated it to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welſh Benedictine Monk, an elegant writer of Latin, and admirably ſkilled in the Britiſh tongue. Geoffrey, at the requeſt and recommendation of Gualter the Archdeacon, tranſlated this Britiſh Chronicle into Latin, executing the Tranſlation with a tolerable degree of purity, and great fidelity, yet not without ſome interpolations. — It was probably finiſhed after the year 1138." — "The ſimple ſubject of this Chronicle, diveſted of its romantic embelliſhments, is a deduction of the Welſh Princes from the Trojan Brutus to Cadwallader, who reigned in the ſeventh century." To this extract from Mr. Warton, it may be proper to add a conciſe account of that romantic embelliſhment, to which I have particularly alluded: — Uther Pendragon, at the feſtival of his coronation, falls in love with Igerna, the wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall; and being prevented from purſuing his addreſſes by the vigilance of the huſband, he applies

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to the magical power of Merlin for the completion of his desire. — This he obtains by being transformed into the person of Gorlois, and thus introducing himself to the deluded Igerna, as Jupiter visited Alcmena, he gives birth to the celebrated Arthur. — Mansit itaque rex ea nocte cum Igerna & sese desiderata venere refecit. Deceperat namque illam falsa species quam assumpserat: deceperat etiam fictitiis sermonibus, quos ornate componebat . . . . unde ipsa credula nihil quod poscebatur abnegavit. Concepit itaque eadem nocte celeberrimum illum Arthurum, qui postmodum ut celebris esset, mira probitate promeruit. GALFRIDUS Mon. Lib. VI. cap. 2.

Note VII. Verse 83.

Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'sbury! engag'd thy pen.] William, surnamed of Malmesbury from being a member of that church, was a native of Somersetshire, and is supposed to have received his education at Oxford. He is justly called, by almost every writer on English History, the most liberal and judicious of all our monastic Historians. His principal work is a History of our Kings, from the arrival of the Saxons to the 20th year of Henry the First. This was followed by two books of later History, which close with the celebrated escape of the Empress Matilda from the Castle of Oxford, 1142. These works are both addressed to that munificent patron of merit, Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry the First, who was perhaps the most exalted and accomplished character, that ever flourished in so barbarous an age. The Historian speaks of his noble friend with all the simplicity of truth, and all the

warmth

warmth of virtuous admiration. He died, according to Pitts, in 1143, three years before his generous patron; and this is probable, from his not purſuing his Hiſtory, which he intimates a deſign of reſuming. — Yet there is a paſſage preſerved in Tanner, from the Preface to his Comments on Jeremiah, which ſeems to prove, that he lived to a later period, ſince he mentions his hiſtorical works as the production of his younger days, and ſpeaks of his age as devoted to religious compoſition. Beſides his four books de geſtis Pontificum Anglorum, he wrote many works of the ſame pious turn, which the curious reader may ſee enumerated in Tanner's Bibliotheca.

Note VIII. Verſe 117.

Mild Abulfeda! whoſe rich merits claim
No ſingle wreath of literary fame.] Iſmael Abulfeda, deſcended from a brother of the great Saladin, and Prince of Hamah, a city of Syria, was born at Damaſcus, in the year of the Hegira 672, or according to the Chriſtian æra 1273. His youth was devoted to the toils of martial life, and he ſeems to have been a brave and accompliſhed ſoldier, though his literary fame has eclipſed his military reputation. — The turbulent ſtate of his country prevented his eſtabliſhment in his hereditary dominion till the year 710, when the poſſeſſion of it was ſecured to him by the aſſiſtance of Al Malec Al Naſer, ſultan of Ægypt, from whom he afterwards received the higheſt honours; of which his gratitude has left the following particular deſcription, inſerted by the learned Schultens, in his Preface to the Life of Saladin, as it gives great luſtre to the character of our royal Hiſtorian.

"Hama-

"Hamata degreſſum equis veredàriis ſine ullo jumento, inſtrumentove itineris prolixiſſima gratia cumulavit Sultanus, atque munificentiam ſuam ſummo gradu erga me explicuit, mittendis variis veſtibus, equis, vectabulis, eduliis, mihique peculiare tabernaculum ſtatuendo, quod copioſe adornatum erat veſte ſtragula, tapetibuſque ad ſomnum, ad cibum capiendum, ſervorumque peculiari turba mihi aſſignata. Cum hiſce omnibus haud ceſſabant magnifica veſtimenta, diverſiſſimi generis, ad me miſſitata, ut iis publice condecorarem quos collibuiſſet. Sultanus interea longum in redeundo domum iter fallebat venatione dorcadum per accipitres, me quoque ſuaviter animum oblectante inter effuſas ejus in me gratias; dum ad me identidem de captura ſua capreolos ſubmittebat. Directum quoque ad me, dum iter facerem us, diploma ejus, quo ſignificabat, te ego ſultanum conſtituam, ſtatim ac in Ægyptum pervenero; atque ad regionem tuam remeabis hoc titulo praefulgens. Ego vero excuſationem petere tanti honoris, eumque deprecari, quin et dolorem inde percipere, memet ipſum abjiciendo, ſplendidiuſque praedicando nomen ejus celſum, quam ut illius quiſquam conſors ac particeps redderetur. Pro incerto itaque relictum illud negotium, donec ſedem regni ſui attigiſſet . . . . . Ibi dum commoror, ſultani mandato ad me perveniunt inſignia ſultanatus, principeſque miniſtrorum viginti circiter; apportantes regalem veſtem ſericam conſummatiſſimam, auro intertextam, et acinacem ſultanicum, et imperiale ephippium auro illuſum Ægyptio, diploma item, ſultanatus dignitatem mihi deferens, una cum ſtipatoribus ſultanicis ad fraenum tenendum, ſelichdarioque (*armigero*)

cujus

cujus ex humeris duo gladii dependebant, apparitoribusque sultanicis, qui equum generosum adducebant apparatissime ornatum, cum ego conscendi mane diei Jovis, decimo et septimo Muharremi, praecedentibus ad dimidium viae principibus; vecti dein, omnes iterum ad pedes descenderunt quum propinquassem arci montis (*palatio regis Ægypti*) ego vero in equo perrexi, donec perveherer prope portam arcis, ubi ad pedes degressus, terram in honorem sultani deosculatus sum, arcem versus, atque diplomati quoque celsissimo osculum fixi: terram deinde iterum iterumque deosculatus escendi in arcem, atque praesentem me sisti sultano, illustri jam ac provecto die: ubi denuo terram osculatus sum: at ille me ea cumulavit gratia, quam ne pater quidem filio suo exhibet; mihique inter hæc Hamatam remeare mandavit, Heus tu, inquiens, longum jam absens revertere ad regionem tuam." Thus invested with the title of Sultan, Abulfeda returned, in all his splendor, to his paternal dominion, where he closed an honourable life at the age of sixty, in 733, thirteen years after this magnificent ceremony. — He is said to have been highly skilled in medicine, philosophy, and poetry; but his fame as an author, is chiefly founded on his historical and geographical productions; and these, notwithstanding their acknowledged merit, have appeared only in selected fragments — so pitiful and precarious has been the encouragement, which the most liberal nations of Europe have bestowed on oriental literature, that designs of publishing a complete edition of Abulfeda's geography have been suffered to fail both in France and England — the honour of doing justice to this illu-

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ſtrious author ſeems to be reſerved for Germany, where the learned Michaelis has lately publiſhed his deſcription of Egypt, and intimates an intention of printing the other parts of this author — of his general Hiſtory, which he brought down to the latter years of his own life, different portions have been given to the public by different editors — his account of Mahomet, by Gagnier, printed at Oxford in folio, 1723; his Hiſtory of the Arabian Caliphs, to the year of the Hegira 406, by Reiſke, printed at Leipſic 1754; and his narrative of all the circumſtances relating to the great Saladin has been very properly annexed by Schultens to Bohaddin's Life of that monarch. Abulfeda, in this portion of his Hiſtory, ſeems to dwell on the great character of Saladin with that ingenuous pride, which a generous mind muſt naturally feel in ſpeaking of ſo noble an anceſtor — he relates ſome anecdotes of that prince, not mentioned by his Biographer, highly expreſſive of his animated and affectionate ſpirit; particularly a letter written immediately after the ſevere defeat, which obliged him to fly from Aſcalon into the deſerts of Egypt; it was addreſſed to his brother, who commanded at Damaſcus, and opened with a quotation from an Arabian poet to this effect:

My ſoul remembers thee with fond delight,
Amidſt the horrors of the adverſe fight,
When hoſtile Lances drink the gory flood,
And ſatiate in our veins their thirſt of blood.

In his account of the gentle diſpoſition and refined manners of Saladin, he perfectly agrees with the Biographer of that monarch — The generous Abulfeda, ſo liberal

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in commemorating the merit of others, has not himself wanted an encomiaſt; for, according to Herbelot, his eulogy is contained in the works of an oriental Poet, whoſe name is Nobatah, and whoſe compoſitions may be found in the king of France's library.

Note IX. Verſe 123.

And with that victim's blood his ſabre ſtain,
Who dar'd to write the annals of his reign!] I am unable to diſcover the name of this inhuman Prince, or that of his unfortunate Hiſtorian; but the fact is related on the authority of an Arabic writer, named Nouari, by M. Cardonne, in the Preface to his Hiſtoire de l'Afrique et de l'Eſpagne ſous la Domination des Arabes. His words are "Nouari rapporte, que les Sultans de la "dynaſtie des Almohades defendirent, ſous peine de la "vie, d'écrire les Annales de leur regne, et qu'un Prin-"ce de cette maiſon fit périr un Auteur, pour avoir en-"freint cette loi." As the Princes of this dynaſty exerted their power both in Africa and Spain, this ſingular execution might happen in either country — I have ventured to ſuppoſe it in Spain, for poetical reaſons, which will occur to the Reader.

Note X. Verſe 127.

There Corduba, in hours of happier fate,
Sublimely roſe in academic ſtate.] The Univerſity of Corduba was founded by Al Hakem the Second, who died in the 336th year of the Hegira, after a reign of fifteen years and five months. He was the ſon and ſucceſſor of the magnificent Abdelrahman the Third, who in a long and proſperous life had given ſtability and ſplen-

ſplendor to the Mooriſh empire in Spain. It is remarkable, that many of theſe Arab Princes were not only protectors of literature, but often diſtinguiſhed themſelves by poetical compoſition. Nor were the Mooriſh Ladies leſs eager to cultivate the moſt elegant of mental accompliſhments: Valada, or Valadata, the daughter of the Prince who founded the Univerſity, was no leſs celebrated for her poetical talents, than for her ſingular beauty and exalted birth. She beſtowed her protection on that ſeat of learning, which owed its riſe to the liberality of her father; and the principal poets of the time are ſaid to have formed her favourite ſociety.

The Bibliotheca Arabico-Hiſpana of Caſiri, from whence I have drawn theſe particulars, contains alſo a liſt of many female poets, who reflected honour on their native city of Corduba. One of the moſt eminent among theſe, was a Lady diſtinguiſhed by the name of Aiſcha Bent, whoſe compoſitions, both in proſe and verſe, were publicly recited in the Academy with univerſal applauſe; and who cloſed (ſays my Author) a ſingle and chaſte life, in the year of the Hegira 400, leaving many monuments of her own genius, as well as a rich and well-choſen library.

Note XI. Verſe 147.

Thy warm Bohaddin, with that generous zeal,
Which no baſe ſons of Adulation feel.] Bohaddin, or Bohadin (for his name is variouſly written) is conjectured by Schultens, his learned Tranſlator, to have been an Aſſyrian by birth, and a native af Moſula, the metropolis of Meſopotamia; from whence, before he entered

tered into the ſervice of Saladin, he was ſent embaſſador, as he himſelf relates, to the Caliph of Bagdad. — He ſeems to have been principally indebted to his talents as an Hiſtorian, for the protection and favour of that engaging hero, whoſe confidence he afterwards obtained, and whoſe ſplendid character he has ſo warmly celebrated: For as he was returning from Mecca to Moſula, he embraced an opportunity of preſenting to Saladin an account of the holy war, as he terms it, which he had drawn up, as he ſtopt at Damaſcus in the courſe of his pilgrimage, and in which he had deſcribed the adminiſtration and diſcipline of that monarch. He affirms, that the Sultan peruſed his work with infinite ſatisfaction, and expreſſed the moſt eager deſire to engage him in his ſervice. — The grateful Hiſtorian was no leſs inclined to devote himſelf to his generous and enthuſiaſtic patron: — From this period he ſeems to have been a favourite companion of his warlike maſter; to have ſhared many of his dangers, as well as his moſt ſecret counſels; and to have ſerved him with a moſt zealous and affectionate attachment, to the hour of his death — an event, of which he ſpeaks with the affecting ſimplicity of real ſorrow. In mentioniug the oriental cuſtom of waſhing the body of the deceaſed, he records the name of the miniſter who performed the ceremony; and adds, that he had himſelf engaged in this mournful office, but was obliged to retire, on feeling himſelf unequal to ſo painful a ſcene. — The work of this intereſting Biographer is divided into two parts; the firſt exhibits a general character of the hero, with particular examples of his various virtues and endowments;

dowments; the ſecond gives a chronological account of his adventures, from his firſt expedition into Egypt to the cloſe of his life; but paſſing lightly over his other exploits, dwells chiefly on the tranſactions of the holy war; and diſcovers ſuch marks of religious zeal, that Schultens very ſhrewdly ſuppoſes the author to have been a prieſt, from the manner in which he laviſhes his maledictions: it is juſt, however, to obſerve, that he ſpeaks very liberally on the martial merit of his Chriſtian enemies; and there is one paſſage in his hiſtory, in which he pays a very pleaſing and pathetic compliment to the univerſal philanthropy of the Sultan; it is in relating an anecdote, which affords ſo intereſting a picture, that I cannot help preſenting it to my reader:

In the army of Saladin there were ſome dexterous robbers, who uſed to penetrate by night into the camp of the Chriſtians, and preſent to the Sultan on their return ſuch booty as they had been able to bring off, which he beſtowed upon them, as a reward of their valour. In one of their nightly excurſions they happened to ſeize an infant of three months; the mother, robbed of her little one, ſpent the night in the moſt bitter lamentations, and related her misfortune to the Chriſtian leaders: — They anſwered; The Sultan is compaſſionate, and we therefore give you permiſſion to depart, and petition him for your child, which he will certainly reſtore. — Approaching our guard, ſhe relates her ſtory, and implores their aſſiſtance: They give her acceſs to the Sultan, to whom, as he was riding, attended by myſelf and others, ſhe preſented herſelf bathed in tears, and proſtrate in the duſt. He en-

quires the cauſe of her affliction: — ſhe repeats her ſtory: — the Sultan is moved even to tears, and orders the child to be produced — on finding that it had been publicly ſold, he commands it to be redeemed; and reſted not till he ſaw the infant delivered to its mother — receiving it with a profuſion of tears, ſhe preſt it to her boſom — the ſurrounding ſpectators (and I happened to be among them) wept with her — ſhe then gave her breaſt to the infant; after which the Sultan directed her to be ſeated on horſeback with her little one, and ſafely eſcorted to her own quarters. Conſider (exclaims the affectionate and religious Hiſtorian) this example of univerſal benevolence! Such, O God! haſt thou created this merciful ſovereign, to appear moſt worthy of thy own infinite mercy. — Conſider this teſtimony, which even his enemies have borne of his compaſſionate and generous diſpoſition! ROHAD. SCHULTENS, Page 162.

Note XII. Verſe 194.

A faithful Chronicler in plain Froiſſart.] John Froiſſart, Canon and Treaſurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, in Henault, was born at Valenciennes, a city of that province, in 1337, according to the conjecture of that elaborate and ingenious antiquarian Mr. de St. Palaye; who has amply illuſtrated the Life and Writings of this engaging Hiſtorian, in a ſeries of diſſertations among the Memoirs of the French Academy, Vol. X. XIII. XIV. — St. Palaye imagines, from a paſſage in the MS Poems of Froiſſart, that his father was a painter of Armories: — and it is certain the Hiſtorian diſcovers a paſſion for all the pomp and all the minutiæ

of

of heraldry: it was indeed the favourite ſtudy of that martial age; and Froiſſart, more the prieſt of gallantry than of religion, devoted himſelf entirely to the celebration of love and war. — At the age of 20, he began to write Hiſtory, at the requeſt *de ſon cher Seigneur & Maitre Meſſire* Robert de Namur, Chevalier Seigneur de Beaufort. — The anguiſh of unſucceſsful love drove him early into England, and his firſt voyage ſeems a kind of emblem of his future life; for he ſailed hither in a ſtorm, yet continued writing a rondeau in ſpite of the tempeſt, till he found himſelf on that coaſt, ou l'on aime mieux la guerre, que la paix, & ou les eſtrangers ſont très-bien venus, as he ſaid of our country *in his verſes*, and happily experienced in his kind reception at court, where Philippa of Henault, the Queen of Edward the Third, and a Patroneſs of learning, diſtinguiſhed the young Hiſtorian, her countryman, by the kindeſt protection; and, finding that love had rendered him unhappy, ſupplied him with money and with horſes, that he might preſent himſelf with every advantage before the object of his paſſion. — Love ſoon eſcorted him to his miſtreſs — but his addreſſes were again unſucceſsful; and, taking a ſecond voyage to England, he became Secretary to his royal patroneſs Philippa, in 1361, after having preſented to her ſome portion of his Hiſtory. — He continued five years in her ſervice, entertaining her majeſty *de beaux dictiez & traictez amoureux*: in this period he paid a viſit to Scotland, and was entertained 15 days by William Earl Douglas. — In 1366, when Edward the Black Prince was preparing for the war in Spain, Froiſſart was with him in Gaſcony, and

hoped to attend him during the whole courſe of that important expedition: — but the Prince ſent him back to the Queen his mother. — He continued not long in England, as he viſited many of the Italian courts in the following year, and during his travels ſuſtained the irreparable loſs of that patroneſs, to whoſe bounty he had been ſo much indebted. — Philippa died 1369, and Froiſſart is reported to have written the life of his amiable protectreſs; but of this performance the reſearches of St. Palaye could diſcover no trace.

After this event, he retired to his own country, and obtained the benefice of Leſtines, in the dioceſe of Cambray. — But the cure of ſouls was an office little ſuited to the gay and gallant Froiſſart. — His genius led him ſtill to travel from caſtle to caſtle, and from court to court, to uſe the words of Mr. Warton, who has made occaſional mention of our author, in his elegant Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. — Froiſſart now entered into the ſervice of the Duke of Brabant; and, as that Prince was himſelf a poet, Froiſſart collected all the compoſitions of his maſter, and adding ſome of his own, formed a kind of romance, which he calls

Un Livre de Meliador
Le Chevalier au ſoleil d'or,

and of which, in one of his later poems, he gives the following account:

Dedans ce Romant ſont encloſes
Toutes les chançons que jadis,
Dont l'ame ſoit en paradis,
Que fit le bon Duc de Braibant,

Win-

Wincelaus, dont on parla tant;
Car un prince fu amorous,
Gracious & chavalerous,
Et le livre me fit ja faire,
Par très grant amoureus à faire,
Coment qu'il ne le veiſt oncques.

The Duke died in 1384, before this work was completed; and Froiſſart ſoon found a new patron in Guy earl of Blois, on the marriage of whoſe Son he wrote a Paſtoral, entitled Le Temple d'Honneur. — The earl having requeſted him to reſume his Hiſtory, he travelled for that purpoſe to the celebrated court of Gaſton Earl of Foix, whoſe high reputation for every knightly virtue attracted to his reſidence at Orlaix, thoſe martial adventurers, from whoſe mouth it was the delight of Froiſſart to collect the materials of his Hiſtory. — The courteous Gaſton gave him the moſt flattering reception: he ſaid to him with a ſmile (& en bon François) "qu'il le connoiſſoit bien, quoyqu'il ne l'euſt jamais veu, mais qu'il avoit bien oui parler de luy, & le retint de ſon hoſtel." — It became a favourite amuſement of the Earl, to hear Froiſſart read his Romance of Meliador after ſupper. — He attended in the caſtle every night at 12, when the Earl ſate down to table, liſtened to him with extreme attention, and never diſmiſſed him, till he had made him vuider tout ce qui eſtoit reſté du vin de ſa bouche. — Froiſſart gained much information here, not only from his patron, who was himſelf very communicative, but from various Knights of Arragon and England, in the retinue of the Duke of Lancaſter, who then reſided at Bourdeaux. — After a long reſi-

dence in this brilliant court, and after receiving a preſent from the liberal Gaſton, which he mentions in the following verſes:

Je pris congé & li bons Contes
Me fit par ſa chambre des comptes
Delivrer quatrevins florins
D'Arragon, tous peſans & fins
Et mon livre, qu'il m'ot laiſſé.

Froiſſart departed in the train of the Counteſs of Boulogne, related to the Earl of Foix, and juſt leaving him, to join her new huſband the Duke of Berry. — In this expedition our Hiſtorian was robbed near Avignon, and laments the unlucky adventure in a very long poem, from which Mr. de St. Palaye has drawn many particulars of his life. The ground-work of this poem (which is not in the liſt of our Author's poetical pieces, that Mr. Warton has given us from Paſquier) ſeems to have a ſtrong vein of humour. - It is a dialogue between the Poet and the ſingle Florin that he has left out of the many which he had either ſpent, or been obliged to ſurrender to the robbers. — He repreſents himſelf as a man of the moſt expenſive turn: in 25 years he had ſquandered two thouſand franks, beſides his eccleſiaſtical revenues. The compoſition of his works had coſt him 700; but he regretted not this ſum, as he expected to be amply repaid for it by the praiſe of poſterity.

After having attended all the feſtivals on the marriage of the Duke of Berry, having traverſed many parts of France, and paid a viſit to Zeland, he returned to his own country in 1390, to continue his Hiſtory from the

various materials he had collected. — But not satisfied with the relations he had heard of the war in Spain, he went to Middlebourgh in Zeland, in pursuit of a Portugueze Knight, Jean Ferrand Portelet, vaillant homme & sage, & du Conseil du Roy de Portugal. From this accomplished soldier Froissart expected the most perfect information, as an ocular witness of those scenes, which he now wished to record. — The courteous Portelet received our indefatigable Historian with all the kindness which his enthusiasm deserved, and in six days, which they passed together, gave him all the intelligence he desired. — Froissart now returned home, and finished the third book of his History. — Many years had past since he had bid adieu to England: taking advantage of the truce then established between France and that country, he paid it another visit in 1395, with letters of recommendation to the King and his uncles. — From Dover he proceeded to Canterbury, to pay his devoirs at the shrine of Thomas of Becket, and to the memory of the Black Prince. — Here he happened to find the son of that hero, the young King Richard, whom devotion had also brought to make his offerings to the fashionable Saint, and return thanks to Heaven for his successes in Ireland. — Froissart speaks of this adventure, and his own feelings on the great change of scene that had taken place since his last visit to England, in the following natural and lively terms: Le Roy . . . vint . . a trez grant arroy, et bien accompaigné de seigneurs, de dames et demoiselles, et me mis entre eulx, & entre elles, et tout me sembla nouvel, ne je ny conguoissoye personne; car le tems estoit bien changé en Angleterre

depuis ſe tems de vingt & huyt ans: et en la compagnie du roy n'avoit nuls de ſes oncles . . . . ſi fus du premier ainſi que tout eſbahy . . . Tho' Froiſſart was thus embarraſſed in not finding one of his old friends in the retinue of the King, he ſoon gained a new Patron in Thomas Percy, Maſter of the Houſchold, who offered to preſent him and his letters to Richard; but this offer happening on the eve of the King's departure, it proved too late for the ceremony — Le Roy eſtoit retrait pour aller dormir. — And on the morrow, when the impatient Hiſtorian attended early at the Archbiſhop's palace, where the King ſlept, his friend Percy adviſed him to wait a more convenient ſeaſon for being introduced to Richard. — Froiſſart acquieſced in this advice, and was conſoled for his diſappointment by falling into company with an Engliſh Knight, who had attended the King in Ireland, and was very willing to gratify the curioſity of the Hiſtorian by a relation of his adventures. — This was William de Liſle, who entertained him, as they rode along together, with the marvels of St. Patrick's Cave, in which he aſſured him he had paſſed a night, and ſeen wonderful viſions. — Though our honeſt Chronicler is commonly accuſed of a paſſion for the marvellous, with an exceſs of credulity, he ſays very ſenſibly on this occaſion, de cette matiere je ne luy parlay plus avant, et m'en ceſſay, car voulentiers je luy euſſe demandé du voyage d'Irlande, et luy en voulaye parler, et mettre en voye. — It appears plainly from this paſſage, that our Hiſtorian was more anxious to gain information concerning the ſcenes of real action, than to liſten to the extravagant fictions

of

of a popular legend. — But here he was again disappointed. — New companions joined them on the road, and their historical conference was thus interrupted. — These mortifications were soon repaid by the kind reception he met with from the Duke of York, who said to him, when he received the recommendatory letter from the Earl of Henault, "Maistre Jehan tenez vous toujours deles nous, & nos gens, nous vous ferons tout amour & courtoisie, nous y sommes tenus pour l'amour du tems passé & de notre dame de mere a qui vous futes; nous en avons bien la souvenance." — With these flattering marks of remembrance and favour the Duke presented him to the King, lequel me receut joyeusement et doulcement (continues Froissart) . . et me dist que je fusse le bien venus et si j'avoye esté de l'hostel du Roy son Ayeul & de Madame son Ayeule encores estoys je de l'hostel d'Angleterre. — Some time however elapsed, before he had an opportunity of presenting his romance of Meliador, which he had prepared for the King. — The Duke of York and his other friends at length obtained for him this honour: He gives the following curious and particular account of the ceremony: et voulut veoir le Roy mon livre, que je luy avoye apporté. Si le vit en sa chambre: car tout pourveu je l'avoye, et luy mis sur son lict. Et lors il l'ouvrit et regarda dedans, et luy pleut tres grandement. Et plaire bien luy devoit: car il estoit enluminé, escrit et Historie, & couvert de vermeil veloux a dix cloux d'argent dorez d'or et roses d'or ou meillieu a deux gros fermaulx dorez et richement ouvrez ou meillieu rosiers d'or. Adonc me demanda le Roy de quoy il traictoit:

et

et je luy dis d'amours. De ceſte reſponce fut tout resjouy, et regarda dedans le livre en pluſieurs lieux, et y lyſit, car moult bien parloit et lyſoit Françoys, et puis le fiſt prendre par ung ſien Chevalier, qui ſe nomme Meſſire Richard Credon, et porter en ſa chambre de retrait dont il me fiſt bonne chere.

After paſſing three months in this court, Froiſſart took his leave of the munificent but ill-fated Richard. In the laſt chapter of his Hiſtory, where he mentions the unfortunate end of this Monarch, he ſpeaks with an honeſt and affecting gratitude of the liberal preſent he received from him on his departure from England. — It was a goblet of ſilver gilt, weighing two marks, and filled with a hundred nobles.

On leaving England, he retired to his own country, and is ſuppoſed to have ended his days at his benefice of Chimay, but the year of his death is uncertain. — There is an antient tradition in the country, ſays Mr. de Saint Palaye, that he was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, belonging to his own church. — That ingenious antiquarian produces an extract from its archives, in which the death of Froiſſart is recorded, but without naming the year, in the moſt honourable terms. — His obit bears the date of October, and is followed by 20 Latin verſes, from which I ſelect ſuch as appear to me the moſt worth tranſcribing.

Gallorum ſublimis honos, & fama tuorum,
Hic Froiſſarde jaces, ſi modo ſorte jaces.
Hiſtorie vivus ſtuduiſti reddere vitam,
Defuncto vitam reddet at illa tibi.

Proxima dum propriis florebit Francia ſcriptis,
*Famia dum ramos, *Blancaque fundet aquas,
Urbis ut hujus honos, templi ſic fama vigebis,
Teque ducem Hiſtorie Gallia tota colet,
Belgica tota colet, Cymeaque vallis anabit,
Dum rapidus proprios Scaldis obibit agros.

As I have never met with any ſatisfactory account of Froiſſart's life in our language, I have been tempted to ſwell this Note to an inordinate length; yet it ſeems to me ſtill neceſſary to add a few lines more concerning the character both of the Hiſtorian and the Poet. — A long ſeries of French Critics, to whom even the judicious Bayle has been tempted to give credit, have ſeverely cenſured Froiſſart, as the venal partizan of the Engliſh, and they have accuſed his laſt Editor, Sauvage, of mutilating his author, becauſe they could find in his edition no proofs of their charge. — The amiable St. Palaye has defended le bon Froiſſart, as he is called by honeſt Montaigne, from this unjuſt accuſation, and done full juſtice at the ſame time to the injured reputation of his exact and laborious editor.

It may ſerve as a kind of memento mori to poetical vanity to reflect, that Froiſſart is hardly known as a Poet, though his fertile pen produced 30,000 verſes, which were once the delight of Princes, and the favourite ſtudy of the gallant and the fair. — How far he deſerved the oblivion, into which his poetical compoſitions have fallen, the reader may conceive from the following judgment of his French Critic; with whoſe ingenious

* * A foreſt and a river near Chimay.

nious reflection on the imperfections attending the early ſtate both of Poetry and Painting, I ſhall terminate this Note.

On peut dire en général au ſujet des Poeſies de Froiſſart, que l'invention pour les ſujets lui manquoit autant que l'imagination pour les ornemens; du reſte le ſtyle qu'il employe, moins abondant que diffus, offre ſouvent la répétition ennuyeuſe des mêmes tours, & des mêmes phraſes, pour rendre des idées aſſez communes: cependant la ſimplicité et la liberté de ſa verſification ne ſont pas toûjours dépourvues de graces, on y rencontre de tems en tems quelques images & pluſieurs vers de ſuite dont l'expreſſion eſt aſſez heureuſe.

Tel étoit alors l'état de notre Poeſie Françoiſe, et le ſort de la Peinture étoit à peu près le même. Ces deux arts que l'on a toujours comparés enſemble paroiſſent avoir eu une marche preſqu' uniforme dans leur progrès. Les Peintres au ſortir de la plus groſſiére barbarie, ſaiſiſſant d'abord en détail tous les petits objets que la nature leur preſentoit, s'attachérent aux inſectes, aux fleurs, aux oiſeaux, les parérent des couleurs les plus vives, les deſſinérent avec une exactitude que nous admirons encore dans les vignettes & dans les miniatures des manuſcrits; lorſqu'ils vinrent à repréſenter des figures humaines, ils s'étudiérent bien plus à terminer les contours & à exprimer juſqu' aux cheveux les plus fins, qu'à donner de l'ame aux viſages & du mouvement aux corps; et ces figures dont la nature la plus commune fourniſſoit toujours les modelles, étoient jettées enſemble au hazard, ſans choix, ſans ordonnance, ſans aucun goût de compoſition.

Les

Les Poetes auſſi ſtériles que les Peintres, bornoient toute leur induſtrie à ſavoir amener des deſcriptions proportionnées à leur talents, et ils ne les quittoient qu'après les avoir épuiſées; ils ne ſçavent guéres parler que d'un beau printems, de la verdure des campagnes, de l'émail des prairies, du ramage de mille eſpeces d'oiſeaux, de la clarté et de la vivacité d'une belle fontaine ou d'un ruiſſeau qui murmure; quelquefois cependant ils rendent avec naïveté les amuſemens enfantins des amans, leurs ris, leurs jeux, les palpitations ou la joie d'un cœur amoureux; ils n'imaginent rien au delà, incapable d'ailleurs de donner de la ſuite et de la liaiſon à leurs idées.

Notice des Poeſies de Froiſſart; Memoires de l'Academie, Tom. XIV. p. 225.

Note XIII. Verſe 242.

Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
Brought the keen Scribe of Florence into Day.] Nicholas Machiavel, the celebrated Florentine, was firſt patronized by Leo, who cauſed one of his comedies to be acted with great magnificence at Rome, and engaged him to write a private Treatiſe de Reformatione Reipublicæ Florentinæ. His famous political Eſſay, entitled, "The Prince," was publiſhed in 1515, and dedicated to the Nephew of that Pontiff. The various judgments that have been paſſed on this ſingular performance are a ſtriking proof of the incertitude of human opinion. — In England it has received applauſe from the great names of Bacon and Clarendon, who ſuppoſe it intended to promote the intereſt of liberty and virtue. In Italy, after many years of approbation, it was publicly

ly condemned by Clement the VIIIth, at the inſtigation of a Jeſuit, who had not read the book. In France it has even been ſuppoſed inſtrumental to the horrid maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, as the favourite ſtudy of Catherine of Medicis and her Sons, and as teaching the bloody leſſons of extirpation, which they ſo fatally put in practice. Yet one of his French Tranſlators has gone ſo far as to ſay, that "Machiavel, who paſſes among all the world for a teacher of Tyranny, deteſted it more than any man of the age, in which he lived." It muſt however be owned, that there is a great mixture of good and evil in his political precepts. For the latter many plauſible apologies have been made; and it ſhould be remembered to his honour, that his great aim was to promote the welfare of his country, in exciting the Houſe of Medicis to deliver Italy from the invaſion of foreigners.

He is ſaid to have been made Hiſtoriographer of Florence, as a reward for having ſuffered the torture on ſuſpicion of conſpiring againſt the government of that city, having ſupported the ſevere trial with unfailing reſolution. His Hiſtory of that republic he wrote at the requeſt of Clement the VIIth, as we are informed in his Dedication of it to that Pontiff. The ſtyle of this work is much celebrated, and the firſt Book may be regarded as a model of Hiſtorical abridgment. — He died, according to Paul Jovius, in 1530.

Note XIV. Verſe 252.

Nor leſs, O Leo! was it thine to raiſe
The great Hiſtoric Chief of modern days.] Francis Guicciardin, born at Florence 1482, of an antient and nobie

noble family, was appointed a Profeſſor of Civil Law in that city at the age of 23. In 1512 he was ſent Embaſſador to Ferdinand King of Arragon; and ſoon after his return deputed by the Republic to meet Leo the Xth at Cortona, and attend him on his public entry into Florence. — That diſcerning Pontiff immediately became his Patron, and raiſed him to the government of Modena and Reggio. He ſucceeded to that of Parma, which he defended with great ſpirit againſt the French, on the death of Leo. — He roſe to the higheſt honours under Clement the VIIth, having the command of all the eccleſiaſtical forces, and being Governor of Romagna, and laſtly of Bologna, in which city he is ſaid to have received the moſt flattering compliments from the Emperor Charles V. — Having gained much reputation, both civil and military, in various ſcenes of active life, he paſſed his latter days in retirement, at his villa near Florence, where he died ſoon after completing his Hiſtory, in the 59th year of his age, 1540. Notwithſtanding the high reputation of Guicciardin, his Hiſtory has been violently attacked, both as to matter and ſtyle. — The honeſt Montaigne inveighs with great warmth againſt the malignant turn of its author; and his own countryman Boccalini, in whoſe whimſical but lively work there are many excellent remarks on Hiſtory and Hiſtorians, ſuppoſes a Lacedæmonian thrown into agonies by a ſingle page of Guicciardin, whom he is condemned to read, for having himſelf been guilty of uſing three words inſtead of two. The poor Spartan cries for mercy, and declares that any tortures are preferable to the prolixity of ſuch a Writer. —

This celebrated Hiſtorian was alſo a Poet. The three following verſes are the beginning of an Epiſtle, which he entitled Supplicazione d'Italia al Chriſtianiſſimo Rè Franceſco I.

Italia affliitta, nuda, e miſeranda,
Ch' or de' Principi ſuoi ſtanca ſi lagna,
A Te, Franceſco, queſta Carta manda.

They are preſerved in Creſcimbeni della volgar Poeſia, Vol. V. p. 132.

Among the letters of the elder Taſſo, there is a curious one addreſſed to Guicciardin, concerning the Doge of Genoa; and the *Amori* of the ſame Poet contain the following compliment to the Hiſtorian:

Arno, ben poi il tuo natio ſoggiorno
Laſciar nel Appennino, e co' criſtalli
Scendendo per l'alpeſtre horride valli
Far il Tirrheno mar ricco, ed adorno;
Ben poi di fronde l'uno, e l'altro corno
Cinger contento, e di fior bianchi e gialli;
E guidar care, ed amoroſe balli
Con le tue nimphe al verde fondo intorno;
Che tra quanti intelletti humano velo
Chiude ne l'alme al mondo chiare, e conte,
Un tuo figlio è maggiore, e più perfetto.
Intaglia il nome ſuo nel tuo bel monte
Sì, che per molti ſecoli ſia letto
Guicciardin poi, ch'ei ſia ſalito in Cielo.

Amori di BERNARDO TASSO, Vinegia 1531, page 52.

Note

Note XV. Verſe 262.

With equal wreaths let Davila be crown'd.[Henry Catherine Davila was the youngeſt ſon of Antonio Davila, Grand Conſtable of Cyprus, who had been obliged to retire into Spain on the taking of that iſland by the Turks in 1570. From Spain Antonio repaired to the court of France, and ſettled his ſon Lewis and two daughters under the patronage of Catherine of Medicis, whoſe name he afterwards gave to the young Hiſtorian, born 1576, at an antient caſtle in the territories of Padua, though generally called a native of Cyprus. The little Davila was brought early into France; — at the age of 18 he ſignalized himſelf in the military ſcenes of that country. His laſt exploit there was at the ſiege of Amiens, where he fought under Henry IV, and received a wound in the knee, as he relates himſelf in his Hiſtory. — After peace was eſtabliſhed in France, he withdrew into Italy, and ſerved the Republic of Venice with great reputation till a moſt unfortunate adventure put an end to his life in 1631. — Paſſing through Verona with his wife and family, on his way to Crema, which he was appointed to defend, and demanding, according to the uſual cuſtom of perſons in his ſtation, a ſupply of horſes and carriages for his retinue, a brutal Veroneſe, called il Turco, entered the room where he and his family were at ſupper, and being mildly reprimanded for his intruſion by Davila, diſcharged a piſtol at the Hiſtorian, and ſhot him dead on the inſtant. — His accomplices alſo killed the Chaplain of Davila, and wounded many of his attendants. But his eldeſt ſon Antonio, a noble youth of eighteen, revenged the

death of his father by killing his murderer on the ſpot. All the confederates were ſecured the next morning, and publicly executed at Verona. — Memorie Iſtoriche, prefixed to the London edition of Davila, 4to, 1755. — It is very remarkable, that Davila paſſes no cenſure on the Maſſacre of St. Bartholomew. — His character of the Queen Mother has that partiality, which it was natural for him to ſhew to the Patroneſs of his family; but his general veracity is confirmed by the great authority of the firſt Duke of Epernon, who, (to uſe the words of Lord Bolingbroke) "had been an actor, and a principal actor too, in many of the ſcenes that Davila recites." Girard, Secretary to his Duke, and no contemptible Biographer, relates, that this Hiſtory came down to the place where the old man reſided, in Gaſcony, a little before his death; that he read it to him; that the Duke confirmed the truth of the narrations in it: and ſeemed only ſurpriſed by what means the author could be ſo well informed of the moſt ſecret councils and meaſures of thoſe times." — Letters on Hiſtory.

NOTE XVI. Verſe 284.

Sarpi, bleſt name! from every foible clear.] Father Paul, the moſt amiable and exalted character that was ever formed in monaſtic retirement, was the ſon of Franceſco Sarpi, a merchant of Venice, and born in that city, 1552. He took the religious habit in the monaſtery of the Servites, 1565. After receiving prieſt's orders in 1574, he paſſed four years in Mantua, being appointed to read Lectures on Divinity and Canon Law, by the Biſhop of that dioceſe; and in this early part of his

his life, he is conjectured to have conceived the firſt idea of writing his celebrated Hiſtory, as he formed an intimate friendſhip, during his reſidence in Mantua, with Camillo d'Oliva, who had been Secretary to Cardinal Gonzaga at the Council of Trent, and excited the learned Venetian to the arduous taſk, which he ſo happily accompliſhed in a future Period. He was recalled from Mantua, to read Lectures on Philoſophy in his own convent at Venice, which he did with great reputation, during the years 1575, 1576, and 1577. — He went to Rome as Procurator General in 1585. Paſſing from thence to Naples, he there formed an acquaintance with the famous Baptiſta Porta, who has left this honourable teſtimony of his univerſal knowledge: — Eo doctiorem, ſubtiliorem, quotquot adhuc videre contigerit, neminem cognovimus; natum ad Encyclopaediam, &c. Nor is this an exaggerated compliment, as there is hardly any ſcience which eſcaped his active mind. His diſcoveries in Optics and Anatomy would be alone ſufficient to immortalize his name, had he not gained immortality by a ſtill nobler exertion of his mental powers, in defending the liberties of his country againſt the tyranny of Rome. On the firſt attack of Pope Paul V on two laws of Venice, very wiſely framed to correct the abuſes of the clergy, Father Paul aroſe as the literary champion of the Republic, and defended its cauſe with great ſpirit and temper, in various compoſitions; though he is ſaid not to be Author of the Treatiſe generally aſcribed to him on the occaſion, and entitled, *The Rights of Sovereigns*, &c. — His chief performance on the ſubject was *Conſiderazioni*

ſopra le Cenſure di Paolo V. The Venetians ſhewed a juſt admiration of the ſublime virtue of a Monk, who defended ſo nobly the civil rights of his country againſt the ſeparate intereſt of the church. In 1606 the Council paſſed a decree in his favour; which I ſhall tranſcribe in this note, becauſe it is not found in the common Lives of Father Paul, and becauſe there is hardly any object more pleaſing to the mind, than the contemplation of a free ſtate rewarding one of its moſt virtuous ſervants with liberality and eſteem. — Continuando il R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia dell ordine de' Serviti a preſtare alla Signoria Noſtra con ſingolar Valore quell ottimo ſervigio, ch' è ben conoſciuto, potendoſi dire, ch' egli fra tutti con le ſue ſcritture piene di profonda dottrina ſoſtenti con validiſſimi fondamenti le potentiſſime e validiſſime ragioni noſtre nella cauſa, che ha di preſente la Repubblica con la corte di Roma, anteponendo il ſervigio e la ſoddisfazione noſtra a qualſivoglia ſuo particolare ed importante riſpetto. E' perciò coſa giuſta e ragionevole, e degna dell ordinaria munificenza di queſto Conſiglio, il dargli modo, con che poſſa aſſicurare la ſua Vita da ogni pericolo, che gli poteſſe ſopraſtare, e ſovvenire inſieme alli ſuoi biſogni, bench' egli non ne faccia alcuna iſtanza, ma piutoſto ſi moſtri alieno da qualſivoglia ricognizione, che ſi abbia intenzione di uſargli. Tal è la ſua modeſtia, e coſi grande il deſiderio, che ha di far conoſcere, che neſſuna pretenſione di premio, ma la ſola divozione ſua verſo la Repubblica, e la giuſtizia della Cauſa lo muovano adoperarſi con tanto ſtudio e con tante fatiche alli ſervizi noſtri. Perciò anderà parte, che allo ſtipendio, il quale a' 28 del Meſe

di

di Gennaio paſſato fu aſſegnato al ſopradetto R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia di Ducati duecento all anno, ſiano accreſciuti altri ducati duecento, ſicchè in avvenire abbia ducati quattrocento acciòchè reſtando conſolato per queſta ſpontanea e benigna dimoſtrazione pubblica, con maggior ardore abbia a continuare nel ſuo buono e divoto ſervizio, e poſſa con queſto aſſequamento provvedere maggiormente alla ſicurezza della ſua Vita. — The generous care of the Republic to reward and preſerve ſo valuable a ſervant, could not ſecure him from the baſe attempts of that enemy, whom his virtue had provoked. In 1607, after Venice had adjuſted her diſputes with Rome, by the mediation of France, the firſt attack was made on the life of Father Paul. He was beſet near his convent, in the evening, by five aſſaſſins, who ſtabbed him in many places, and left him for dead. He recovered, under the care of the celebrated Acquapendente, appointed to attend him at the public charge; to whom, as he was ſpeaking on the depth of the principal wound, his patient ſaid pleaſantly, that the world imputed it ſtylo Romanæ Curiæ. — The crime is generally ſuppoſed to have proceeded from the Jeſuits; but the ſecret authors of it were never clearly diſcovered, though the five ruffians were traced by the Venetian Ambaſſador in Rome, where they are ſaid to have been well received at firſt, but failing afterwards in their expected reward, to have periſhed in miſery and want. The Senate of Venice paid ſuch attention to Father Paul, as expreſſed the higheſt ſenſe of his merit, and the moſt affectionate ſolicitude for his ſafety. They not only doubled his ſtipend a ſecond time, but entrea-

ted him to chuſe a public reſidence, for the greater ſecurity of his perſon. The munificence and care of the Republic was equalled by the modeſty and fortitude of their ſervant. He choſe not to relinquiſh his cell; and, though warned of various machinations againſt his life, he continued to ſerve his country with unabating zeal; diſcovering, in his private letters to his friends, the moſt heroic calmneſs of mind, and ſaying, in anſwer to their admonitions, that "no man lives well, who is too anxious for the preſervation of life." — Yet the apprehenſions of his friends had too juſt a foundation. In 1609 another conſpiracy was formed, to murder him in his ſleep, by ſome perſons of his own convent — but their treachery was happily diſcovered. — From this time he lived in more cautious retirement, ſtill devoting himſelf to the ſervice of the Republic on various occaſions, and acquiring new reputation by many compoſitions. At length the world was ſurprized by his Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, firſt publiſhed at London, 1619; with the fictitious name of Pietro Soave Polano; and dedicated to James the Iſt, by Antonio de Dominis, the celebrated Archbiſhop of Spalatro, who ſpeaks of the concealed Author as his intimate friend, who had entruſted him with a manuſcript, on which his modeſty ſet a trifling value, but which it ſeemed proper to beſtow upon the world even without his conſent. — The myſtery concerning the publication of this noble work has never been reported by authors of conſiderable reputation. — It has even been ſaid that James the Iſt had ſome ſhare in the compoſition of the book — if he had, it was probably in forming the name Pietro Soave Polano,

lano; which is an anagram of Paolo Sarpi Veneziano, and the only part of the book which bears any relation to the ſtyle or taſte of that Monarch. — Father Paul was ſoon ſuppoſed to be the real Author of the work in queſtion. The Prince of Condé, on a viſit to his cloyſter, expreſsly aſked him, if he was ſo — to which he modeſtly replied, that at Rome it was well known who had written it. — He enjoyed not many years the reputation ariſing from this maſterly production — in 1623 a fever occaſioned his death, which was even more exemplary and ſublime than his life itſelf. — He prepared himſelf for approaching diſſolution with the moſt devout compoſure; and, as the liberty of his country was the darling object of his exalted mind, he prayed for its preſervation with his laſt breath, in the two celebrated words Eſto Perpetua.

There is a ſingular beauty in the character of Father Paul, which is not only uncommon in his profeſſion, but is rarely found in human nature. — Though he paſſed a long life in controverſy of the moſt exaſperating kind, and was continually attacked in every manner that malignity could ſuggeſt, both his writings and his heart appeared perfectly free from a vindictive ſpirit — devoting all the powers of his mind to the defence of the public cauſe, he ſeemed entirely to forget the injuries that were perpetually offered to his own perſon and reputation.

His conſtitution was extremely delicate, and his intenſe application expoſed him to very frequent and violent diſorders: theſe he greatly remedied by his ſingular temperance, living chiefly on bread, fruits, and

water. — This imperfect account of a character deſerving the nobleſt elogium, is principally extracted from an octavo volume, entitled, Memorie Anedote ſpettanti a F. Paolo da Franceſco Griſelini Veneziano, &c. edit. 2d, 1760. The author of this elaborate work has pointed out ſeveral miſtakes in the French and Engliſh accounts of Father Paul; particularly in the anecdotes related of him by Burnet, in his Life of Biſhop Bedell, and by Mr. Brent, the ſon of his Engliſh Tranſlator. — Some of theſe had indeed been obſerved before by Writers of our own. — See the General Dictionary under the article Father Paul. — For the length and for the deficiencies of this Note, I am tempted to apologize with a ſentence borrowed from the great Hiſtorian who is the ſubject of it: — Chi mi oſſerverà in alcuni tempi abondare, in altri andar riſtretto, ſi ricordi che non tutti i campi ſono di ugual fertilità, nè tutti li grani meritano d'eſſer conſervati, e di quelli che il mietitore vorrebbe tenerne conto, qualche ſpica anco ſfugge la preſa della mano, o il filo della falce, coſi comportando la conditione d'ogni mietitura che reſti anco parte per riſpigolare.

Note XVII. Verſe 312.

The clear Oſorius, in his claſſic phraſe.] Jerom Oſorius was born of a noble family at Liſbon, 1506. He was educated at the univerſity of Salamanca, and afterwards ſtudied at Paris and Bologna. On his return to Portugal, he gradually roſe to the Biſhopric of Sylves, to which he was appointed by Catherine of Auſtria, Regent of the kingdom in the minority of Sebaſtian. At the requeſt of Cardinal Henry of Portugal, he wrote

his

his Hiſtory of King Emanuel, and the expedition of Gama — which his great contemporary Camoens made at the ſame time the ſubject of his immortal Luſiad; a poem which has at length appeared with due luſtre in our language, being tranſlated with great ſpirit and elegance by Mr. Mickle. It is remarkable, that the Hiſtory of Oſorius, and the Epic Poem of Camoens, were publiſhed in the ſame year, 1572: but the fate of theſe two great Authors was very different; the Poet was ſuffered to periſh in poverty, under the reign of that Henry, who patronized the Hiſtorian: yet, allowing for the difference of their profeſſions, I am inclined to think they poſſeſſed a ſimilarity of mind. There appear many traces of that high heroic ſpirit, even in the Prieſt Oſorius, which animated the Soldier Camoens: particularly in the pleaſure, with which he ſeems to deſcribe the matrial manners of his countrymen, under the reign of Emanuel. — Illius aetate (ſays the Hiſtorian, in the cloſe of his manly work) inopia in exilium pulſa videbatur: mœſtitiae locus non erat: querimoniae ſilebant; omnia choreis & cantibus perſonabant: ejuſmodi ludis aula regia frequenter oblectabatur. Nobiles adoleſcentes cum virginibus regiis in aulâ ſine ulla libidinis ſignificatione ſaltabant, et quamvis honeſtiſſimis amoribus indulgerent, virginibus erat inſitum, neminem ad familiaritatem admittere, niſi illum qui aliquid fortiter & animoſe bellicis in rebus effeciſſet. Pueris enim nobilibus, qui in aula regia verſabantur, non erat licitum pallium virile ſumere, antequam in Africam trajicerent & aliquod inde decus egregium reportarent. Et his quidem moribus erat illius tempo-

temporis nobilitas inſtituta, ut multi ex illius domo viri omni laude cumulati prodirent. — This is a ſtriking picture of the manners of chivalry, to which Portugal owed much of its glory in that ſplendid period. There is one particular in the character of Oſorius, which, conſidering his age and country, deſerves the higheſt encomium; I mean his tolerating ſpirit. In the firſt book of his Hiſtory, he ſpeaks of Emanuel's cruel perſecution of the Jews in the following generous and exalted language: —Fuit quidem hoc nec ex lege nec ex religione factum. Quid enim? Tu rebelles animos nullaque ad id ſuſcepta religione conſtrictos, adigas ad credendum ea, quae ſumma contentione aſpernantur & reſpuunt? Idque tibi aſſumas, ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, & vincula mentibus effraenatis injicias? at id neque fieri poteſt, neque Chriſti ſanctiſſimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim ſacrificium, non vi et malo coactum ab hominibus expetit, neque vim mentibus inferri ſed voluntates ad ſtudium verae religionis allici & invitari jubet. . . . . Poſtremo quis non videt. . . . . et ita religionem per religionis ſimulationem indigniſſime violari? — Oſorius is ſaid to have uſed many arguments to diſſuade Sebaſtian from his unfortunate expedition into Africa, and to have felt ſo deeply the miſeries which befel the Portugueze after that fatal event, that his grief was ſuppoſed to accelerate his death. — He expired in 1580, happy, ſays De Thou (who celebrates him as a model of Chriſtian virtue) that he died juſt before the Spaniſh army entered Portugal, and thus eſcaped being a witneſs to the deſolation of his country. — His various works were publiſhed at Rome in 1592, by his

nephew

nephew Oſorius, in four volumes folio, with a Life of their Author. Among theſe are two remarkable productions; the firſt, an admonition to our Queen Elizabeth, exhorting her to return into the church of Rome: the ſecond, an Eſſay on Glory, written with ſuch claſſical purity, as to give birth to a report, that it was not the compoſition of Oſorius, but the loſt work of Cicero on that ſubject.

In the *Lucubrationes* of Walter Haddon, the curious reader may find a very ſpirited anſwer to the invective againſt the Reformation, which the zeal of the Portugueze Biſhop led him to addreſs to Elizabeth. — 'The Engliſh Civilian defends the cauſe of his nation and his Queen with great energy. — He juſtifies the diſſolution of the monaſteries by repreſenting their abuſes in the moſt glowing colours; and he ventures to affirm, in vindicating the character of his royal Miſtreſs, that her majeſty of Englaud was as great a Theologian as the Biſhop of Sylves himſelf — Sacras ſcripturas multum lectitat, interpretes optimos inter ſe comparat, doctiſſimorum theologorum undique ſententias colligit, ſcientia linguarum per ſe ipſa excellit, ingenio eſt prompto, et acri, ſapientiae tantum ad haec adhibet, quantum vix eſt in illo ſexu credibile: denique noſtrorum ad conciones ventitat, et ſenſus in his rebus habet partim legendo, partim audiendo, tam exercitatos, ut non minus *te docere* poſſit quam *ex te diſcere*. HADDON. Lucubrat. Pag. 259.

Note XVIII. Verſe 318.

Iberia's Genius bids juſt Fame allow
As bright a wreath to Mariana's brow.] John Maria-

na was born 1537, at Talavera (a town in the dioceſe

of

of Toledo) as he himſelf informs us in his famous Eſſay *de Rege*, which opens with a beautiful romantic deſcription of a ſequeſtered ſpot in that neighbourhood, where he enjoyed the pleaſures of literary retirement with his friend Calderon, a Miniſter of Toledo; whoſe death he mentions in the ſame Eſſay, commemorating his learning and his virtues in the moſt pleaſing terms of affectionate admiration. — Mariana was admitted into the order of Jeſuits at the age of 17. He travelled afterwards into Italy and France, and returning into Spain in 1574, ſettled at Toledo, and died there in the 87th year of his age, 1624. — Hearing it frequently regretted, in the courſe of his travels, that there was no General Hiſtory of his country, he engaged in that great work on his return; and pupliſhed it in Latin at 1592, with a dedication to Philip the IId; where he ſpeaks of his own performance with modeſty and manly freedom, and perhaps with as little flattery as ever appeared in any addreſs of that nature, to a Monarch continually fed with the groſſeſt adulation. — This elaborate work he tranſlated into Spaniſh, but, as he himſelf declares, with all the freedom of an original author. He publiſhed his Verſion in 1601, with an addreſs to Philip the IIId, in which he laments the decline of Learning in his country, and declares he had himſelf executed that work from his apprehenſion of its being mangled by an ignorant Tranſlator. He had cloſed his Hiſtory (which begins with the firſt peopling of Spain) with the death of Ferdinand, in 1516; but in a ſubſequent edition, in 1617, he added to it a ſhort ſummary of events to the year 1612: but in the year before he

firſt

firſt publiſhed the Spaniſh Verſion of his Hiſtory, he addreſſed alſo, to the young Monarch Philip the IIId, his famous Eſſay, which I have mentioned, and which was publicly burnt at Paris, about 20 years after its publication, on the ſuppoſition that it had excited Ravaillac to the murder of Henry the IVth; though it was aſſerted, with great probability, by the Jeſuits, that the Aſſaſſin had never ſeen the book. — It is true, indeed, that Mariana, in this Eſſay, occaſionally defends Clement the Monk, who ſtabbed Henry the IIId; and it is very remarkable, that he grounds this defence, not on the bigotted tenets of a Prieſt, who thinks every thing lawful for the intereſt of his church, but on thoſe ſublime principles of civil liberty, with which an antient Roman would have vindicated the dagger of Brutus. Indeed, this Eſſay contains ſome paſſages on Government, which would not have diſhonoured even Cicero himſelf; but, it muſt be owned, they are grievouſly diſgraced by the laſt chapter of the Work, which breathes a furious ſpirit of eccleſiaſtical intolerance, and yet cloſes with theſe mild and modeſt expreſſions: Noſtrum de regno et Regis inſtitutione judicium fortaſſe non omnibus placeat; qui volet ſequatur, aut ſuo potius ſtet, ſi potioribus argumentis nitatur, de quibus rebus tantopere aſſeveravi in his libris, eas nunquam veriores quam alienam ſententiam affirmabo. Poteſt enim non ſolum mihi aliud, aliud aliis videri, ſed et mihi ipſi alio tempore. Suam quiſque ſententiam per me ſequatur . . . et . . qui noſtra leget . . . memor conditionis humanae, ſi quid erratum eſt, pio ſtudio rempublicam juvandi veniam benignus concedat et facilis. — This is not the

only

only work of Mariana which fell under a public proſcription; he was himſelf perſecuted, and ſuffered a year's impriſonment, for a treatiſe, which ſeems to have been dictated by the pureſt love to his country; it was againſt the pernicious practice of debaſing the public coin, and as it was ſuppoſed to reflect on the Duke of Lerma, called the Sejanus of Spain, it expoſed the Author, about the year 1609, to the perſecution of that vindictive Miniſter; from which it does not appear how he eſcaped. — Indeed the accounts of Mariana's life are very imperfect: Bayle, whom I have chiefly followed, mentions a life of him by De Vargas, which he could not procure. I have ſought after this Biographer with the ſame ill ſucceſs, as I wiſhed to give a more perfect account of this great Author, whoſe perſonal Hiſtory is little known among us, though it is far from being unworthy of attention.

Note XIX. Verſe 352.

The fervid Grotius to her glory rais'd

A column, ſplendid as the feats he prais'd.] Hugo Grotius was the eldeſt child of John de Groot, curator in the univerſity of Leyden, and born at Delft on the 10th of April 1583 — His infancy gave the faireſt promiſe of thoſe great and univerſal talents, which were ſo amply unfolded in his ſubſequent life — at the age of eleven he was celebrated as a prodigy of learning — when Barnevelt was ſent Embaſſador to Henry the IVth of France, in 1598, he took the young Grotius in his train, and preſented him to that Monarch, who honoured the little ſcholar by graciouſly giving him his picture and a chain of gold. One circumſtance was yet wanting

ting to complete the joy of Grotius in this expedition; and he was obliged to quit France without obtaining the great object of his wishes, a personal acquaintance with the President de Thou. — He afterwards expressed his mortification on this subject in a letter to that great man, which gave rise to a friendly correspondence between these congenial characters, highly honourable to both. — On his return to Holland, Grotius devoted himself to the practice of the law, and in 1599 pleaded his first cause at Delft. In the exercise of this laborious profession, he found sufficient time to cultivate polite literature — in 1599 he published his edition of Martianus Capella, at the request of Scaliger; it was followed, in the succeeding year, by the Phænomena of Aratus; and in 1601 he printed his first tragedy of Adamus Exsul, a composition which might possibly give birth to the divine performance of Milton, though its author esteemed it so little, as to exclude it from a collection of his poems — Grotius, indeed, was remarkably modest in estimating his own poetical talents; — few persons have written so many verses, and thought so humbly of their merit. — The public proofs, which he had now given of his various erudition, procured him an honour from his country, the more flattering, as it was unsollicited: The United Provinces, justly proud of having vindicated their liberty against the tyranny of Spain, and desirous of commemorating so noble an event, appointed Grotius their Historiographer; a nomination so honourable to a youth, for such he was, led him to collect materials for that History, which many accidents conspired to prevent his publishing during the

whole courſe of his buſy and vexatious life. — From his ſucceſs at the bar, he was promoted to the poſt of Advocate-General; and in 1608 he married Maria Reigeſberg, a lady of a reſpectable family in Zealand, and a wife, as his Biographer obſerves, truly worthy of ſuch a huſband. In 1613 he became Penſionary of Rotterdam, an office which gave him a ſeat in the Aſſembly of the States: He was ſoon afterwards employed in a commiſſion to England, to ſettle ſome national diſputes concerning the Greenland Fiſhery. — The greateſt pleaſure and advantage, which he derived from this expedition, was the intimacy which he contracted in England with the celebrated Caſaubon. Soon after his return to Holland, the fatal ſpirit of religious controverſy produced thoſe unfortunate and well-known diſtractions in his country, which led to the infamous execution of the great and virtuous Barnevelt. Grotius, who was affectionately attached to that upright miniſter, and joined with him in every meaſure to counteract the uſurping ambition of Prince Maurice, was thus expoſed to the oppreſſion of that vindictive hero. — After the vain ceremony of an iniquitous trial, he was condemned to perpetual impriſonment; and conducted, on the 6th of June 1619, to the fortreſs of Louveſtein, in South Holland, at the point of the iſland formed by the Vahal and the Meuſe. — His tender and faithful wife, who had been cruelly debarred from attending him, even in ſickneſs, during his confinement at the Hague, was now admitted to ſhare his priſon, on the hard condition of forfeiting that privilege, if ſhe ever ventured from Louveſtein — ſhe afterwards obtained leave

to

to come abroad twice a week: — With the ſpirit of a Roman Matron ſhe refuſed the allowance, which the government had aſſigned for the maintenance of her huſband — continued for almoſt two years the conſtant attendant on his captivity — and at length became the glorious inſtrument of his deliverance. Grotius, who happily experienced, that love and literature are unfailing reſources under the moſt galling calamity of human life, had purſued his ſtudies in priſon with his uſual ardour. — He compoſed there, among other works, the firſt ſketch of his Eſſay on the Truth of Chriſtianity, in a poetical form, and in his native language. — Reports were ſpread by his enemies, that he had formed a plan for his eſcape, and his priſon was rigorouſly examined. But notwithſtanding the vigilance of his oppreſſors, the affectionate ingenuity of his wife reſtored him to freedom by the following expedient: — He had been ollowed to borrow books from his friends, and it was uſual with him to ſend ſuch as he had read in a cheſt, that went regularly with his linen to the neighbouring town of Gorcum. The guards were at firſt very ſcrupulous in their examination of this cheſt; but having long found in it only books and linen, they were now accuſtomed to let is paſs unopened. — The circumſtance ſuggeſted to the attentive wife of Grotius the poſſibility of her huſband's eſcape, and ſhe perſuaded him to attempt it by this ſingular conveyance. The incidents attending the adventure were highly calculated to encreaſe the agitation of her heart; and muſt indeed have occaſioned the failure of her deſign, had ſhe not taken the moſt ingenious precautions to enſure its ſuc-

ceſs: — The ſoldiers, who carried the cheſt in which Grotius was incloſed, were alarmed by its weight; and cried out, in the proverbial language of their country, that it muſt contain an Arminian — ſhe replied with great preſence of mind, that it was indeed loaded with Arminian books: The Soldiers were ſtill unſatisfied, and went to the wife of their commanding officer, who was abſent, to expreſs their ſuſpicion — ſhe replied, that ſhe had been aſſured, it contained only books; and bade them carry it to the boat — a female ſervant in the ſecret attended the cheſt, and ſaw it ſafely conveyed to the houſe of Dazelaer, a friend of Grotius, in Gorcum, from whence he paſſed in diſguiſe into Brabant. The generous contriver of his eſcape now triumphed in the ſucceſs of her project: being aſſured that her huſband was ſafe, by the return of her ſervant, ſhe avowed what ſhe had done, and was more cloſely confined by the offended commandant of Louveſtein. But ſhe ſoon obtained her liberty, on preſenting a petition to the States-General; though ſome wretches were found in that aſſembly, brutal enough to expreſs a deſire of puniſhing a woman for an act of heroiſm, which, in Athens, or in Rome, would have almoſt rendered her an object of idolatry — Her merit, however, has been juſtly celebrated by the poets of her country; but the moſt pleaſing memorial of it appears in a poem of Grotius, addreſſed to the unfortunate ſon of the Preſident de Thou. — The paſſage does honour both to the gratitude aud the genius of our Author; and I ſhall therefore inſert it, as an advantageous ſpecimen of his Latin poetry. — In addreſſing his young friend on the

virtues

virtues of his venerable father, he breaks out into the following encomium on connubial affection:

Ah quantum placido, mitique in pectore regnat
Illa Venus, quam junxit Hymen; seu conditor orbis,
Atque homines sancte genituri fœderis auctor
Hunc, quo disposuit volventem sidera mundum,
Quoque elementa ligat, thalamis aspirat amorem;
Seu nosci fugiens penitus vis insita rebus,
Qualis quae chalybi secreta potentia gemmam
Conciliat Getici spectantem Verticis ignes,
Diversos propriore jugat sub fœdere sexus;
Seu virtutis idem studium, coguataque morum
Temperies animas imo sub pectore miscet.
Hoc tuus ille docet genitor; mens, lubrica vitae
Egressa, et quicquid potuit fortuna minari:
In quam nil habuit juris vel blanda voluptas,
Vel metus, erepta miseraudum conjuge vulnus
Sensit, et hoc solo minor est inventa dolore.
Ipsa domus, torus ipse, et quicquid cernere gratum
Quondam erat, accendit luctum mœrentis; ubique
Uxor, et in vultu dulcis pudor, et simul alta
Majestas, sermo distillans melle, virilis
Auxilium curae, prudentia rara, suoque
Semet fine tenens, sed par majoribus actis.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Nos quoque, si quisquam, multum debere fatemur
Conjugio. Memini post tot tua vota precesque,
Cynthia cum nonum capto mihi volveret orbem,
Qualem te primum, conjunx fidissima, vidi

Carceris in tenebris: lacrymas abſorbſerat ingens
Vis animi, neque vel gemitu te luctus adegit
Conſentire malis: rurſus nova vincula, ſed quae
Te ſocia leviora tuli, dum milite clauſos
Nos Moſa, et triſti Vahalis circumſtrepit unda.
Hic patriam toties, et inania jura vocanti,
Et proculcatas in noſtro corpore leges
Tu ſolamen eras. Hic jam te viderat alter
Et poſt ſe media plus parte reliquerat annus,
Cum mihi jura mei per te, ſolerte reperto,
Reddita. Tu, poſtquam jam caeca acceperat alvus
Dulce onus, oppoſitis libabas oſcula clauſtris:
Atque ita ſemoto foribus cuſtode locuta es.
Summe pater, rigido ſi non adamante futurum
Stat tibi, ſed precibus potis es gaudeſque moveri,
Hoc quod noſtra fides lucem ſervavit in iſtam
Accipe depoſitum, tantiſque exſolve periclis.
Conjugii teſtor ſanctiſſima jura, meaeque
Spem ſobolis, non huc venio pertaeſa malorum
Sed miſerata virum: poſſum ſine conjuge, poſſum
Quamvis dura pati. Si poſt exempla ferocis
Ultima ſaevitiae nondum deferbuit ira,
In me tota ruat: vivam crudele ſepulchrum:
Me premat et triplicis cingat cuſtodia Valli,
Dum meus aetheriae ſatietur paſtibus aurae
Grotius, et caſus narret patriaeque ſuoſque.
Addit; abi conjunx, neque te niſi libera cernam.
Quod mea ſi auderet famam ſpondere Camœna,
Acciperet quantis virtutem laudibus iſtam
Poſteritas! Nomen non clarius illa teneret
Admeto regina ſuos quae tradidit annos;

Quaeque

Quaeque ſuper cineres jecit ſe arſura mariti;
Dignaque tam Bruti thalamis quam patre Catone
Porcia, et in letum magno comes Arria Paeto.
Sed mea Cyrrhaeos tam longa adverſa receſſus
Praecluſere mihi. Nullis ſordentia curis
Pectora Phœbus amat. —

It was not without reaſon, that Grotius lamented in the cloſe of this paſſage his continued adverſity. Few literary characters have been ſo repeatedly expoſed to all the various and mortifying anxieties of public life. — After his eſcape from priſon in 1621, he took refuge in France. He received, indeed, the moſt flattering marks of regard from many eminent characters of that kingdom, and a penſion of three thouſand livres from Lewis the XIIIth; but the payment of this gratuity, ſo honourable to the Monarch who beſtowed it, was ſoon rendered irregular and precarious by the artifices of Richelieu; and Grotius was at length obliged to ſeek a more independent aſylum, merely becauſe he was of too firm and noble a character to become the ſervile inſtrument of that imperious miniſter. — He had paſſed however ten years, and compoſed one of his moſt celebrated works in that country — his Treatiſe de Jure Belli & Pacis was begun in 1623 at Balagui, a ſeat of the Preſident De Meme, in the neighbourhood of Senlis, and he publiſhed it at Paris in 1625 — the great and extenſive reputation which his writings had obtained, did not induce Holland to atone for the injuſtice which ſhe had exerciſed againſt one of the moſt eminent and virtuous of her citizens — the death of his enemy Prince Maurice had tempted Grotius to hope, that he might

return with ſafety and honour to his native country; but on making the experiment in 1631, he met with much more ingratitude than he expected, and retired in the next year to Hamburg — he there contracted an intimacy with Salvius the Vice-Chancellor of Sweden, who ſent a favourable account of his new friend to Oxenſtiern, the great miniſter, who ſo well ſupplied the loſs of his heroic maſter Guſtavus: Grotius was ſoon invited to Franckfort by that penetrating genius, who introduced him into the council of the young Chriſtina, and appointed him her Ambaſſador to the court of France; — it is ſaid, however, that Grotius owed his connection with Sweden to the high ſentiments, which Guſtavus himſelf had entertained of his merit, and to orders given by that Monarch for the employment of the celebrated exile, whoſe Treatiſe de Jure Belli was found in his tent after the fatal victory of Lutzen, which he purchaſed with his life — however this may be, Grotius appeared at Paris in the character of Ambaſſador from Sweden 1635, and continued no leſs than ten years in a ſituation equally ſplendid and vexatious — engaged in the delicate buſineſs of negotiating ſubſidies, which were paid with reluctance; harraſſed by the hoſtile intrigues of his ungrateful country, and alternately inſulted and flattered by the miniſters of France, he maintained himſelf with integrity and honour in a difficult and important ſtation, from which his various and powerful enemies were perpetually endeavouring to effect his removal — After a ſeries of public mortifications, he at length ſollicited his own recall — he obtained a paſſport through Holland, was treated with great

honour

honour at Amsterdam, and arriving at Stockholm was flattered with great promises by the Queen Christina, who pressed him to settle with his family in Sweden. From this however he excused himself, and pleaded the tender health of his wife as unequal to so cold a climate — Having obtained, after some delays, the Queen's permission to retire, and a vessel to carry him to Lubeck, he was unfortunately shipwrecked on the coast of Pomerania, from whence he travelled sixty miles in an open waggon, to the town of Rostock, where, after languishing a few days, he expired on the 19th of August 1645. — For my very imperfect account of this great and amiable man, I am chiefly indebted to Mr. Burigny, whose life of Grotius deserves a distinguished rank among biographical writings, as it contains a very luminous display of much intricate matter, and a just delineation of a character which deserves to be minutely studied; for what nation can produce a more singular and excelling compound of science and virtue, of genius and piety? — As an Historian, he shares with Thucydides the uncommon merit of celebrating the splendid actions of his personal enemies, and of a country which treated him with the most ungenerous ingratitude. It appears from one of his letters to De Thou, that he had made some advances in the plan at least of his History, at so early a period as 1614; for, after complimenting the great Historian of France on his immortal work, he adds: Ego quoque impar sane oneri, sed magno patriae amore accensus, simile opus molior, tanto autem minus tuo, quanto minor est Batavia, non dicam Gallia vestra, sed toto orbe. Sed nec

adhuc Varo videor neque dicere Cinna digna: prematur itaque immaturus labor donec aetas cum judicio tempus quoque emendandi dederit, aut potius exsurgat alius, qui res scitu per se non indignas dictione commendet, ut eo libentius discant posteri, quid Batavi fecerint. — We learn also from a letter to his brother in 1637, that the work was then finished, and that he thought proper to delay its publication: though it seems to have been his favourite performance, he had never the satisfaction of seeing it in print — it did not appear till twelve years after his death, when his sons Cornelius and Peter addressed it to the States of Holland and West-Friesland, in a Dedication that does honour both to their father and themselves. — The work itself, under the double name of Annals and History, gives a complete account of the most interesting period, from the year 1566 to the truce with Spain in 1609 — The Letters of Grotius are not less valuable than his History, as they contain much miscellaneous intelligence, and abound with literaty anecdotes. — His amiable wife survived him, and died at the Hague — Of their six children, Peter became the most eminent — he was sent by his country as her Embassador to France; and seems to have inherited both the talents and the virtues of his father. — It may yet be proper to add to this long Note the noble encomium of Grotius on Scaliger, to which I have alluded, and which, as Dr. Johnson observes, seems to have been imitated by Cowley, in the close of his Elegy on Sir Henry Wooton.

In Mortem Scaligeri.

Unica lux ſaecli, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit eſſo ſenem;
Tam ſibi par ſemper, quam cunctis celſior unus,
Et qui ſe totum debuit ipſe ſibi:
Exſuperans fama, quos aequat ſanguine, reges,
Sceptrigeris majus nomen adeptus avis:
Hic jacet ille capax immenſi Scaliger aevi,
Nec ſibi mors unquam plus licuiſſe putet.
Quid querimur raptum? mens eſt qua vivitur: annos
Ille tot exegit mente quot orbis habet.
Omnia dum retro mundi veſtigia quaerit,
Quaerentem retro deſtituere dies.
Emenſus populos & diſſona gentibus ora
Ambierat, quantum lumine Phœbus obit.
Teſtamur, Natura, tibi non defuit ille;
Tu gentes alias, ſaecula plura dares.
Ultra Scaligerum nihil eſt: nec Scaliger ultra.
Ille tui finem repperit, ille ſui.

GROTII Poemata, Pag. 261.

Note XX. Verſe 401,

The liberal ſpirit of Thuanus roſe.] James Auguſtus De Thou was the youngeſt ſon of Chriſtopher De Thou, Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, and born in that city, 1553. His own Memoirs give a pleaſing account of the early activity of his mind. — As his health, during his childhood, was ſo tender and infirm, that his parents rather reſtrained him from the uſual ſtudies of his age, he devoted much of his time to drawing, and copied with a pen the engravings of Albert Durer, before he was ten years old. At that age he

was

was ſettled in the college of Burgundy; but this plan of his education was ſoon interrupted by a fever, in which his life was deſpaired of, and in which the mother of his future friend, the Duke of Montpenſier, watched him with an attention ſingularly happy, after his phyſicians and his parents had conſidered him as dead. In a few years after his recovery, he repaired to Orleans to ſtudy the civil law; from thence he was drawn to Valence in Dauphiny, by the reputation of Cujacius, who was then reading lectures there; on his road he embraced an opportunity of hearing Hotoman, the celebrated author of Franco-Gallia, who was reading lectures alſo at Bourges. — During his reſidence at Valence, he contracted a friendſhip with Joſeph Scaliger, which he cultivated through life. — In 1572, his father recalled him to Paris, juſt before the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew. — He mentions in his Memoirs the horrors which he felt in ſeeing a very ſmall part of that bloody ſcene. — He reſided in the houſe of his uncle Nicholas De Thou, promoted to the biſhopric of Chartres: he was then deſigned himſelf for the church; and, beginning to collect his celebrated library, applied himſelf particularly to the Civil Law, and to Grecian literature.

He travelled into Italy in 1573, with Paul De Foix, going on an embaſſy to the Pope and the Italian Princes. Of De Foix, he gives the moſt engaging character, and ſpeaks with great pleaſure of the literary entertainment and advantages which he derived from this expedition. — He returned to Paris, and devoted himſelf again to his ſtudies, in the following year. — On the diſſentions

in

in the Court of France, in 1576, he was employed to negotiate with the Mareſchal Montmorency, and engage him to interpoſe his good offices to prevent the civil war; which he for ſome time effected. — The ſame year he viſited the Low Countries, and on his return was appointed to a public office, on which he entered with that extreme diffidence which is ſo natural to a delicate mind.

In 1579 he travelled again, with his elder brother, who was ſent by his phyſicians to the baths of Plombieres in Lorrain: from hence he made a ſhort excurſion into Germany, and was received there with the jovial hoſpitality of that country, which he deſcribes in a very lively manner. — But affection ſoon recalled him to Plombieres, to attend his infirm brother to Paris, who died there in a few months after their return.

In 1580, on the plague's appearing in the capital, our Hiſtorian retired into Touraine, and after viſiting the principal places in Normandy, returned to Paris in the winter. — In the following year, he was of the number choſen from the Parliament of Paris to adminiſter juſtice in Guienne, as two eccleſiaſtics were included in that commiſſion. — In this expedition he embraced every opportunity of preparing the materials of his Hiſtory, ſeeking, as he ever did, the ſociety of all perſons eminent for their talents, or capable of giving him any uſeful information. He ſpeaks with great pleaſure of a viſit which he paid at this time to the celebrated Montaigne, whom he calls a man of a moſt liberal mind, and totally uninfected with the ſpirit of party. —

After

After various excurſions, he was now returning to Paris, when he received the unexpected news of his father's death, an event which affected him moſt deeply, as filial affection was one of the ſtriking characteriſtics of his amiable mind. — He conſoled himſelf under the affliction of having been unable to pay his duty to his dying parent, by erecting a magnificent monument to his memory, expreſſive of the high veneration in which he ever held his virtues. — He engaged again in public buſineſs, devoting his intervals of leiſure to mathematical ſtudies, and to the compoſition of Latin verſe, which ſeems to have been his favourite amuſement. In 1584, he publiſhed his Poem, de re Accipitraria, which, though much celebrated by the critics of his age, has fallen, like the ſubject of which it treats, into univerſal neglect. — In 1585, he bid adieu to the Court, on finding himſelf treated with ſuch a degree of coldneſs, as his ingenuous nature could not ſubmit to; and being eager to advance in his great work, which he had already brought down to the reign of Francis II. — In 1587, having been often preſſed to marry by his family, and being abſolved from his eccleſiaſtical engagements for that purpoſe, he made choice of Marie Barbanſon, of an antient and noble family; but as her parents were ſuſpected of a ſecret inclination to the reformed religion, it was thought proper that the lady ſhould undergo a kind of expiation in a private conference with two Catholic Divines; a circumſtance of which the great Hiſtorian ſpeaks with an air of triumph in his Memoirs, as a proof of his own inviolable attachment to the faith of his fathers. In

1588,

1588, he loſt his affectionate mother; who is deſcribed, by her ſon, as meeting death with the ſame gentleneſs and tranquillity of mind, by which her life was diſtinguiſhed. When the violence of the league had reduced Henry the IIId to abandon Paris, our Hiſtorian was ſent into Normandy to confirm the magiſtrates of that province in their adherence to the King — He afterwards met Henry at Blois, and while he was receiving from him in private ſome commiſſions to execute at Paris, the King preſſed his hand, and ſeemed preparing to impart to him ſome important ſecret; but after a long pauſe diſmiſſed him without revealing it. — This ſecret was afterwards ſuppoſed to have been the projected aſſaſſination of the Duke of Guiſe: the ſuppoſition is probable, and it is alſo probable, that if Henry had then revealed his deſign, the manly virtue and eloquence of De Thou might have led him to relinquiſh that infamous and fatal meaſure. — He was, however, ſo far from ſuſpecting the intended crime of the King, that when he firſt heard at Paris, that Guiſe was aſſaſſinated, he believed it a falſe rumour, only ſpread by that faction, to introduce, what he ſuppoſed had really happened, the murder of the King. — In the commotions which the death of Guiſe produced in Paris, many inſults were offered to the family of De Thou: his wife was impriſoned for a day in the Baſtile; but obtaining her liberty, ſhe eſcaped from the city in a mean habit, attended by her huſband, diſguiſed alſo in the dreſs of a ſoldier. Having ſent his wife in ſafety into Picardy, he repaired to the King, who was almoſt deſerted, at Blois; and was greatly inſtrumental in perſuading

ſuading his maſter to his coalition with Henry of Navarre. — The King determined to eſtabliſh a Parliament at Tours, and De Thou was conſidered as the moſt proper perſon to be the Preſident of this aſſembly; but with his uſual modeſty he declined this honour, and choſe rather to engage with his friend Mr. de Schomberg, in an expedition to Germany for the ſervice of the King. — He was at firſt deſigned for the embaſſy to Elizabeth, but at the requeſt of Schomberg declined the appointment, and accompanied his friend.

He firſt received intelligence of the King's death at Venice, where he had formed an intimacy with the celebrated Arnauld d'Oſſat, at that time Secretary to the Cardinal Joyeuſe. — In conſequence of their converſation on this event, and the calamities of France, De Thou addreſſed a Latin Poem to his friend, which he afterwards printed at Tours.

In leaving Italy, he paſſed a few days at Padua, with his friend Vicenzio Pinelli; from whom he collected many particulars concerning the moſt eminent Italian and Spaniſh Authors, whom he determined to celebrate in his Hiſtory, in the hope, as he honeſtly confeſſes, that his liberal attention to foreign merit might entitle his own Works to the favour both of Italy and Spain; but he was diſappointed in this fair expectation, and laments the ingratitude which he experienced from both.

On his return to France, he was graciouſly received by Henry the IVth; and in giving that Prince an account of Italy, ſuggeſted to him the idea of a connexion

with

with Mary of Medicis. After the battle of Ivry, he complimented the King in a ſhort Poem, which cloſes with the following lines:

Auſpiciis vulgo peraguntur praelia regum,
Perque duces illis gloria multa venit:
Tu vincis virtute tua, nec militis haec eſt;
Iſta tibi propria laurea parta manu.

As he was travelling, ſoon afterwards, with his wife and family, which he deſigned to ſettle at Tours, his party was intercepted by the enemy, and he was obliged to abandon his wife and her attendants, being prevailed on by their intreaties to ſecure his own eſcape by the ſwiftneſs of his horſe. — He repaired to the King at Giſors, and ſoon obtained the reſtitution of his family. — On the death of Amyot, Biſhop of Auxerre, well known by his various Tranſlations from the Greek language, the King appointed De Thou his Principal Librarian. In 1592, our Hiſtorian was very near falling a victim to the plague, but happily ſtruggled through that dangerous diſtemper by the aſſiſtance of two ſkilful phyſicians, who attended him at Tours. — In 1593, he began the moſt important part of his Hiſtory; and under this year he introduces in his Memoirs a long and ſpirited Poem addreſſed to Poſterity, in which he enters into a juſtification of himſelf againſt the malignant attacks, which the manly and virtuous freedom of his writings had drawn upon him. It concludes with the following animated appeal to the ſpirit of his father:

Vos o majorum cineres, teque optime longis
Soliciti genitor defuncte laboribus aevi,

Teſtor, pro patria nullas regnique ſalute
Vitaviſſe vices, veſtra virtute meaque
Indignum nil feciſſe, et ſi fata tuliſſent,
Prodeſſem ut patriae, patriae ſuccurrere, livor
Abſiſtat, pietate mea meruiſſe petenti.
Pura ad vos anima atque hodiernae neſcia culpae
Deſcendam, quandoque noviſſima venerit hora,
Noſtraque ſub tacitos ibit fama integra manes.

In 1594, he ſucceeded his uncle Auguſtin as Preſident à Mortier. — In 1596, he loſt his valuable and learned friend Pithou, who firſt ſolicited him to undertake his Hiſtory, and had greatly aſſiſted him in the proſecution of that laborious work. — How deeply the affectionate mind of De Thou was wounded by this event, appears from his long letter to Caſaubon on the occaſion. — In 1597, he began to be engaged in thoſe negotiations, which happily terminated in the famous edict of Nantes. — It may be proper to obſerve here, that De Thou was accuſed of being a Calviniſt, in conſequence of the part he acted in this buſineſs, as well as from the moderate tenor of his Hiſtory; and it is remarkable, that Sully ſeems in his Memoirs to countenance the accuſation.

In 1601, our Hiſtorian ſuffered a ſevere domeſtic affliction in the loſs of his wife. — He celebrated her virtues, and his own connubial affection, in a Latin Poem: with this, and a Greek epitaph on the ſame lady, written by Caſaubon, he terminates the Commentary of his own Life, of which the preceding account is an imperfect abridgment. — His firſt wife leaving him

him no children, he married, in 1603, Gaſparde de la Chaſtre, an accompliſhed lady of a noble family; who having brought him three ſons and three daughters, died at the age of 39, 1616. — There is a fine letter of Daniel Heinſius, addreſſed to our author on this occaſion, exhorting him to fortitude: but this unexpected domeſtic calamity, and the miſeries which befel his country on the murder of Henry the Great, are ſaid to have wounded his feeling mind ſo deeply, as to occaſion his death, which happened in May 1617. — Under the regency of Mary of Medicis, he had been one of the Directors general of the finances, maintaining the ſame reputation for integrity in that department, which he had ever preſerved in his judicial capacity.

The firſt part of his Hiſtory appeared in 1604, with a Preface addreſſed to Henry IV, juſtly celebrated for its liberal and manly ſpirit. — But I muſt obſerve, that the following compliment to the King — Quicquid de ea ſtatueris juſſerisve, pro divinae vocis oraculo mihi erit — was more than even that moſt amiable of Monarchs deſerved, as he ungratefully deſerted the cauſe of our Hiſtorian, in ſuffering his Work to be proſcribed by the public cenſure of Rome in 1609, as De Thou plainly intimates, in the following paſſage from one of his letters, written in 1611: — Publicata prima parte [Hiſtoriae meae] immane quam commoti ſunt plerique, ſive invidi, ſive factioſi, qui mox proceres quoſdam, qui per ſe in talibus rebus nihil vident, per calumnias artificioſe confictas, ut ſcis, in me concitaverunt, remque e veſtigio Romam detulerunt, et auctore maligne exagitato, facile pervicerunt, ut moroſi illi cenſores omnia

mea siniſtre interpretarentur, et praejudicio perſonae opus integrum, cujus ne tertiam quidem partem legerant, praecipitato ordine damnarent. Rex cauſam meam initio quidem tuebatur, quamdiu proceres in aula infestos habui. Sed paulatim ipſe eorundem aſtu infractus eſt; cognitoque Romae per emiſſarios labare regem, poſt Oſſati et Serafini Cardinalium mihi amiciſſimorum obitum, et illuſtriſſimi Perronii ex urbe diſceſſum, ictus poſtremo in me directus eſt, qui facile vitari potuit, ſi qui circa regem erant, tantae injuriae ſenſum ad ſe ac regni dignitatem pertinere vel minima ſignificatione praeſe tuliſſent. Ita in aula omni ope deſtitutus, facile Romae oppreſſus ſum. — De Thou was preparing a new edition of his Hiſtory at the time of his death. — His paſſion for Latin verſe appears never to have forſaken him, as the lateſt effuſion of his pen was a little poem deſcriptive of his laſt illneſs, and an epitaph in which he draws the following juſt character of himſelf:

Mihi veritatis cura vitae commodis
Antiquiorque charitatibus fuit,
Nullique facto, voce nulli injurius,
Injurias patienter aliorum tuli.
Tu quiſquis es, qualiſque, quantuſque, o bone,
Si cura veri eſt ulla, ſi pietas movet,
A me meiſque injuriam, quaeſo, abſtine.

The pious paternal prayer in the laſt line was very far from being crowned with ſucceſs. Francis, the eldeſt ſon of De Thou, fell a victim to the reſentment which Cardinal Richelieu is ſaid to have conceived againſt him, from a paſſage in the great Hiſtorian, reflecting on the Richelieu family. — He was beheaded at

Lyon,

Lyons, 1642, for having been privy to a conſpiracy againſt the Cardinal. — Voltaire, with his uſual philanthropy and ſpirit, inveighs againſt the iniquity of this execution, in his Melanges, tom. III. — The curious reader may find a particular account of this tragical event in the laſt volume of that noble edition of Thuanus, which was publiſhed under the auſpices of Dr. Mead, and does great honour to our country. — I ſhall cloſe this Note by tranſcribing from it the following ſpirited epitaph on the unfortunate victim.

Hiſtoriam quiſquis vult ſcribere, ſcribere veram
Nunc vetat Exitium, magne Thuane, tuum.
Richeliae ſtirpis proavos laeſiſſe, Paterni
Crimen erat calami, quo tibi vita perit.
Sanguine delentur nati monumenta parentis:
Quae nomen dederant ſcripta, dedere necem.
Tanti morte viri ſic eſt ſancita Tyrannis:
Vera loqui ſi vis, diſce cruenta pati.

Note XXI. Verſe 474.

Thy Wits, O France! (as ev'n thy Critics own)
Support not Hiſtory's majeſtic tone.] To avoid every appearance of national prejudice, I ſhall quote on this occaſion ſome paſſages from a very liberal French Critic, who has paſſed the ſame judgment on the Hiſtorians of his country. The Marquis d'Argenſon, in a memoir read before the French Academy, 1755, not only confeſſes that the French Writers have failed in Hiſtory, but even ventures to explain the cauſe of their ill ſucceſs.

Nous avons, ſays he, quelques morceaux, ou l'on trouve tout à la fois la fidélité, le goût, et le vrai ton de l'Hiſtoire ; mais outre qu'ils ſont en petit nombre, et tres courts, les auteurs, à qui nous en ſommes redevables, ſe ſont défié de leurs forces ; ils ont craint de manquer d'haleine dans des ouvrages de plus longue étendue.

Pourquoi les anciens ont-ils eu des Thucydides, des Xenophons, des Polybes, & des Tacites ? pourquoi ne pouvons nous leur comparer que des St. Réals, des Vertots, des Sarraſins ? nous ne devons point attribuer cette diſette à la decadence de l'Eſprit humain. Il faut en chercher, ſi j'oſe m'exprimer ainſi, quelque raiſon nationale, quelque cauſe, qui ſoit particuliere aux François . . . . .

Quatre qualités principales ſont néceſſaires aux Hiſtoriens.

1. Une critique exacte & ſavante, fondée ſur des recherches laborieuſes, pour la collection des faits.

2. Une grande profondeur en morale & en politique.

3. Une imagination ſage, & fleurie, qui peigne les actions, qui deduiſe les cauſes, & qui preſente les reflexions avec clarté & ſimplicité ; quelquefois avec feu, mais toujours avec goût & élégance.

4. Il faut de plus la conſtance dans le travail, un ſtyle égal & ſoutenu, & une exactitude infatigable, qui ne montre jamais l'impatience d'avancer, ni de laſſitude pendant le cours d'une longue carrière,

Qu'on ſepare ces qualités, on trouvera des chef-d'oeuvres parmi nous, des Critiques, des Moraliſtes, des Politi-

Politiques, des Peintres, & des literateurs laborieux, dont le produit nous ſurprend. Mais qu'on cherche ces qualités raſſemblées, on manquera d'exemples à citer entre nos Auteurs. — The Critic then takes a rapid review of the French Hiſtorians, and proceeds to make the following lively remarks on the difficulty of writing Hiſtory in France, and the volatile character of his countrymen — J'ai deja prévenu l'une des plus grandes difficultés pour les auteurs; ils devroient être en même tems hommes de cabinet & hommes du monde. Par l'étude on ne connoit que les anciens, & les moeurs bourgeoiſes; & dans la bonne compagnie, on perd ſon tems, l'on ecrit peu, et l'on penſe encore moins. . . . . .

. L'haleine manque à un écrivain François faute de conſtance; il entrepend légèrement de grands ouvrages, il les continue avec nonchalance, il les finit avec dégoût: s'il les abandonne quelque tems, il ne les reprend plus, & nous voyons que tous nos continuateurs ont échoué. La laſſitude du ſoir ſe reſſeint de l'ardeur du matin. C'eſt del qu'il nous arrive de n'avoir de bon, que de petits morceaux, ſoit en poeſie, ſoit en proſe . . . . . nous n'avons que . . . . . des morceaux Hiſtoriques, & preſque pas une Hiſtoire générale digne de louange. — Choix des Memoires de l'Academie, &c. Londres, 1777, tom. III. p. 627.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE SECOND EPISTLE.

NOTES
TO THE THIRD EPISTLE.

Note I. Verse 30.

AND shake th' affrighted world with dire portents.] There is a curious treatise of Dr. Warburton's on this subject, which is become very scarce; it is entitled, "A critical and philosophical Enquiry into the causes of prodigies and miracles; as related by Historians, "with an Essay towards restoring a method and purity "in History." It contains, like most of the compositions of this dogmatical Writer, a strange mixture of judicious criticism and entertaining absurdity, in a style so extraordinary, that I think the following specimens of it may amuse a reader, who has not happened to meet with this singular book. — Having celebrated Rawleigh and Hyde, as writers of true historic genius, he adds: "almost all the rest of our Histories want Life, Soul, Shape, and Body: a mere hodgepodge of abortive embryos and rotten carcases, kept in an unnatural ferment (which the vulgar mistake for real life) by the rank leven of prodigies and portents. Which can't but afford good diversion to the Critic, while he observes how naturally one of their own fables is here mythologiz'd and explain'd, *of a church-yard carcase, raised and set a strutting by the inflation of some hellish succubus within.*"

within." He then paſſes a heavy cenſure on the antiquarian publications of Thomas Hearne; in the cloſe of which he exclaims — "Wonder not, reader, at the view of theſe extravagancies. The Hiſtoric Muſe, after much vain longing for a vigorous adorer, is now fallen under that indiſpoſition of her ſex, ſo well known by a depraved appetite for traſh and cinders." — Having quoted two paſſages from this ſingular Critic, in which his metaphorical language is exceedingly groſs, candour obliges me to tranſcribe another, which is no leſs remarkable for elegance and beauty of expreſſion. In deſcribing Salluſt, at one time the loud advocate of public ſpirit, and afterwards ſharing in the robberies of Caeſar, he expreſſes this variation of character by the following imagery: — "No ſooner did the warm aſpect of good fortune ſhine out again, but all thoſe exalted ideas of virtue and honour, raiſed like a beautiful kind of froſt-work, in the cold ſeaſon of adverſity, diſſolved and diſappeared." Enquiry, &c. London, 1727, page 17.

Note II. Verſe 51.

On Francio now the Gallic page is mute,
And Britiſh Story drops the name of Brute.] The origin of the French nation was aſcribed by one of the Monkiſh Hiſtorians to Francio, a ſon of Priam: Mr. Warton, who mentions this circumſtance in his Diſſertation on the origin of romantic fiction in Europe, ſuppoſes that the revival of Virgil's Æneid, about the ſixth or ſeventh century, inſpired many nations with this chimerical idea of tracing their deſcent from the family of Priam. There is a very remarkable proof in the Hiſtorian Matthew of Weſtminſter, how fond the Engliſh

were of conſidering themſelves as the deſcendants of the Trojan Brutus. In a letter from Edward the Firſt to Pope Boniface, concerning the affairs of Scotland, the King boaſts of his Trojan predeceſſor in the following terms: — Sub temporibus itaque Ely & Samuelis prophetarum, vir quidam ſtrenuus et inſignis, Brutus nomine, de genere Trojanorum, poſt excidium urbis Trojanae cum multis nobilibus Trojanorum applicuit in quandam Inſulam tunc Albion vocatam, a gigantibus inhabitatam, quibus ſua et ſuorum ſeductis potentia et occiſis, eam nomine ſuo Britanniam ſocioſque ſuos Britannos appellavit, & aedificavit civitatem quam Trinovantum nuncupavit, quae modo Londinum nuncupatur. MATT. WESTMON. p. 439.

Note III. Verſe 73.

And Bacon's ſelf, for mental glory born,
Meets, as her ſlave, our pity, or our ſcorn.] I wiſh not to dwell invidiouſly on the failings of this immortal Genius; but it may be uſeful to remark, that no Hiſtorical work, though executed by a man of the higheſt mental abilities, can obtain a laſting reputation, if it be planned and written with a ſervility of ſpirit. — This was evidently the caſe in Bacon's Hiſtory of Henry the VIIth: it was the firſt work he engaged in after his diſgrace, and laid as a peace-offering at the feet of his maſter, the deſpicable James, who affected to conſider his great grandfather, the abject and avaricious Henry, as the model of a King. It was therefore the aim of the unfortunate Hiſtorian to flatter this phantaſy of the royal pedant, for whom he wrote, and he accordingly formed

formed a coloſſal ſtatue to repreſent a pigmy. — It is matter of aſtoniſhment that Lord Bolingbroke, who in his political works has written on the vices of this very King, with a force and beauty ſo ſuperior to the Hiſtory in queſtion, ſhould ſpeak of it as a work poſſeſſing merit ſufficient to bear a compariſon with the antiens: on the contrary, the extreme awkwardneſs of the taſk, which the Hiſtorian impoſed upon himſelf gave a weakneſs and embarraſſment to his ſtyle, which in his nobler works is clear, nervous, and manly. This will particularly appear from a few lines in his character of Henry. — "This King, to ſpeak of him in terms equal to his deſerving, was one of the beſt ſort of wonders, a wonder for wiſe men. He had parts, both in his virtues and his fortune, not ſo fit for a common-place as for obſervation .... His worth may bear a tale or two, that may put upon him ſomewhat, that may ſeem divine." — He then relates a dream of Henry's mother, the Lady Margaret: but the quotations I have made may be ſufficient to juſtify my remark; and, as Dr. Johnſon ſays happily of Milton, "What Engliſhman can take delight in tranſcribing paſſages, which, if they leſſen the reputation of Bacon, diminiſh in ſome degree the honour of our country?"

Note IV. Verſe 92.

And of that mountain make the ſtatue of a King.] An alluſion to the Architect Dinocrates, who offered to cut Mount Athos into a ſtatue of Alexander the Great.

Note

Note V. Verſe 97.

'*As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won, &c.*] This ſtory is told on a ſimilar occaſion by Lucian. Having aſſerted that hiſtorical flatterers often meet with the indignation they deſerve, he proceeds to this example: ὡσπερ Αριστοβουλου μονομαχιαν γραψαντος Αλεξανδρῳ και Πωρου, και αναγνοντος αυτῳ τουτο μαλιστα το χωριον της γραφης· (ανετο γαρ χαριεισθαι τα μεγιστα τῳ βασιλει, επιψευδομενος αριστειας τινας αυτῳ, και αναπλαττων εργα μειζω της αληθειας) λαβων εκεινος το βιβλιον (πλεοντες δ' ετυγχανον εν τῳ ποταμῳ τῳ Υδασπει) ερριψεν επι κεφαλην ες το ὑδωρ, επειπων "Και σε δε ὑτως εχρην, ω Αριστοβουλε, τοιαυτα ὑπερ εμου μονομαχουντα, και ελεφαντας εν ακοντιῳ φονευοντα." Lucian. Edit. Riollay, p. 28.

The Critics are much divided on this paſſage: I have followed an interpretation very different from that adopted by a learned and judicious author, who has lately entered into a thorough diſcuſſion of all the anecdotes relating to this celebrated Conqueror, in a very elaborate and ſpirited diſſertation, entitled, "Examen critique des Hiſtoriens d'Alexandre," Paris, 4to, 1775. But there is great probability in his conjecture, that the name of Ariſtobulus has ſlipt into the ſtory by ſome miſtake; and that the ſycophant ſo juſtly reprimanded was Oneſicritus, who attended the hero of Macedon in quality of Hiſtoriographer, and is cenſured by the judi-

cious

cious Strabo as the moſt fabulous of all the Writers who have engaged in his Hiſtory. For the reaſons which ſupport this conjecture, ſee the book I have mentioned, page 19.

Note VI. Verſe 115.

In Dedications quietly inurn'd,
They take more lying Praiſe than Ammon ſpurn'd.]

As Hiſtory is the compoſition moſt frequently addreſſed to Princes, modern Hiſtorians have been peculiarly tempted to this kind of adulation. — Indeed Dedications in general are but too commonly a diſgrace to letters. Perhaps a conciſe Hiſtory of this ſpecies of writing, and the fate of ſome remarkable Dedicators, might have a good influence towards correcting that proſtitution of talents, which is ſo often obſerved in productions of this nature; and ſuch a work might be very amuſing to the lovers of literary anecdote. — The two moſt unfortunate Dedications that occur to my remembrance, were written by Joſhua Barnes, and Dr. Pearce, late Biſhop of Rocheſter: The firſt dedicated his Hiſtory of Edward the IIId, to James the IId, and unluckily compared that Monarch to the moſt valiant of his predeceſſors, juſt before his timidity led him to abdicate the throne: the ſecond dedicated his edition of Tully de Oratore to Lord Macclesfield, and as unluckily celebrated his patron as a model of public virtue, not many years before he was impeached in parliament, and fined £. 30,000 for the iniquity of his conduct in the office of Chancellor.

Note

Note VII. Verſe 135.

Still can Herrera, mourning o'er his urn,
His dying pangs to bliſsful rapture turn.] Antonio de Herrera, a Spaniſh Hiſtorian of great reputation, deſcribes the death of Philip II in the following terms: — "Y fue coſa de notar, que aviendo dos, o tres horas antes que eſpiraſſe, tenido un paroxiſmo tan violento, que le tuvieron por acabado, cubriendole el roſtro con un panno, abrio los ojos con gran eſpiritu, y tomò el crucifixo de mano de Don Hernando de Toledo, y con gran devocion, y ternura le besò muchas vezes, y a la imagen de nueſtra Sennora de Monſerrate, que eſtava en la candela. Pareciò al Arçobiſpo de Toledo, a los confeſſores, y a quantos ſe hallaron preſentes, que era impoſſible, que naturalmente huvieſſe podido bolver tan preſto, y con tan vivo eſpiritu, ſino que devio de tener en aquel punto alguna viſion y favor del cielo, y que mas fue rapto que paroxiſmo: luego bolviò al agonia, y ſe fue acabando poco a poco, y con pequenno movimiento ſe le arrancò el alma, domingo a treze de Setiembre a las cinco horas de la mannana, ſiendo ſus ultimas palabras, que moria como Catolico en la Fè y obediencia de la ſanta Igleſia Romana; y aſſi acabò eſte gran Monarca con la miſma prudencia con que vivio: por lo qual (meritamente) ſe le dio el atributo de prudente. Hiſt. General del Mundo, por Ant. Herrera, Madrid 1612. Tom. III. f. 777.

After ſpeaking ſo freely on the vices of this Monarch, it is but juſt to obſerve, that Philip, who poſſeſſed all the ſedate cruelty of the cold-blooded Octavius, reſem-

bled

bled him alſo in one amiable quality, and was ſo much a friend to letters, that his reign may be conſidered as the Auguſtan age of Spaniſh literature. — His moſt bloody miniſter, the mercileſs Alva, was the Mæcenas of that wonderful and voluminous Poet, Lope de Vega. I cannot help regretting that the two eminent Writers, who have lately delineated the reigns of Charles the Vth, and his Son Philip, ſo happily in our language, have entered ſo little into the literary Hiſtory of thoſe times.

Note VIII. Verſe 158.

Nor hope to ſtain, on baſe Detraction's ſcroll,
A Tully's morals, or a Sidney's ſoul!] Dion Caſſius, the ſordid advocate of deſpotiſm, endeavoured to depreciate the character of Cicero, by inſerting in his Hiſtory the moſt indecent Oration that ever diſgraced the page of an Hiſtorian. — In the opening of his 46th book, he introduces Q. Fuſius Calenus haranguing the Roman ſenate againſt the great ornament of that aſſembly, calling Cicero a magician, and accuſing him of proſtituting his wife, and committing inceſt with his daughter. Some late hiſtorical attempts to ſink the reputation of the great Algernon Sidney, are ſo recent, that they will occur to the remembrance of almoſt every Reader.

Note IX. Verſe 179.

Nor leſs the blemiſh, tho' of different kind,
From falſe Philoſophy's conceits refin'd! &c.] The ideas in this paſſage are chiefly borrowed from the excellent obſervations on Hiſtory in Dr. Gregory's *Comparative View.* As that engaging little volume is ſo generally

rally known, I ſhall not lengthen theſe Notes by tranſcribing any part of it; but I thought it juſt to acknowledge my obligations to an Author, whoſe ſentiments I am proud to adopt, as he unites the nobleſt affections of the heart to great elegance of mind, and is juſtly ranked among the moſt amiable of moral writers.

Note X. Verſe 218.

To ſpeak no Falſehood; and no Truth ſuppreſs.] Quis neſcit, primam eſſe Hiſtoriae legem ne quid falſi dicere audeat? deinde, ne quid veri non audeat? De Oratore, Lib. II.

Voltaire has made a few juſt remarks on the ſecond part of this famous Hiſtorical maxim; and it certainly is to be underſtood with ſome degree of limitation. The ſentence of the amiable Pliny, ſo often quoted — Hiſtoria quoquo modo ſcripta delectat — is liable, I apprehend, to ſtill more objections.

Note XI. Verſe 266.

A waſte of Genius in the toil of Knolles.] Richard Knolles, a native of Northamptonſhire, educated at Oxford, publiſhed, in 1610, a Hiſtory of the Turks. An Author of our age, to whom both criticiſm and morality have very high obligations, has beſtowed a liberal encomium on this neglected Hiſtorian; whoſe character he cloſes with the following juſt obſervation:

"Nothing could have ſunk this Author in obſcurity, but the remoteneſs and barbarity of the people whoſe ſtory he relates. It ſeldom happens, that all circumſtances concur to happineſs or fame. The nation which produced this great Hiſtorian, has the grief of ſeeing

his

his genius employed upon a foreign and unintereſting ſubject; and that Writer, who might have ſecured perpetuity to his name, by a Hiſtory of his own country, has expoſed himſelf to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none deſire to be informed." RAMBLER, Vol. III. N. 122.

Note XII. Verſe 330.

And read your juſt reward in Brady's fate!] Robert Brady, born in Norfolk, was Profeſſor of Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge, which he repreſented in Parliament. — He was Maſter of Caius College, and Phyſician in ordinary to James II. He publiſhed, in 1684, a Hiſtory of England, from the invaſion of Julius Cæſar to the death of Richard the Second, in three volumes folio: and died in 1700. — His character cannot be more forcibly expreſſed, than in the words of a living Author, who has lately vindicated the antient conſtitution of our country with great depth of learning, and with all the energy of genius inſpirited by freedom.

"Of Dr. Brady it ought to be remembered, that he was the ſlave of a faction, and that he meanly proſtituted an excellent underſtanding, and admirable quickneſs, to vindicate tyranny, and to deſtroy the rights of his nation." STUART'S View of Society in Europe. Notes, page 327.

Note XIII. Verſe 381.

Like the dumb Son of Crœſus, in the ſtrife.] Herodotus relates, that a Perſian ſoldier, in the ſtorming of Sardis, was preparing to kill Crœſus, whoſe perſon he

did not know, and who, giving up all as loſt, neglected to defend his own life; a ſon of the unfortunate Monarch, who had been dumb from his infancy, and who never ſpake afterwards, found utterance in that trying moment, and preſerved his father, by exclaiming "O kill not Crœſus."

Note XIV. Verſe 387.

Leſs eager to correct, than to revile.] This is perhaps a juſt deſcription of *The polemical Divine*, as a general character: but there are ſome authors of that claſs, to whom it can never be applied. — Dr. Watſon, in particular, will be ever mentioned with honour, as one of the happy few, who have preſerved the purity of juſtice and good manners in a zealous defence of religion; who have given elegance and ſpirit to controverſial writing, by that liberal elevation of mind, which is equally removed from the meanneſs of flattery and the inſolence of detraction.

Note XV. Verſe 393.

The noble inſtinct, Love of laſting Fame.] There is a moſt animated and judicious defence of this paſſion in Fitzoſborne's Letters. — But I muſt content myſelf with barely referring my Reader to that amiable Moraliſt, as I fear I have already extended theſe Notes to ſuch a length, as will expoſe me to ſeverity of criticiſm. Indeed I tremble in reviewing the ſize of this Comment: which I cannot cloſe without entreating my Reader to believe, that its bulk has ariſen from no vain ideas of the value of my own Poem, but from a deſire to throw collected light on a ſubject, which appeared

to

to me of importance, and to do all the juſtice in my power to many valuable writers, whom I wiſhed to celebrate. — Thoſe who are inclined to cenſure, will perhaps think this apology inſufficient; and I foreſee that ſome haſty Critics will compare the length of the Poem with that of the Annotations, and then laying down the book without peruſing either, they will apply (perhaps not unhappily) to the Author the following lively couplet of Dr. Young:

Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.

FINIS.

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to me of importance, and to do all the justice in my power to many valuable writers, whom I wished to celebrate. — Those who are inclined to censure, will perhaps think this apology sufficient; and I foresee that Latin-lady Critics will compare the length of the Poem with that of the Annotations, and then laying down the book without perusing either, they will apply (perhaps not misapply) to the Author the following lively couplet of Dr. Young:

Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

FINIS.

THE

ART

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

First publiſhed in the year

1744.

THE

HISTORY

OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

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THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whoſe indulgent ſmile ſuſtains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal eſſences beſtows
Immortal youth; auſpicious, O deſcend!
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'ſt on the weſtern gale,
Or ſhak'ſt the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuſeſt life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue ſerenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the waſteful hoſt
Of Pain and Sickneſs, ſqualid and deform'd,

* Hygeia, the goddeſs of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æſculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pæon.

Confounded ſink into the loathſome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever ſhapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhudd'ring air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid watry element,
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills th' extremes or ſudden change
Of cold and hot, or moiſt and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedleſs Pleaſure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world;
Thy ſalutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, nature ſoon would die.
Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no Poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddeſs heavenly gay!
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws:
"How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."

'Tis

'Tis hard, in ſuch a ſtrife of rules, to chuſe
The beſt; and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the muſes never trod before.
Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD! a well-deſign'd eſſay,
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feveriſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſickning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to fully heaven's tranſparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs

Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze,
This ſlumbring Deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thundring chimneys, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky;
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever undulating ſky;
A kindly ſky! whoſe foſt'ring power regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome Woodland ſcene where nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy Seat!
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;

There chuſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove
Faſt by the ſlowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that ſees an hundred villas riſe
Rural or gay). O! from the ſummer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! — But if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou may'ſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in chearful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides: a meagre Fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the Fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung, this fitful peſt
With fev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſickning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow: a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The chearful, pure, and animated bloom

Dies from the face, with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the Sorcereſs, in her fated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
In queſt of Sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main.
For from the humid ſoil and watry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.
Skies ſuch as theſe let every mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine;
For Air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A maſs

A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic) hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone: and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers grow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of Air; the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the power of chuſing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further taſk enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: Tho' Cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up
Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt; and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or thro' the thickets ſend the crackling flames.

Mean

Mean time at home with chearful fires diſpel
The humid air: And let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chaſe.
Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years;
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens,
But neither theſe nor all Apollo's arts,
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regiõns parch
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt: Your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave;
That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs

Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop: incumbent ſtill
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.
Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful Eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds

That

That drown or wither: Give the genial Weſt
To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly North:
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; not mix in every monſtrous day.

Mean time, the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burthen'd ſkies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the roſe
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep
Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires.
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,
The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm;
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is ſtudied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt

And

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common briar.

And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected Gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' etherial deep with endleſs billows chafes.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereſoe'er you build;
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds aſſail'd;
Dry be your houſe; but airy more than warm.
Elſe every breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid ſky.

Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth, commend?
Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales

That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun: whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.
BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A'desart subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again

Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight; it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt moſt nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the ſtate of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.
Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too eaſily ſubdu'd,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luſcious bacon rue,

No

Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.
Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating powers;
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the Steer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eaſe,
Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd and ſcanty fare: For, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholeſome food, the abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs.
The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)

Coily they mix, and ſhun with ſlippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chuſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chuſe ſober meals; and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With chearful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect ſanity.
I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Beſides there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen;
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There are, whoſe blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with ſlaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, ſuſtenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment deteſt
Which, in the ſhell, the ſleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts

Of Pales; ſoft, delicious and benign:
The balmy quinteſſence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the ſpring;
The foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life;
The beſt refection of declining age;
The kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not ſuch a ſalutary food
As ſuits with every ſtomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you heſitate by which
You ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with fev'riſh fluſhings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expence, which nature's wiſe œconomy,
Without or waſte or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by ſagacious taſte, the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve: Of milder ſeeds
The generous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh; tho' fabling Greece reſound

The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
'Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous Man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled;
Miſled from pleaſure even in queſt of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte,
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? Learn a juſter taſte;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Purſue ſome nobler aim.
Diſmiſs your paraſites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates.
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd ſickens in the barren ſhade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his happy natal ſeat,
And ſigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,

Without

Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.

But other ills th' ambiguous feaſt purſue,
Beſides provoking the laſcivious taſte.
Such various foods, tho' harmleſs each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we ſee
What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needleſly ſevere.
But would you long the ſweets of health enjoy,
Or huſband pleaſure; at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, beſides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends; while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taſte
Of all its gifts; ſo cuſtom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few ſimple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feaſt
To dull ſatiety; till ſoft and ſlow
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expanſive ſoul

Oppreſs'd, and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
The ſtomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
The ſofteſt food: unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer ſtreams
So to be clear'd, but foulneſs will remain.
To ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic ſkill
From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?
Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For phyſic knows
How to diſburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring;
Or the tall aſh, long raviſh'd from the ſoil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain:
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.
Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled, may this verſe be borne;

And hear, ye hardieſt ſons that Albion breeds,
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wintry main;
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the ſhock of joy;
Nor crown with feſtive rites th' auſpicious day:
Such feaſt might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At firſt; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour. But the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed:

Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius ſheds
A feveriſh taint thro' the ſtill gulph of air.
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the freſh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will ſave your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Cauſos roll his waſteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to chear
His quaking heart. The ſeaſons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impoſe. Thro' autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius fluſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt. — Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.

Far

* The burning fever.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole:
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtep-mother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe; for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of Ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuſe.
Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know;
Theſe, and their willing ſlave the deer that crops
The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burnig Zone, not thus the South
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind, maintains:
Or thirſty Libya; from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords;
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe;
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the Grape:
Here, finiſh'd by invigoratig ſuns,
Thro' the green ſhade the golden Orange glows:
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields

A gene-

A generous pulp: the Coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The criſp Ananas wraps its poignant ſweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs,
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſart down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the Eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The chearleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.

What

What ſolemn twilight! What ſtupendous ſhades
Enwrap theſe infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round;
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts (ſo Pæon, ſo the powers of health
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feveriſh mirth,
And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,

Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of Gods
Return to viſit their degenerate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the * Coan ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt: The lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid; the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides
Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream,
Through rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholeſome, pure
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals;
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters;) till the power of fire
Has from prophane embraces diſengag'd

The

* Hippocrates.

The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: Tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Enbalm'd in fiery quinteſſence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine: The vile exceſs we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! ſly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober vows! — But the Parnaſſian Maids
* Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,

The

* See Book IV.

The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every treſpaſs ſhun. The feveriſh ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by ſlow degrees:
By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane: and only with your friends.
There are ſweet follies; frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, even ſober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and ſlow with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life

Gliblier

Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain!

What dextrous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace;
And that incurable diſeaſe, old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime:
Except kind nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted; ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,

* In the human body, as well as in thoſe of other animals, the larger blood veſſels are compoſed of ſmaller ones; which, by the violent motion and preſſure of the fluids in the large veſſels, loſe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as theſe ſmall veſſels become ſolid, the larger muſt of courſe grow leſs extenſile, more rigid, and make a ſtronger reſiſtance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood.

Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows mean'time, amid the grinding force
Of viſcuous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downward tend.
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart.
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill: And now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (ſo heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.

What does not fade? The tower that long had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook

blood. From this gradual condenſation of the ſmaller veſſels, and conſequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progreſs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend: the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs:
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muſe has paſt;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If aught theſe lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength;
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Eſculapius given;
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To every caſualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh Eaſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and ſober life;
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid; if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul.

Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloiſter'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting ſteed.
Already, ſee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager ſport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſperate deer;
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.
But if the breathleſs chaſe o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength; a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal rivulet, that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the ſilver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of paſtoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountains; ſuch
The Eſk, o'erhung with woods; and ſuch the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong: Tho' not a purer ſtream,
Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail, ſacred flood!

May

May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence; thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient ſteps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the ſlender line
And yielding rod ſollicite to the ſhore
The ſtruggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.
Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind,
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.
But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream; the Garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight.
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.

O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone:
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The visto best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champain.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
Chears the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour

Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof; while, o'er the light repaſt,
And ſprightly cups, they mix in ſocial joy;
And, thro' the maze of converſation, trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit,
Where ſenſe grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, chearful huſbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himſelf at home.

Whate'er you ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis ſome; and ſome the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked ſtubble; where from field to field
The ſounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the riſing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom ſtill the * meed of the green archer charms.
He chuſes beſt, whoſe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moſt: The toil you hate
Fatigues you ſoon, and ſcarce improves your limbs.

As beauty ſtill has blemiſh; and the mind
The moſt accompliſh'd its imperfect ſide;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt:

The

* This word is much uſed by ſome of the old Engliſh poets, and ſignifies *Reward or Prize.*

The legs, perhaps, or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk
At firſt but ſaunter, and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins: as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation; Oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma and feller * Peripneumony,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.

Th'

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainleſs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly, even the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtle ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the duſty chace,
Or the warm deeds of ſome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wiſh'd repoſe; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taſte the ſpring. O! by the ſacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, ſires,
Forbear! No other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious Muſe
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of Science; and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: To ſubtler minds

He

He leaves to ſcan, from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why
The roughening deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtrife,
And warm Paleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs,
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe, whom gelid ſkies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a ſkin
Too ſoft; or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd thro' ſuch precarious ways.
For thro' the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this moſt copious, waſte
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move: But this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour: From this fatal ſource

What

What woes deſcend is never to be ſung.
To take their numbers were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the bluſtering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then, by ſoft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the ſky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: For from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
And hence our painted anceſtors defied
The Eaſt: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle ſky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean froſt:
Except by habits, foreign to its turn,
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: Study then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun.
Againſt the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern; and, where nought forbids,
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: A frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts.

But

But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen
Eſſential to his health, ſhould never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade purſue.
He not the ſafe viciſſitudes of life
Without ſome ſhock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unuſual things.
Beſides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſperous days of health
Grow too familiar: For by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt medicines loſe their healing power,
And even the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.

Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the ſultry Weſt,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the ſoften'd ſkin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood.
So may they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.

With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution juſt enough to clear
The ſluices of the ſkin, enough to keep
The body ſacred from indecent ſoil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worſt woe;
With this external virtue Age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms

Are loathſome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtleſs do your wives: For married ſires,
As well as lovers, ſtill pretend to taſte;
Nor is it leſs (all prudent wives can tell)
To loſe a huſband's than a lover's heart.
But now the hours and ſeaſons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering ſong.
Some labour faſting, or but ſlightly fed
To lull the grinding ſtomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wiſely done: For while the thirſty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.
Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt
Subſides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppreſſes yet, or threatens to oppreſs.
But from the recent meal no labours pleaſe,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exerciſe,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elaſtic leſs.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By thoſe you 'ſcape
The ſlow diſeaſes of the torpid year;
Endleſs to name; to one of which alone,

To that which tears the nerves, the toil of ſlaves
Is pleaſure: Oh! from ſuch inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the ſun
Pours down his ſultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the ſkin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool caſcade
Reclin'd, or ſauntring in the lofty grove,
No needleſs ſlight occaſion ſhould engage
To pant and ſweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the freſh morn alone and mellow eve
To ſhady walks and active rural ſports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews deſcend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid ſkies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the ſolemn wood
While the ſoft evening ſaddens into night?
Tho' the ſweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in ſtrains of am'rous woe.

The ſhades deſcend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her ſable wings. Great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whoſe toil
Has o'er his languid powerleſs limbs diffus'd
A pleaſing laſſitude: He not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His powers the moſt voluptuouſly diſſolve
In ſoft repoſe: On him the balmy dews
Of ſleep with double nutriment deſcend.
But would you ſweetly waſte the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Viſit the paradiſe of happy Dreams,

And

And waken chearful as the lively morn;
Oppreſs not Nature ſinking down to reſt
With feaſts too late, too ſolid, or too full:
But be the firſt concoction half-matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence reſign
Your paſſive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The buſy dæmons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury ſtruggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoiſe of that moſt wretched man,
Whoſe nights are ſhaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Oreſtes; whoſe delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poiſon'd thought:
While pale and monſtrous painting ſhocks the ſoul;
And mangled conſciouſneſs bemoans itſelf
For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams preſage, what dangers theſe or thoſe
Portend to ſanity, tho' prudent ſeers
Reveal'd of old and men of deathleſs fame,
We would not to the ſuperſtitious mind
Suggeſt new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To baniſh omens and all reſtleſs woes.
In ſtudy ſome protract the ſilent hours,
Which others conſecrate to mirth and wine;
And ſleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But ſurely this redeems not from the ſhades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give

Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, freſh and vigorous from repoſe,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhauſted and unſtrung,
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the ſickning functions ſteal.
As, when the chilling Eaſt invades the ſpring,
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor; and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
By toil ſubdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind
Sleep faſt and deep: their active functions ſoon
With generous ſtreams the ſubtle tubes ſupply;
And ſoon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of indolence with long repoſe
Grow torpid; and with ſloweſt Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingringly return to life,
Blunt every ſenſe and pow'rleſs every limb.
Ye, prone to ſleep (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard matraſs or elaſtic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down:

Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupply'd,
Who riſes cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant nature more or leſs demands,
As cuſtom forms her; and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage;
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.

Obſerve the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! Behold! by ſlow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer ſheds Pomona's ſtore;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-ſtorm.
Slow as they come, theſe changes come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal Autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well adviſ'd who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade!
And late reſign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays.
For while the effluence of the ſkin maintains

Its native meaſure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmleſs by; and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Demon of the Eaſt:
But you perhaps refuſe the tedious ſong.
Beſides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moiſture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky,
And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But ſhould the public bane
Infect you; or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleaſing horror glides
Along the ſpine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celſus call'd: The Fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to-morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity:

The all-ſurrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be ſhut; tho' no convulſive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' impriſoned plagues; a ſecret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has ſad Byzantium ſeen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o er her ſlaughter'd ſons and lonely ſtreets!
Even Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the Gods has drank,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage, at Boſworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England ſhould receive,
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid Fury not, like other peſts,
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſes the land.

Firſt thro' the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung.
With raſh combuſtion thence, the quivering ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores, the melted blood

Guſh'd out in ſmoaky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,
Deſperate of eaſe, impatient of their pain,
They toſs'd from ſide to ſide. In vain the ſtream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirſted ſtill.
The reſtleſs arteries with rapid blood
Beat ſtrong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At laſt a heavy pain oppreſs'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were ſtrangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harraſs'd with toil on toil, the ſinking powers
Lay proſtrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous ſleep
Wrapt all the ſenſes up: they ſlept and died.

In ſome a gentle horror crept at firſt
O'er all the limbs; the ſluices of the ſkin
Withheld their moiſture, till by art provok'd
The ſweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now reſtrain'd and ſlow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid ſteams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effuſion of perpetual ſweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the third.

Of

Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd;
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive;
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow;
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around,
Th' infected country ruſh'd into the town.
Some, ſad at home, and in the deſart ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates purſu'd.
Others, with hopes more ſpecious, croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far diſtant ſkies;
But none they found. It ſeem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the Eaſt,
Was then at enmity with Engliſh blood.
For, but the race of England, all were ſafe
In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taſte
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them ſtill! and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The ſalutary art
Was mute; and, ſtartled at the new diſeaſe,
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.
To Heaven with ſuppliant rites they ſent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain reſources; and ſubdued
With woes reſiſtleſs and enfeebling fear;
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds was heard,
Nor aught was ſeen but ghaſtly views of death.

Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſineſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell, and oft one bed, they ſay,
The ſick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye powers
That o'er th' incircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the Weſt, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wandering ſong.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil and all external things,
Already ſung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourſelves proceeds:
And how the ſubtle Principle within
Inſpires with health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive Body. Ye poetic Shades,
Who know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' myſterious ways.

There is, they ſay, (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame;
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heaven,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve

It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain,
And, in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric: for by ſubtle parts
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd thro' ſubtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild; and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor akes itſelf, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleneſs; and the ſallow hue

Of

Of Envy, Jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe
Employ your mind, amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drouſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are, even of elaſtic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their generous taſte
Would elſe refuſe. But may nor thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the liberal ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from Philoſophy
To Fable ſhift; from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.

While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer' ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend

What

What poſture ſuits: To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer powers:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind.
There Madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The chearful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary deſart, and heaven frowns above.
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monſters teems
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.

Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind
Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miſerable, or makes you ſo.
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,

Timorous

Timorous Self-love, with ſickning Fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon: ſome for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſoms baniſh, if you can,
Thoſe fatal gueſts: and firſt the Dæmon Fear;
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than Fear itſelf?
And what avails it, that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourſelves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent; nor with needleſs cares,
Of what may ſpring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appall the ſureſt hour that life beſtows.
Serene, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come; and leave the reſt to Heaven.
Oft from the Body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important health,
That of the Mind, deſtroy: and when the mind
They firſt invade, the conſcious body ſoon
In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic Paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure;
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.

Vain

Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe;
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.
O ye, whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely fal'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling croud;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes
New to your eyes, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the ſky,
The lofty trumpet ſwells the madd'ning ſoul:
And in the hardy camp and toilſome march
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.
But moſt too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd Nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diſſolves
In empty air; Elyſium opens round,
A pleaſing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,
And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your proweſs and ſuperior ſtars:

The

The happieſt you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring ſtream,
Swoln o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a ſilent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breaſt
Subſide, you languiſh into mortal man;
You ſleep, and waking find yourſelf undone.
For prodigal of life in one raſh night
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd; ſo may the throbbing head:
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,
Involves you; ſuch a daſtardly deſpair
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel ſides,
He ſaw two Suns, and double Thebes aſcend.
You curſe the ſluggiſh Port; you curſe the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture firſt
Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thouſand curſes; for to heav'n it rapt
Your ſoul, to plunge you deeper in deſpair.
Perhaps you rue even that divineſt gift,
The gay, ſerene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the freſh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wiſh that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Beſides, it wounds you ſore to recollect
What follies in your looſe unguarded hour

Eſcap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you loſe a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your haſty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heaven.
Deſpis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing name;
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.
Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and memory of your former worth.

How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The Precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.

Our

Our aim is happineſs; 'tis yours 'tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon grow ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt: and when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and, truſt me, ſtill
A faithleſs Heart betrays the Head unſound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Senſe and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping time.
The gawdy gloſs of fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Senſe alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make Humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught

Truths

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as Reaſon can controul
The lawleſs Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæon, I relate
What Paſſions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence, the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the ſoul.
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is Hope: the laſt of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul;
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn Clown,
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Uſurer,
(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes. But, ye finer Souls,
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reſerve

Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or even with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and powers of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach loaths
The genial board: Your chearful days are gone;
The generous bloom that fluſh'd your cheeks is fled.
To ſighs devoted and to tender pains,
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing. Muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love;
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,

Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have died for love; and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſperate hands themſelves have ſlain.
Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of Love amongſt an hundred Brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from feveriſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with every ſting,
And what was Love before is Madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate ſtill: When Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe Imagination, ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious taſk; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung.

Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely Age
Creeps on; unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, chearfulneſs, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour purſue.

Who pines with Love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:
He chuſes to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud Philoſophy.
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in,
With fault'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare;
Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in Love, or waſtes with ſilent Cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends, and ling'ring, to the ſhades.
But he whom Anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.

For,

For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
As is the Paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the Pain
The Body feels: or chronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of Fear,
And ſudden Grief, and Rage, and ſudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is Health, and only fills the ſails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever; and forſwear the Bowl.
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to morrow kill or die.

But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in Proſe or Song,
To tame the Fiend that ſleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well; ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow:
With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:
What refuge ſhall we ſeek? what arms prepare?
Where Reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid:
With Indignation would extinguiſh Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquiſh Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppoſe.
There is a Charm, a Power, that ſways the breaſt;
Bids every Paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with Rage, or all your Cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth Diſtraction, and almoſt Deſpair.
That power is Muſic: Far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy Heroes, thoſe fat-headed Gods,
Who move no paſſion juſtly but Contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praiſe them: we, with loudeſt peals,
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels;

And, with inſipid ſhew of rapture, die
Of ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who, with bold rage or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In Love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaſt;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the Bard, whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe melodious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diſeaſes, ſoftens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poiſon, and the Plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Phyſic, Melody, and Song.

THE END.

THE

THE

CONCUBINE;

A

POEM

IN TWO CANTOS.

In the MANNER of SPENSER.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Б О Е И

С О И С П В І И Е.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN this Poem was firſt offered to the Public, it was not accompanied with any prefatory Addreſs, by which either the intention of the Writer might be explained, or the candour of the Reader ſolicited. The former the Author *then* thought unneceſſary, and the latter he flattered himſelf his performance would meet with from thoſe who are enabled to judge of the difficulty of the attempt; and from thoſe only he could wiſh it. To ſolicit candour for the poetical execution he ſtill declines, for Taſte is not to be bribed; but perhaps juſtice to himſelf may require ſome explanation of his deſign, and ſome apology for his uſe of the manner of Spenſer.

Had it not been objected by ſome of his friends (and that others perhaps may object the ſame) that his Poem is deficient in connection, the Author would never have attempted any defence of it on that particular. What the ingenious Hurd ſays of Horace's Epiſtles, ought alſo to be the character of every other poem. "The ſubject of each epiſtle," ſays he, "is one: that is, one ſingle point is proſecuted through the whole piece, notwithſtanding that the addreſs of the poet, and the delicacy of the ſubject, may ſometimes lead him through a devious track to it." In illuſtration of this ſingle point a method is neceſſary, but it muſt be a *poetical* one; which, as the ſame Critic obſerves, "though uniform and conſiſtent, is never more artificial

cial than when leaſt apparent to a careleſs inattentive reader:" for, to uſe the words of the ſame author, "as there muſt needs be a connexion, ſo that connexion will beſt anſwer its end, and the purpoſe of the writer, which, whilſt it leads by a ſure train of thinking to the concluſion in view, conceals itſelf all the while, and leaves to the reader the ſatisfaction of ſupplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a ſeeming poſture of neglect and inconnexion."

To the truth and certainty of theſe remarks, the Author would willingly appeal, in vindication of his Poem from the charge of inconnexion. Pope has directed, that we ſhould

"*In every work regard the author's end.*"

Yet perhaps this precaution has not been ſufficiently attended to by thoſe who have pronounced, that the intereſt of the Poem is neglected, or that the ſtory is not properly purſued.

Some perhaps, miſled by the title, have been ſurpriſed to find ſo much attention beſtowed on the Knight, and ſo little on the Concubine: but let it be obſerved, that the Knight is the proper ſubject, as the delineation of the character of a Man of Birth, who with every other advantage of natural abilities and amiable diſpoſition, is at once loſt to the Public and himſelf, is evidently propoſed *. Nor could the Author ſuſpect he had ever loſt ſight of his cue †, through all the excurſions he has

* Canto I. Stanzas XI, XII.

† Cant. II. Stanza I. Firſt Edition.

has made; excurſions, into which he was led rather from a conviction that they tended to the completion of the character, than from any inattention to the unity of his ſtory.

If therefore the delineation of the character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far ſuch unity is attained, may perhaps be ſeen at one view in the following Argument.

After an invocation to the Genius of Spenſer, and propoſition of the ſubject, the Knight's firſt amour with his Concubine, his levity, love of pleaſure, and diſſipation, with the influence over him which on this ſhe aſſumed, are parts which undoubtedly conſtitute a juſt beginning.

The effects of this influence in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character, — in his domeſtic elegance of parks, gardens, and houſe — in his unhappineſs as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters — behaviour as a maſter to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother — and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical cataſtrophe furniſhes the proper and regular end.

It is an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, That an intereſting moral is eſſential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmoſt importance both in the political and moral world; to throw therefore a juſt ridicule on the purſuits and pleaſures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the

Gentleman, muſt afford an intereſting moral, but it is the management of the writer which muſt render it ſtriking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently aſſert, that to paint falſe pleaſure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike deſtructive to virtue and to happineſs, was, at leaſt, the purpoſe of THE CONCUBINE.

Some reaſons perhaps may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenſer. To propoſe bringing it into general uſe were indeed highly abſurd: yet it may be preſumed there are ſome ſubjects on which it may be uſed with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only ſay, That the fulneſs and wantonneſs of deſcription, the quaint ſimplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the manner of Spenſer is ſo happily and peculiarly ſuſceptible, inclined him to eſteem it not ſolely as the beſt, but the only mode of compoſition adapted to his ſubject.

Oxford, April 20, 1769.

THE

THE CONCUBINE.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleaſures faerie land,
Where Vertues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye Weſt Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake:
Even now, with balmie freſhneſſe, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the ſtilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whiſpers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Deſmonds* mouldering turrets ſlowly ſhake
The trembling rie-graſs and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

* The caſtle of the earl of Deſmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was the reſidence of Spenſer, while he was employed on the FAERIE QUEENE.

II.

O for that nameleſſe powre to ſtrike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy Naiads once poſſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs ſoothd the gentle breſt
Of hapleſs SPENSER; long with woes oppreſt,
Long with the drowſie Patrons ſmyles decoyd,
Till in thy ſhades, no more with cares diſtreſt,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The ſabbath of his life, the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wiſh, while rapt in viſions bleſt
The Muſes wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe dreſt,
Brought forth her faerie knights in ſheen array
By forreſt edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the careleſſe Bard ſupine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull paſt theſe houres of thine!
Ah! could a ſigh availe, ſuch ſweete calme peace were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as penſive through theſe lawns I ſtray,
Unbidden tranſportes through my boſome ſwell;
With pleaſing reverence awd my eyes ſurvey
The hallowed ſhades where SPENSER ſtrung his ſhell.
The brooke ſtill murmurs through the buſhy dell,
Still through the woodlands wilde and beauteous riſe
The hills greene tops; ſtill from her moſs-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the ſtockdove ſighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, ſtill feels new extacies.

V. Then

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muſes of the native lay!
Ye who theſe bancks did whilom conſtant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladſom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
Theſe lawns transforming, raiſe the myſtick ſcene:
The lawns alreadie own your vertual ſway,
Proud citys riſe, with ſeas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the ſkye, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the ſunne, a rock fantaſtick roſe;
From every rift the pink and primroſe ſmild,
And redd with bloſſomes hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry ſhrub that blows
On Mayes ſweete morne a fragrant grove diſplayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid choſe;
From whence a reverend wizard through the ſhade
Advaunſt to meet my ſteps, for here me ſeemd I ſtrayd.

VII.

White as the ſnowdrop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heavens lightning, ſocial mildneſſe glowd;
Yet when him liſt queynt was his leer and ſlie,
Yet wondrous diſtant from maliguitie;
For ſtill his ſmyle did forcibly diſcloſe
The ſoul of worth and warme hart-honeſtie:
Such winning grace as Age but rare beſtows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withe-
ring roſe.

VIII.

Of ſkyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle looſely tyd his waiſt
Enwove with many a flowre from many a ſhore,
And halfe conceald and halfe reveald his veſt,
His veſt of ſilk, the Faerie Queenes bequeſt
What time ſhe wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addreſt
To ſpeech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildeſt 'proſpect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he; lo, where at thy deſire
The wilderneſſe of Life extenſive lies;
The path of bluſtering Fame and warlike Ire,
Of ſcowling Powre and lean-bond Covetiſe,
Of thoughtleſs Mirth and Follys giddy joys;
And whither all thoſe paths illuſive end;
All theſe at my command didactick riſe,
And ſhift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He ſaid, and to the fielde did ſtrait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, riſe all around,
But certes, lever would I ſee and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And faireſt bloome no ripend fruit will bear;
Oft have I ſhed, perdie, the bitter tear
To ſee the ſhoots of Vertue ſhrink and dy,
Untimely blaſted in the ſoft greene ear:
What evil blight thus works ſuch villany,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI. Ah

XI.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foreſee the ſorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my boſom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early ſtage,
Where Diſſipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the Wizards ſaws diſperſe to flight
The ills that ſoon will warre againſt them wage,
Ne may the ſpells that lay the church-yarde Spright
From Pleaſures ſervile bands releaſe the luckleſs Wight.

XII.

This truth to tell, ſee yonder lawnſkepe riſe,
An ample field of Britiſh clime I ween,
A fielde which never by poetick Eyes
Was vewd from hence. Thus, though the rural ſcene
Has by a thouſand artiſts pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A vew full different, yet as faire beſeene:
So ſhall theſe lawns preſent one lawnſkepe more,
For certes where we ſtand ſtood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight —
Fleet as he ſpake ſtill roſe the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the ſight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to ſee.
The caſtle in the ſunny vale yſtood;
All round the eaſt grew many a ſheltering tree,
And on the weſt a dimpling ſilver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How ſweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleaſaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and ſhady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloome ſalews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnſkepe to adorne;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden ſtore
Pomona laviſhes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach; the plumb ſo hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins, ſheene to ſee,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee.
How happy here with Woodſtocks laughing Swain
And Avon's Bard of peerleſſe memorie
To ſaunter through the daſie-whitened plain,
When Fancys ſweeteſt Impe Dan Spenſer joins the train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were theſe unknowne;
Oft by the brooke his infant ſteps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing ſhape, ſtood round his morning bed:
Such happineſs bloomd faire around his hed.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taſte,
From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
And ſweete Content ſoon from his walks did haſte,
For ſoon his Concubine became his conſtant peſt.

XVII. Juſt

XVII.

Juſt when he had his eighteenth ſummer ſeen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As careleſſe ſauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the cloſing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN friſkd that way;
A roguiſh twinkling look the gypſie caſt,
For much ſhe wiſhd the lemmans part to play;
Nathleſſe unheeding on his way he paſt,
Ne enterd in his hart or wiſh or thought unchaſt.

XVIII.

Right plump ſhe was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her eaſie waiſte in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld downe her ſhoulders ſleek,
And halfe her boſome heaving mett the ſight,
Whiles gayly ſhe accoſts the ſober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe ſparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake ſhe trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But ſoon he ſtarten up, more gameſom by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth ſhe, you think to win a kiſs,
But certes you ſhall woo and ſtrive in vain.
Faſt in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angrie then
Gan ſhe of ſhame and haviour vild complain,
While baſhfully the weetleſſe Boy did look:
With cunning ſmyles ſhe vewd his awkward pain;
The ſmyle he caught, and eke new corage took,
And Kathrin then a kiſs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet paſt the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought beſtowd on what would ſurely be;
But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And ſore ſhe feard her auncient familie
Should now be ſtaind with blood of baſe degree:
For, ſooth to tell, her liefeſt harts delight
Was ſtill to count her princely pedigree
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Then up to Trojan Brute yſprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baſelie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights ſhe ſchemd to ſhonne thilk foull diſgrace,
And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath ſhe vowd:
Yet could ſhe not with cunning portaunce ſhroud,
So as might beſt ſucceede, her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild ſlutt aloud;
That ſoon ſhe ſhould her graceleſs thewes repent,
And ſtand in long white ſheet before the parſon ſhent.

XXII.

So ſpake the Wizard, and his hand he wayd,
And prompt the ſcenerie roſe, where liſtleſſe lay
The Knight in ſhadie bowre by ſtreamlet lavd,
While Philomela ſoothd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her ſtore of blandiſhments and wiles;
The knight was touchd — but ſhe with ſoft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid ſmiles,
And of baſe falſitie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIII. Amazd

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with woundring ſtare,
What mean theſe ſighs? diſpell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth ſhe, need I my hart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Loſt is my friends good-will, my mothers care —
By you deſerted — ah! unhappy me!
Left to your Aunts fell ſpight and wreakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt? quoth he, forſooth, ſhall ſhe command!
No; ſooner ſhall yond hill forſake his place,
He laughing ſaid; and would have caught her hand;
Her hand ſhe ſhifted to her blubberd face
With prudiſh modeſtie, and ſobd, Alas!
Grant me your bond, or els on yonder tree
Theſe ſilkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, wellady! ſhall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghoſtes ſhall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareleſs wight,
As when, aloft on well-ſtored cherrie-tree,
The thieviſh elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
And will my bond forefend thilk miſerie?
That ſhalt thou have; and for thy peace beſide,
What mote I more? Houſekeeper ſhalt thou be.
An awfull oathe forthwith his promiſe tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blytheſome bride.

XXVI. His

XXVI.

His Aunt fell ſick with very dole to ſee
Her kindeſt counſels ſcornd, and ſore did pine
To think, what well ſhe knew would ſhortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole ſhe died. Oh ſad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which ſhe did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has ſhe ſat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee ſo kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the goſſamer in ſummer ſhades
Extends its twinkling line from ſpray to ſpray,
Gently as ſleep the wearie lids invades,
So ſoft, ſo gently Pleaſure mines her way:
But whither will the ſmyling fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Beſtrews her path, to deſarts colde and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! ſays the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie ſenſe that faireſt bloſſoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whiſpering gale,
His native goodneſſe, and his vertuous lore?
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Diſſipation hight
Has ſhedd, with ſubtil ſtealth through everie pore,
Its giddie poiſon, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, traind in drery waſtes
To chace the ſoming bore and fallow deer,
At firſt the traders beverage ſhylie taſtes;
But ſoon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd, he luſts for the delirious cheer:
So burſts the Boy diſdainful of reſtrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrkſome hangs the day in ſports unſpent.

XXX.

Now fly the waſſal ſeaſons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of ſoring joy;
The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
The jolly Horſerace Summers grand employ,
His Harveſt Sports the foxe and hare deſtroy;
But the ſubſtantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
With England's cauſe, and ſwell his mightie ſoul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynaild on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers ſnout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge perſewd,
Through marſh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale;
To hear his hair-breadth ſcapes wauld make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumſtance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting ſett.

XXXII. Now

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with ſparckling eyes
Beholds the ſpringing Racers ſweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the poſt the foremoſt flies,
And thondring on the ratling hoofs rebound;
The courſers groan, the cracking whips reſound:
And gliding with the gale they ruſh along
Right to the ſtand. The Knight ſtares wildly round,
And, riſing on his ſell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noiſe of all the noiſie throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight perſewd the ſhaddow Joy
As youthly ſpirits thoughtleſſe led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to pleaſe and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the careleſſe wight
Reſigns himſelfe to her capricious ſway:
Then ſoon, perdie, was never charme-bound ſpright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe ſuch pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accompliſhd, and her hopes at ſtay,
What need her now, ſhe recks, one ſmyle beſtow;
Each care to pleaſe were trouble thrown away,
And thriftleſſe waſte, with many maxims moe,
As, What were ſhe the better did ſhe ſo,
She conns, and freely ſues her native bent;
Yet ſtill can ſhe to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with ſnuff in tawdrie gown ſhe went,
Though peeviſh was her ſpleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmy morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin ſings,
Lively with joy, till on a luckleſſe thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters ſtill the more foredone:
So fares it with the Knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling ſhun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoarie weſtern hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to reſt his chin,
When not a breeze diſturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dews begin,
The gameſom Trout then ſhews her ſilverie ſkin,
As wantonly beneath the wave ſhe glides,
Watching the buzzing flies that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, diſplays her ſides,
While ſhe with frequent leape the ruffled ſtreame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy ſtands;
Well has the Urchin markt her mery play,
An aſhen rod obays his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly accroſs her way;
Aſkaunce, with wiſtly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life with ſpeckled wings ſo gay,
Then ſlylie nibbling prudiſh from it flies,
Till with a bouncing ſtart ſhe bites the truthleſs prize.

XXXVIII. Ah,

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the ruthleſſe twitch;
Struck with amaze ſhe feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole ſhe runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepeſt rocke her late delight,
In vain the ſedgy nook for help ſhe tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now ayds her flight,
The more entangled ſtill the more ſhe flies,
And ſoon amid the graſs the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity! where that ſprightly play,
That wanton bounding and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with bluſhes coy,
April walkd forth — ah! never more to toy
In purling ſtreame, ſhe pants, ſhe gaſps and dies!
Aie me! how like the fortune of the Boy!
His days of revel and his nights of noiſe
Have left him now involv'd, his Lemmans hapleſs prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her ſway;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her ſweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happieſt freaks, that Nature undefaced
Received new charms; ah, ſee, how foul diſgraced
Now lies thilke parke ſo ſweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waſte;
The bowling-greene has loſt its ſhaven flore,
And ſnowd with waſhing ſuds now yawns forby the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the panſie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus ſpeckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confuſion grew,
Emong the roſe-buſh roots and eglantine,
Theſe now their place to cabbages reſign;
And tawdrie peaſe ſupply the lillys ſtead,
Rough artichokes now briſtle where the vine
Its purple cluſters round the windows ſpread,
And laiſie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonſhine, on the daſied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping ſide by ſide,
Pomona and her buxom nymphes were ſeene,
Or where the clear canal ſtretchd out atweene,
Defly their locks with bloſſomes would they brede,
Or, reſting by the primroſe hillocks ſheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut ſhade,
They ſung their loves the while the fruitage gaily ſpread.

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of bloſſome ſtrewd the plain;
The hillocks gently riſing through the land
Muſt now no trace of Natures ſteps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrhour of the ſwain,
And bluiſh lake no more adorne the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moſs-ſloord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, yclepd by houſewives THRIFT,
All this deviſd for trim Oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high.
Coarſe were her looks, yet ſmooth her courteſie,
Hoyden her ſhapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye,
And ſtill ſhe plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To ſave the ſmalleſt cromb her pleaſure and deſyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her ſteps were ſoft and ſlow,
Faſt at her ſide a bounch of keyes yhong,
Dull Care ſat brooding on her jealous brow,
Thrift-teaching proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet ſparing though ſhe beene her gueſtes emong,
Ought by herſelfe that ſhe mote gormandiſe,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her guſt ſuffice;
Albee in varied ſtream ſtill was it covetiſe.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in ſoothly guiſe
She was her genius and her counſellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wiſe
Bedeck each room; and much can ſhe deſpiſe
The Knights complaints, and thriftleſs judgment ill:
Eke verſd in ſales, right wondrous cheap ſhe buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though uſeleſs, cheap they beene, and cheap ſhe purchaſd ſtill.

XLVII. His

XLVII.

His tenants whilom beene of thriftie kind,
'Did like to ſing and worken all the day,
At ſeedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harveſt feaſt ſtill firſt did play,
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer;
All in a row, yclad in homeſpun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with ſocial hoſpitable glee
The village hearths at Chriſtmas-tide reſound,
No more the Whitſun gamboll may you ſee,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, hart-ſinking penurie
And hopeleſſe care on every face is ſeen,
As theſe the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace
And dark of look, a tawdry villain came,
Muttring ſome words with ſerious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their naine;
Then, nolens volens, they muſt heed the ſame,
And quight thoſe fieldes their yeomen grandſyres plowd
Eer ſince black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Creſſie field, the Knights old grandſyre prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

L.

But now the orphan ſees his harveſt fielde
Beneath the gripe of Laws ſtern rapine fall,
The friendleſſe widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to ſome poor hutt, with earthen wall:
And theſe, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, ſooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full ſore
Such ſinful deeds to ſee: yet ſuch his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except ſhe willd the ſame before.

LI.

Oh woindrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too ſecure may be!
Not Circes cup may ſo transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee;
Lo, manly Senſe of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy ſpells, thy crowching ſlave is ſeen;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every braveſt virtue, ſooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank-unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthleſs bondage on his ſlave impoſe,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
Ne may the Knight eſcape or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs ſome mountains brows,
With painful ſtruggling up the ſteep height ſtrains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but ſtrength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a ſtep he gains;
So toils the powreleſs Knight beneath his ſervile chains.

LIII. His

LIII.

His lawyer now aſſumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and paſſing ſlie,
Slow was his ſpeeche, and ſolemn was his face
As that grave birds which Athens rankt ſo high;
Pleaſd Dullneſs baſking in his gloſſie eye,
The ſmyle would oft ſteal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peaſant dares invade the game:
But certes, ſeven yeares rent was ſoon his own juſt claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending caſe.
The Knights gay bloome the while ſlid faſt away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile diſgrace,
And ſtraitens ſtill the more his galling thrall:
See now what ſcenes his houſehold hours debaſe,
And riſe ſucceſſive in his cheerleſſe hall.
So ſpake the Seer, and prompt the ſcene obayd his call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien
And diſcompoſd yon ſtranger he receives;
Lo, how with ſulkie look, and moapt with ſpleen,
His frowning miſtreſſe to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will ſhe heed, ne will ſhe ſign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward bluſhes ſaves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cauſe did ſtill his lips inſpire,
He begs the Knight by friendſhips long agone
To ſhelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whoſe cheerleſſe fire
Sat Grief and pale Diſeaſe. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmoſt hearts deſire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confuſd, and ſtung
With inward pain, he looks, and ſilence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges ſtill,
See, how with ſidelong glaunce and haviour ſhy
He ſteals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an aſſent to ſpy.
Look as he will, yet will ſhe not comply.
His friend with ſcorne beholds his awkward pain;
From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the burſting laugh reſtrain,
While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanly ſtain.

LVIII.

Let other ſcenes now riſe, the Wizard ſaid:
He wavd his hand, and other ſcenes aroſe.
See there, quoth he, the Knight ſupinely laid
Invokes the houſehold houres of learnd repoſe,
And auncient Song its manly joys beſtows:
The melting paſſion of the Nott-brown Mayde
Glides through his breaſt; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildeſt reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind faire, and wooes the lovely ſhade.

LIX.

Tranſported he repeats her conſtant vow,
How to the green wode ſhade, betide whateer,
She with her banyſhd love would fearleſſe goe,
And ſweete would be with him the hardeſt cheer.
Oh heaven! he ſighs, what bleſſings dwell ſincere
In love like this! — But inſtant as he ſighd,
Burſting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that truſts in man before ſhe bees his bride!

LX.

And muſt ſome Lemman of a whiffling ſong
Delight your fancy! ſhe diſdeinful cries;
When ſtrait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him chiefe in ſpleene the father means chaſtiſe,
But from his kindlie hand ſhe ſaves him ſtill;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wiſe
Yon yellow elfe ſhe litle ſpares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its ſtubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at hart, as halfe aſwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed.
Alas! though trembling anguiſh inward bled,
His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
He deems, and yielding looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whoſe hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His miſtreſſe with her liefeſt companie,
A rude unletter'd herd! with deareſt glee,
Enjoys each whiſper of her neighbours ſhame;
And ſtill anon the flaſk of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Eſcapes their blaſting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones ſhe ſate,
Making ſweete ſolace of ſome ſcandall new,
A boiſtrous noiſe came thondring at the gate,
And ſoon a ſturdie boy approchd in vew;
With gold farre glitteraund were his veſtments blue
And pye-ſhapd hat, and of the ſilver ſheen
An huge broad buckle glaunſt in either ſhoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a ſwitch: a jollie wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus ſlacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' etherial ſteepe,
And Oceans waves like molten ſilver ſeem)
Eke had he ſeen, with dimond glittering beam,
The ſtarre of morne awake the roſeate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus ſtream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight ſkyes appeares the milky way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent ſped:
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer ſmiles
At Chriſtmas tide, where other heavens are ſpred,
Beſprent with ſtarres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the ſun of noone is ſeene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama ſaild, there had he beene,
Gama*, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coaſt
Where bold Nearche young Ammons fleet did guide,
A taſk ſo dred the world-ſubduing hoſt
Could not another for ſuch featts provide:
And often had he ſeen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did ſay
None but th' immortal Gods had ever ſpyd,
Which ſight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote ſee it more als he the Gods did pray,

LXVII.

Through theſe outlandiſh ſhores and oceans dire
For ten long ſeaſons did the younkling toil,
Through ſtormes, through tempeſts and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet reviſiting his natal ſoil:
And oft, when flying in the monſoon gale,
By Æthiopias coaſt or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans boſom pale,
The ſhip hung on the winds with broad and ſteadie ſail:

* Camoëns.

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-fpred wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid fkye he fheer defcends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The fcenes of promift blifs would warm the Boy,
To meet his brother with each wifh yblends,
And friendfhips glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To fpy the ftreamlett or the elm-tree fhade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was changd! — Unweetingly difmayd
A cold foreboding impulfe thrills his breaft;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in fhe kens the ftranger gueft:
Then with fad mien fhe rofe, and kiudlie him embraft.

LXX.

Great marvell at her folemn cheer he made;
Then, fobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, fhe gently faid;
But what mifhap! our infant familie,
The deareft babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What fhall we do! — great were your courtefie
To lodge in yonder tenants houfe to night;
The fkilfull leache forbids that noife my babes fhould fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-houſe nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a goſſip pert and ſly:
Kathrin the whiles her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duſke ſuſpend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural ſportes arrives the-Knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he ſhares,
His hall reſounds! — amazd the ſtranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell deſpight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of ſtranger gueſt, Go, bid him welcome here;
What ſeeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You ſeek? ſays to the Boy the meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſcornes to come; the ſervant ſaid.
Go, bid him ſtill, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywiſe the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and ſtill his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hoſteſſe, ſoon will waſte
His fayre eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie faſt.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with ſpeed,
And wiſe he lookt, and wiſely ſhook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his ſteed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely ſhent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

CANTO II.

In muſefull ſtownd Syr Martyn *rews*
His Youthhedes thoughtleſſe ſtage;
But Diſſipation haunts him to
The bloſſomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pauſe awhile the Wizard ſtood,
Then thus reſumd, As he whoſe homeward way
Lies through the windings of ſome verdant wood,
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He ſues the flowery ſteps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnſkepe new
Burſts on his ſight; yet, never once aſtray,
Still home he wends: ſo we our theme purſue,
Through many a bank and bowre cloſe following ſtill our cue.

II.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive ſtreame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance ſhed;
Safe from the thonder ſhowre and ſcorching beame
Their faerie charmes the ſummer bowres diſplaid;
Wyld by the baucks the baſhfull cowſlips ſpread,
And from the rock above each ivied ſeat
The ſpotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kiſt the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde ſo ſweet.

III. As

III.

As winds the ſtreamlett ſerpentine along,
So leads a ſolemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and ſecret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves rownd the cave; and to the blue-ſtreakd ſkyes
A ſhatterd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The ſhee-goat from its height the lawnſkepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had paſt the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhoode roſe,
When Fancy firſt her lawnſkepes gan adorne,
And Reaſons folded budds their flowres diſcloſe,
What time young Tranſport through the ſpirits flows,
When Nature ſmyles with charmes unſeen before,
When with unwonted hopes the boſome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind ſpeed the thoughts explore
The endleſſe wylde of joys that Youth beholds in ſtore.

V.

The Dryads of the place that nurſt the flowres,
And hung the dewdrop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their vertue-breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His Youthful breaſt confeſt the wondrous ſpell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre deſign,
The friend and patriot now his boſome ſwell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And ſmyling viſions form, where bliſs and honour join.

VI. Of

VI.

Of theſe loved reveries this the loved retreat
Muſt now no more with dreams of bliſs decoy,
Yet here he liken ſtill himſelf to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
Oh loſt to peace, he ſighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh loſt to every worth that life adorns! —
Oh loſt to peace, to elegance and joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the babbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he ſpake the magicke lawnſkepe roſe,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight beſtows
An houre to thought and Reaſons whiſpers ſtill;
Whilſt, as a nightly viſion boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonly wandering ſwayne,
TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of biaſt will,
Frowns on him ſterne, and honeſt SHAME gins fayne
In her reflective glaſs his lifes ignoble ſtraine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes ſhe ſhews and ſhews againe:
How oft haſt Thou, ſhe cries, indignant vewd
The titled Cypher and his ſolemn traine,
The buſie face and dull ſolicitude
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a ſoul to reach one noble aim,
Nor ſoul, nor wiſh — whoſe vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden buſt the ſacred wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aſpire,
By labouring in the Britiſh clime to rear
Thoſe arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick ſpear;
Illuſtrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian ſing-ſong and the eunuchs ſquall;
Such arts as ſoothd the baſe unmanly ear
Of Greece and Perſia bending to their fall,
When Freedome bled unwept, and ſcornd was Glorys call.

X.

While theſe thy breaſt with ſcorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would diſcloſe!
As Fancy painted and thy wiſh inſpird,
What glorious ſcenes beneath thy ſhades aroſe!
Britannias guardians here diſpell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, ſmiling on their learnd repoſe,
Sees Manly Genius in their influence ſmile,
And ſpread the hallowed ſtreames of Virtue round the ile.

XI.

How bleſt, ah Heaven! ſuch ſelfe-approving houres,
Such views ſtill opening, ſtill extending higher,
Cares whence the ſtate derives its firmeſt powres,
And ſcenes where Friendſhip ſheds her pureſt fire!
And did, ah ſhame! theſe hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame! — As lorn the ſpendthrift ſtands,
Who ſees the fieldes bequeathd him by his ſire,
His own no more, now reapt by ſtrangers hands,
So languid muſt I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then enſue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the ſtreame he lay,
While ſoftlie ſtealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal ſcene would hold a moments ſway,
And the domeſticke houre all ſmyles diſplay,
Where fixt eſteeme the fond diſcourſe inſpires:
Now through his hart would glide the ſprightlie ray
Where Married Love bids light his pureſt fires,
Where Elegance preſides, and wakes the Young Deſires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours riſe,
Where ſelfiſhneſſe, with pride and ſpleen combind,
Form the companion whom he muſt deſpiſe,
Incapable of ſweete Affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate — Stung to the hart
His indignation heaves in ſtiffled ſighs;
But ſoon his paſſion burſts with ſuddein ſtart:
His children ſtrike his thoughts with lively pierſant ſmart.

XIV.

The mothers baſeneſſe in their deed he ſees,
And all the wounded father ſwells his breaſt:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footſteps haſte,
While ſullenly he ſoothes his ſoul to reſt:
Meantime the opening proſpect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydreſt,
His Britiſh chaplett, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the ſmyling plains.

XV. Still

XV.

Still as he ſlow aſcends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches riſe,
The fieldes ſtill lengthening ſhew tbeir crowded charms
In fayre perſpective and in richeſt guiſe:
His ſweeping ſcythe the white-ſleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acroſſe the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, forby the reedy ſtreame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their ful udders ſeeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erſt an oak
Dan Æols bluſtering ſtormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong ſhock,
As the hore fathers of the village tell,
With horrid craſh on All Saints' eve it fell:
But from its trunk ſoon ſprouting ſaplings roſe,
And round the parent ſtock did ſhadowy ſwell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twiſted boughs,
And by their moſs-greene roots invite the ſwains repoſe.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he penſive leans,
And round the various lawnſkepe raunge his eyes:
There ſtretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the ſight. There, to the peacefull ſkyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars riſe:
Behind the wood a black and heathy lea,
With ſheep faire ſpotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blaſted tree;
And from between two hils appears the duſkie ſea.

XVIII

Bright through the fleeting clouds the funny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance gliftens clear and pale,
And white from farre appears the frequent fail,
By Traffick fpread. Moord where the land divides,
The Britifh red-crofs waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre fhip rides,
And over the greene wave with lordlie port prefides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the Britifh powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the re ective houre,
Pours forth his foul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vaffall feas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the Britifh Throne the mighty whole fuftain.

XX.

With what fuperiour luftre and command
May ftedfaft Zeal in Albions Senate fhine!
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand!
How bafe the hand that can fuch Meed decline!
And was, kind Fate! to fnatch thefe honours mine?
Yes! greene they fpred and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine;
Oh loft, vain Trifler, loft in each degree!
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI. Yet

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious ſmiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crowne the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildlie grand her fleecy wardrobe ſpreads,
What noble Meed the honeſt Stateſman gains,
Who through theſe publique nerves new vigour ſheds,
And bids the Uſefull Artes exalt their drooping heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loome
His Countrys greatneſſe, ſees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world aſſume,
And ſpread her juſtice as her glories wide —
Oh wonder of the world, and faireſt pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long ſhall Pity mourn
And ſtain thy honours! From his weeping Bride
And ſtarving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with hart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with ſinking hart his taſk he plies,
His Brides diſtreſſe his reſtleſſe Fancy ſees,
And fixing on the land his earneſt eyes,
Cold is his breaſt and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye Sonnes of Courtlie Eaſe,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Intreſt plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, ſhall a Fathers anguiſh be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his ſoul, and blaſt each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boaſts thy glorious name,
O Thou reſervd by Heavens benign decree
To blaſt thoſe artes that quench the Britiſh flame,
And bid the meaneſt of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity ſhall owe to Thee!
And ſhall that palm unenvied ſtill remain!
Yet, hear, ye Lordlings, each ſeveritie,
And every woe the labouring ſort ſuſtain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and blaſts his honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long ſmotherd fires broke forth,
The rouſing muſicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the North
Where bends the hill the ſounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal ſalute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the ſwelling lay;
The Youths on courſers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremoſt of the fray,
Away! the jolly Huntſman cries; and Echoe ſounds,
Away!

XXVI.

Now han the beagles ſcourd the buſhy ground,
Till where a brooke ſtrays hollow through the bent,
When all confuſd, and ſnuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haſte explord the ſent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was ſpent,
The Huntſman from his ſtand his arts had ſpyd.
Had markt his doublings and his ſhrewd intent,
How both the bancks he traſte, then backward plyd
His track ſome twentie roods, then bounding ſprong aſide.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening every ſound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickeſt buſh he ſlylie lept,
And wary ſcuds along the hawthorne ſhade,
Till by the hills ſlant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: Emblem meet
Of wylie ſtateſman of his foes adred;
He oft miſguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilſt himſelfe winds off with ſlie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntſman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an inſtant ſlain:
Then opening loud the beagles ſent the track
Right to the hill, while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys
Beat round and round the brake, but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noiſe,
Till plonging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upſtarts to open ſky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around.
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly;
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound;
His frothie jaws he grinds — with horrid ſound
The Pack attonce ruſh on him: foming ire,
Fiers at his throte and ſides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flaſh wylde red ſparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the ſwaird his breath and ſtrength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,
Down the ſteep furzie height he ſlow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating ſtill;
While grief and ſhame by turns his boſom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmoſt ſpray,
The ſootie Blackbird chaunts his veſpers ſhrill,
Whiles Twilight ſpreads his robe of ſober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their way.

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam, while on the diſtant Eaſt
Led by her ſtarre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending forreſt, and with rays increaſt
Aſcends, while trembling on the dappled Weſt
The purple radiance ſhifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green impreſt
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace aſſumes her woodland ſway.

XXXII.

All was repoſe, all but Syr Martyns breſt;
There, Paſſions tearing guſts tempeſtuous riſe.
Are theſe, he murmurs, theſe my friends! the beſt
That croud my hall! the Sonnes of Madning Noiſe,
Whoſe warmeſt friendſhip with the revel dies;
Whoſe glee it were my deareſt peace deſtroy,
Who with my woes could ſport, my wrongs deſpiſe;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their baſe-tongued witt employ.

XXXIII. Who-

XXXIII.

Whoſe converſe, oft as fulſom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
Theſe modern ravings of Philoſophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance and Gloſs unfair,
Which honeſt Dullneſs would with ſhame deny;
The hope of Baſeneſs vaumpt in Candours air:
Good Heaven! are ſuch the friends that to my hearth repair.

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth ſhuns Thy reputeleſſe dore,
Even the old Peaſant ſhakes his ſilverd head,
Old ſaws and ſtories babling evermore,
And adding ſtill, Alas, thoſe dayes be fled!
Here Indignation pauſd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houſhold ſmoke aſcends;
Wakd at the ſight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting hart, and griefe his boſome rends:
And now the keene Reſolve its gleaming comfort lends,

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight ſhould riſe the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then ſhould ſee,
Britannias Genius ſhould his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rocke by Dragon to be ſlain,
But he the Virgin Princeſſe ſoon ſhould free,
And ſtretch the monſter breathleſs on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, ſhould never riſe again.

XXXVI.

Eke ſhould he, freed from foul Enchaunters ſpell,
Eſcape his falſe Dueſſas magick charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms,
While Bardes and Minſtrales chaunt the ſoft alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke ſhould I ſing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feaſt, ſervd up by Seneſhall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie ſoothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantaſie, that never yet befell.
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the bleſt good hart its bliſs ſecure,
Ne may the livelie powre of judging well
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing ſure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie JOVE beſtowd
On this faire Nymph: the hiſtorie thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd:
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peaſants babe expoſd to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite Satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen ſpringtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow, and Huntreſſe ſpear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But ill her mind receivd fair *Phœbes* lore,
Fain would ſhe at the chace ſtill lag behind:
One ſultry noone, as *Phœbe* ſped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the Nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breaſte, ſhe cried, Oh Weſtern Wind!
Soon at the wiſhd-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conſcious Nymph declind
The near inſpection of the Sovereign Dame,
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her ſhame.

XL.

Her throes with ſcorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
Still change thy bluſhing hue, the Goddeſs cryd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with ſuddein leaves arrayd,
A *Ruſſian Poppy* ſhe tranſmewd remains;
The various colours ever riſe and fade,
The tints ſtill ſhifting mock the Painters pains;
And ſtill her drowſie mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry ſhore,
From earlieſt youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair and gay,
And reſtleſſe, as the dove *Deucalion* ſent
To ſpy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent,
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was ſpent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan riſe,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves ſhe took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thouſand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As ſoon the wreath ill ſorted would ſhe quight:
Ne ever did ſhe climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its cloudy height,
Ne did ſhe ever taſte the ſacred rill
From Inſpirations fount that ever doth diſtill.

XLIII.

Her ſprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowſy dulneſs from her Mother ſprong;
This never would allow her mind aſpyre,
That never would allow her patience long.
Thus as ſhe lightly rovd the lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his ſtarry ſeat,
And calld her DISSIPATION: Wilde and young
Still ſhalt Thou be, he ſaid; and this thy fate,
On Man thy ſleights employ, on Man that prowd ingrate.

XLIV.

All happineſſe he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wiſh, whence ſorrow would enſue;
And idle ſtill his prayers invade my ſkies:
But bold and arduous muſt that virtue riſe
Which I accept, no vague inconſtant blaze.
Then be it Thine to ſpred before his eyes
Thy changing colours and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitleſſe ſtill ſhall be that virtue thou canſt daze.

XLV. So

XLV.

So ſwore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he ſwore;
The Fates aſſented, and the Dæmon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe ſhe wore
Was ſtarrd with dewdrops, and of paleſt blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to ſnatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor ſtrays.

XLVI.

So ſhone the Nymph, and prankt in Pleaſures guize
With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth beſett;
Goodneſſe of Hart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendſhip ever feels the drowſie fitt
Juſt when its powre to ſerve could ſerve a whitt.
And ſtill behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron ſcourge remitt,
Whenſo the Fiend reſigns her thralls to them.
Sad caſe, I weet, where ſtill Oneſelfe Oneſelfe muſt blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres reſignd;
In wanton dalliance firſt her nett ſhe ſpred,
And ſoon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She ſoftlie ſtole: yet, while at times he ſped
To Contemplations bowre, his ſight ſhe fled,
Ne on the mountainett with him durſt bide,
Yet homewards ſtill ſhe mett him in the glade,
And in the ſocial cup did ſlily glide,
And ſtill his beſt reſolves eftſoones ſhe ſcatterd wide.

XLVIII. And

XLVIII.

And now, as ſlowly ſauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie mufefull ſtowre,
The ſmooth Deceiver gan his hart aſſail:
His hart ſoon felt the faſcinating powre;
Old Cambrias Genius marks the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her ſea-greene hair;
The conſcious oakes above him ruſtling lowre,
And through the braunches ſighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant JovE rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inſpird,
All by the ſilent hill or murmuring ſtream,
Forſake him now; for all as loſt they deem.
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote ſeem,
And with the Hunters ſoon full blythe was he,
The blytheſt wight of all that blytheſom companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen beſprent with ſilver hore,
Acroſs the ſtubble, bruſhing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, ſagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The ſhott reſounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But ſtill the Younkling kills nor partridge, ſnipe, nor quail.

LI. Yet

LI.

Yet ſtill the queint excuſe is at command;
The dog was raſh, a ſwallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenneſs ſhook his hand,
And there the wind or buſhes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind ſtill ſatisfye:
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whiſpers ſome excuſe, ſome gilden lye,
Himſelfe did gild to cheat himſelfe outright;
God help the man bewitchd in ſuch ungratious plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION ſtill this Treachor waits,
Obſequiouſly behind at diſtance due;
And ſtill to DISCONTENTS accurſed gates,
The Hous of Sorrow, theſe ungodlie Two
Conduct their fainty thralls — Great things to do
The Knight reſolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while ſtill his miſeries grew:
And now theſe Dæmons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT reſignd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the rooſe all rudely rent,
Some parts receive, and ſome exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning ſeemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore;
Yet all in ſight, with towres and caſtles gent,
A beauteous lawnſkepe roſe afore the dore,
The which to vew ſo fayre the Captives grieved ſore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine ſhade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, ſome tents were ſpred;
Here ſat a Preaſſe with eager furious ſtare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowſie Dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
A ſprightlie Troupe ſtill onward heedleſſe ſped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, diſguſtfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with ſullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares.
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight moſt bace,
The Dronkard ſitts. There, ſhent with foul diſgrace,
The thriftleſſe Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends hart gore, in woefull cace
The Duelliſt raves: and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine purſuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk, he ſcrawls
Ships, coches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wiſhd or feard his ghaſtlie walls
Preſent him ſtill, and mock his miſerie.
And there, ſelf-doomd, his curſed ſelfe to flee,
The Gameſter hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim ſeen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed ſhade.

LVII. Near

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard ſatt,
His pining corſe a reſtleſſe ague ſhook,
And bliſtering ſores did all his carkas frett:
All with himſelfe he ſeemd in keen debate;
For ſtill the muſcles of his mouthe he drew,
Ghaſtly and fell; and ſtill with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his hart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full ſore his ſores to vew.

LVIII.

Yet not Himſelfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wiſdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blaſphemd,
And of blinde governaunce did loudlie plain,
While vild Selfe-pity would his eyes diſdain;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dred of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with ſcalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce Selfe-pity ſtill this Wights dire portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there ſtood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the ſilver age, CONTENT did wonne;
This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever ſhun;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie ſeemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And ſuchlich was his Cave, that all with ſorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his purlieus left the hapleſs Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from flight:
But now the late Obtruder ſhuns his ſight,
And dearly muſt be wooed: hard by the den,
Where liſtleſs Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranſient viſit ſometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he raiſd his ſlombering head,
The drery Tyrant at his couch ſtood near;
And ay with ruthleſſe clamour gan upbraid,
And wordes that would his very hartſtrings tear.
See now, he ſayes, where ſetts thy vain career:
Approching eld now wings its cheerleſſe way;
Thy fruitleſſe Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged Winter aſks from Youth its ſtay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonourd gray.

LXII.

Thou haſt no friend! — ſtill on the worthleſſe Traine
Thy kindneſſe flowd, and ſtill with ſcorne repaid:
Even She on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even ſhe regards thee with a boſome dead
To kindly paſſion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
What profit ſtill can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles ſhe eſteems.

LXIII. Thy

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopeleſs ſight!
Ah, wretched Syre! — but ever from this ſcene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever ſhuns his teene.
So paſs his dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne preſent:
So paſs his dayes, while ſtill the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his eares, The brighteſt parts miſpent
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and diſcontent.

LXIV.

But boaſt not of ſuperiour ſhrewd addreſſe,
Ye who can calmly ſpurn the ruind Mayd;
Ye who unmoyd can view the deepe diſtreſſe
That cruſhes to the duſt the Parents head,
And rends that eaſie hart by You betrayd,
Boaſt not that Ye his numerous woes eſchew;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boaſt not his weakneſſe with contempt to vew;
For worthy is He ſtill compard, perdie, to YOU.

GLOSSARY

to the foregoing Poem.

ACCLOYD, diſguſted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, alſo.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.
Bale, harm, ſorrow.
Beene, Frequently uſed by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.
Beſeene, becoming.
Blin, ceaſe, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait.
Carle, old Man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a Peaſant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetiſe, Avarice.
Dan, a Prefix, *quaſi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, diſplayed.
Dernly, ſadly, ſecretly, eagerly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, diſmal, frightful.
Eftſoones, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, alſo.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erſt, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.
Fay, Fairy.
Faytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fere, Companion.
Forby, beſide, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, buſtle.
Frayd, afraid.
Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two Hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.
Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have*.
Heare, Hair. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, ſlattern, coarſe.
Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.
Ken, v. to ſee.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree.
Leache, Phyſician.
Lemman, Miſtreſs, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, baſely, fooliſhly.
Lieſeſt, deareſt.

Malen-

Malengines, Perſons villainouſly employed, Toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Paſtime.
Mery, pleaſant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might.
Murk, dark.
Nathemore, not the more.
Nathleſſe, nevertheleſs.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.
Parfay, } an Aſſeveration,
Perdie, } *quaſi* verily.
Pierſant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Praukt, adorned.
Preaſſe, n. s. a Crowd. So printed in the old Bibles, St. *Mark*, v. 27.
Propine, recompence.
Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, to leave.
Read, to warn, to propheſy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *ruthleſs*, pity, pityleſs.
Salews, ſalutes.
Sell, ſaddle.
Semblaunt, appearance.
Seneſhall, Maſter of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, ſhining, fine.
Shent, diſgraced,
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *ſoothly*, truth, truly.
Stownd, Emotion, Fit, Stir.
Stowre, the ſame as *Stownd*.
Straine, Tenor.
Suchlich, ſuchlike.
Sues, purſues, follows.
Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Theawes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, Devices, Traps,
Tranſmewd, changed, tranſformed.
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troubleſome.
Vild, vile.
Uneath, not eaſy, difficult.
Wareleß, unſuſpecting.
Waſſal, feſtive.
Ween, *weend or wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go.
Weet, much the ſame as *ween*.
Weetleß, thoughtleſs.
Whilom, formerly.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile.
Wight, Perſon.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.
Yblends, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, *quaſi* Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old Engliſh Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular ſignification. The uſe of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conqueſt the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenſer has alſo frequently followed the Saxon Formation in adding the letter *N*, as *Eyen*, Eyes; but this is moſtly uſed in verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c.

THE DESOLATION of AMERICA.

Universa Italia arma adversus Romanos cepit. Quorum ut fortuna atrox, ita causa fuit justissima. Petebant enim eam civitatem, cujus imperium armis tuebantur. Vell. Pat. I. 2. c. 15.

THrough the dim shades by frantic terror led,
From scenes of blood a hoary parent fled;
A tender virgin breathless with her fears,
Hung on his arm, and bath'd him with her tears:
With wearied steps, and with distracted air,
Follow'd the faithful partner of his care.
Through the lone shadows of surrounding night
Trembling they fled, for death pursued their flight.
And oft they stopp'd, and oft they turned their eyes,
Where a vast flame shot raging to the skies,
While every gale that mov'd the dusky air,
Pierc'd their sad ears with accents of despair.
Here horrid shouts of barbarous triumph flow,
Blended with groans, and mingling shrieks of woe:
There feebler wails and dying accents rise,
And rage remorseless thunders to the skies. —

Now ſilent had they reach'd a mountain's ſide,
Whoſe paths unviolated foreſts hide:
There paus'd awhile their ſteps, while each ſurvey'd
The diſtant ruin, from the friendly ſhade. —
At length the wretched mother thus began,
While down her cheeks the liquid ſorrows ran.

And art thou, miſerable daughter, preſt
Once more to thy afflicted parent's breaſt?
And do theſe cloſing eyes thy form behold;
Theſe tears bedew thee, and theſe arms infold?
Yet ah! what pangs, what horrors ſeize my mind,
Ruin and death purſuing cloſe behind!
I ſee, I ſee ſwift burſting thro' the ſhade,
The cruel ſoldier, and the reeking blade.
And there the bloody croſs of Britain waves,
Pointing to deeds of death an hoſt of ſlaves.
To them unheard the wretched tell their pain,
And ev'ry human ſorrow ſues in vain:
Their harden'd boſoms never knew to melt;
Each woe unpitied, and each pang unfelt. —
See! where they ruſh, and with a ſavage joy,
Unſheath the ſword, impatient to deſtroy.
Fierce as the tiger, burſting from the wood,
With famiſh'd jaws, inſatiable of blood!

Yet, yet a moment, the fell ſteel reſtrain;
Muſt Nature's ſacred ties all plead in vain?
Ah! while your kindred blood remains unſpilt,
And Heaven allows an awful pauſe from guilt,
Suſpend the war, and recognize the bands,
Againſt whoſe lives you arm your impious hands! —

Not

Not theſe the boaſt of Gallia's proud domains,
Nor the ſcorch'd ſquadrons of Iberian plains;
Unhappy men! no foreign war you wage,
In your own blood you glut your frantic rage;
And while you follow where Oppreſſion leads,
At ev'ry ſtep a friend or brother bleeds. —

What! could the Sabine wives, with mournful charms,
Suſpend the clamours of deſtructive arms? —
With locks diſhevell'd, ſwifter than the wind,
They ruſh'd along, and left their fears behind.
Though round their heads the winged terrors flew,
No wounds they dreaded, and no dangers knew;
'Till proſtrate on the ground the mourners lay,
Before their lords, and wept their rage away:
'Till each ſtern cheek confeſs'd the ſilent tear,
Down dropt the ſword, and pointleſs wav'd the ſpear. —
O'er haughty Rome did pity then prevail,
And ſhall our tears, our mightier anguiſh fail?
Ye Weſtern maids! that pale and trembling wait
The mournful tidings of your country's fate;
Or led like me by deſp'rate fear, explore
The midnight foreſt, and the deſert ſhore;
O, let your boſoms catch the noble fire,
And emulate the virtue you admire!

Haſte, ruſh with me, to yonder fatal field,
Where ſlaughter rages, and the valiant yield! —
Be no ſoft wreath around your temples roll'd;
No ſilken bands your tender limbs infold;
Throw ev'ry lighter ornament aſide,
Which luxury affords to female pride,

When heighten'd beauty ſhoots her keeneſt rays,
And lovers catch freſh tranſports as they gaze.
Now torn and ſordid be the robes you wear,
Such as befit the daughters of deſpair!
Bid your looſe treſſes float diſorder'd round,
Your throbbing boſoms bare to every wound! —
With all the eloquence of female fears,
Perſuaſive accent, and reſiſtleſs tears;
The frantic geſture, and the panting breaſt,
That ſwells with woe too great to be expreſs'd! —
Theſe are the only arms which nature gave
Your feeble ſex; — yet theſe may win the brave.
Go then, ye wretched mourners! — nor diſdain
To daſh your tender bodies on the plain,
Although polluted with the crimſon flood
Of thouſands ſlain, and wet with kindred blood. —
Meet the ſtern warrior in his dreadful way,
And bid the bloody tide of conqueſt ſtay!
And oh! tho' nature ſhudder at the deed,
Embrace their knees, their cruel hands impede!
'Till the wide weſt behold its hopes reſtor'd,
And half mankind deliver'd from the ſword. —
Wretch that I am! with female weakneſs blind,
What ſudden rage, what phrenzy clouds my mind? —
Can tears, or prayers, the dreadful debt atone? —
Are Britain and her crimes ſo little known? —
It will not be — their boſoms cannot yield,
By guilt, revenge, and all the furies ſteel'd. —
When the fell eagle, ſtooping from above,
Shall ſpare the ſuppliant weakneſs of the dove;
Or when the raging lion ſhall refrain
From blood, tho' hunger-goaded to the plain;

Then

Then may ye ſtrive with prayers and tears to ſtay
The ſons of rapine, ruſhing on their prey.

Then hope, farewell! — e'en now the fiends prevail!
And ſounds of horror ſadden every gale.
Lo! where the ſacrilegious flames ariſe,
And deſolation blazes to the ſkies!
Farewell, lov'd ſeats, whoſe ruins ſtrike my ear,
For ever ſacred, and for ever dear!
Where'er around I turn my mournful eyes,
Sad ſcenes of human miſeries ariſe.
Triumphant rage, revenge, and death are there,
And all the vanquiſh'd feel, and all the victors dare.

Ye faithful partners of my happier ſtate!
And now the dear companions of my fate!
Expell'd, forlorn, beneath a wintry ſky,
Whither, ye wretched mourners, will ye fly?
I ſaw your long and ſad proceſſion go,
Bending beneath unutterable woe.
Each virgin wept, and every mother preſt
A helpleſs infant, trembling at her breaſt. —
Here wretched youth bewails, with frantic air,
It's hopes ſo ſoon extinguiſh'd by deſpair;
There, more inur'd to grief, the matron ſtands,
With haggard eyes, and vainly-lifted hands;
While weak and tottering age, chain'd down below,
Only to drain the bitter cup of woe,
Unapt to fly, and impotent to ſave,
But aſks the dreary bleſſing of a grave.

Farewell the hearth, farewell the chearful board!
The humble roof with every comfort ſtor'd!

With all that bounteous Heav'n beſtow'd in vain,
To ſweeten being, and alleviate pain!
There, the wild rage of conflagration preys,
Wide-darting through the gloom it's angry rays.
Stern as the foe of nature in his walks,
Amid the wreck the horrid ſoldier ſtalks.
His unrelenting hand the wound prepares
For thoſe, whom ev'n the fiery deluge ſpares:
Inſpires new fury to the ſinking flame;
Or ſtabs the ſuppliant babe, and calls it fame!
Fly rather to the wild and pathleſs wood,
Than truſt the mercy of yon men of blood! —
But oh! in vain to woods and wilds ye fly,
No friend, no refuge, no aſſiſtance nigh.
How will your weak and tender limbs ſuſtain
The piercing cold, the froſt, the driving rain;
When, ev'n the famiſh'd ſavage of the wood,
Lurks in the covert, and abſtains from blood? —
Yet ſuch muſt be your doom — to theſe ye fly
Beneath the fury of a wintry ſky.
While wandering through the dank, unwholeſome ſhade,
Chill'd by the dews, by every blaſt diſmay'd,
Ye ſeek in vain, with torn and bleeding feet,
The friendly cottage, and the warm retreat:
What hope ſhall then the ſenſe of ill control?
What voice ſpeak comfort to the fainting ſoul?
When not a riſing ſtar, with feeble beams,
Through the thick veil of midnight darkneſs ſtreams;
Nor ſound is heard along the gloomy ſhore,
But ruſhing tempeſts and the ocean's roar;
Or ſavage monſters prowling for their prey,
Or men more cruel and more fierce than they? —

For

For here, the venom'd ſerpent ſhoots his ſtings,
Howls the gaunt wolf, the lurking tyger ſprings:
And the fell Indian, Britain's ready aid,
Wields his keen ax, and murders in the ſhade.

In vain, for food, the dying infant cries,
With ghaſtly viſage, and beſeeching eyes: —
The pious mother doom'd to certain death,
For his dear ſake, retains the fleeting breath;
But while, with fatal tenderneſs, ſhe drains
The milky treaſures, and exhauſts her veins;
She ſees her breaſt deny it's balmy flood,
And fills his guiltleſs mouth with ſtreaming blood:
Then with a burſting heart from pain retires,
Looks up to Heaven, and on her babe expires.

Ye death-devoted bands! for you I groan,
And in your dreadful doom behold my own.
No more, no more in gentle ſmiles array'd,
Death drops his lance, and woos me to the ſhade;
But, arm'd with terrors, riſes on my ſoul,
And drives me vainly ling'ring to the goal.
For you, whom now with dying eyes I view,
Unhappy offspring! all my griefs renew. —
O lov'd in life, and dear beyond the tomb!
O wretched heir of all your parent's doom!
Wreck'd in the port, without a pilot hurl'd,
To meet the tempeſts of an adverſe world,
Who now ſhall ſhield your weak defenceleſs age,
From want and miſery, and hoſtile rage?
Unhappy girl! what now avail thy ſighs?
Why doſt thou turn on me thy faded eyes?

Why round thy mother twine thy claſping arms,
With mute expreſſive looks, and mournful charms?
Oh! that my blood pour'd forth, had power to ſave,
How joyful would I ſink into the grave!
Exulting ruſh, life's darken'd ſcene forego,
And bleſs the hand that bade me reſt from woe!

O doom'd to ruin! why did Heaven ordain
Thy entrance on this dreary world of pain?
And why did I, fond mother, bleſs the morn,
When firſt a child of miſery was born? —
But I, fond mother, hail'd thee to my arms,
Heedleſs of fate, and gloried in thy charms.
Tranſported ſaw thy opening beauties riſe,
Like ſome fair flower beneath propitious ſkies:
But little knew, that ere life's noon was paſt,
It's tender leaves muſt wither in the blaſt. —
O wretch! whom nature's choiceſt gifts inſnare,
With beauty curs'd, and to thy ruin fair;
Are theſe the ſcenes to which thy youth invites,
The ſacred torch and hymeneal rites;
The altar where the anxious lover ſtands,
And raptur'd wreathes the conſecrated bands? —
And where is he, the guardian, to whoſe arms
Thy parents had decreed thy willing charms?
Perhaps in honourable battle ſlain,
He lies unburied, and pollutes the plain.
Or pale and bleeding, draws his feeble breath,
This inſtant ſtruggling with the pangs of death:
While ſome ſtern Briton views, with ſcornful eyes,
The hero's fall, and mocks his agonies. —

And

And better, nobly falling in the ſtrife,
To ſink at once from infamy and life;
Then, for a loathſome being, loſt to fame,
Baſely ſurvive to miſery and ſhame.
For ſhame and miſery alone remain,
The victor's inſult, and the captive's chain.
— Eternal God! whoſe piercing eye can dart
Through all concealment's mazes, to the heart;
Whoſe power, when happy, we no more confeſs,
But taught by ſufferings, in thy vengeance bleſs;
Outcaſts of nature, by the world betray'd,
To thee we bend, all helpleſs and diſmay'd:
Victims of human rage, of lawleſs hate,
And trembling on the dreadful verge of fate.
'Tis thine alone theſe terrors to control,
And riſe in comfort on the troubled ſoul.
Thou with one glance can'ſt all theſe ſtorms reſtrain,
And men ſhall threat, and Demons rage in vain! —
She ceas'd, and ſunk upon her daughter's breaſt,
For grief unutterable choak'd the reſt;
When with ſuperior dignity of woes,
And more compos'd deſpair, the father roſe.
Thrice on the dreadful ſcene he turn'd his eyes,
Then thus with arms extended to the ſkies.
— Not that, the victim of revenge and hate,
I periſh by an undiſtinguiſh'd fate,
Shall fear appal, or paſſion ſhake my mind;
For all the hopes and joys I leave behind.
Be witneſs, Heav'n! that my firm breaſt diſdains
To feel a ſorrow for it's private pains. —
I ſee the horrors which around me wait;
Nor aſk nor hope to deprecate my fate. —

Caught

Caught in the ſweeping toil which covers all,
Alike unpitied, and unmark'd I fall.
My foot already trembles on the verge —
I hear from far the daſhing of the ſurge;
But ſtrive in vain to fly — ſo vaſt, ſo wide,
Deſtruction rolling on, impels it's waſteful tide. —

But oh! my country, when I turn my eyes
Upon thy fall, and view thy miſeries:
Thy ſlaughter'd warriors, and thy captive dames,
Thy roofs polluted, and thy towers in flames;
Thy ſacred walls by impious ſlaughter ſtain'd,
Thy rights invaded, and thy ſhrines prophan'd;
By tides of grief, and ſhame, and fury toſt,
The boaſted firmneſs of my ſoul is loſt:
Unmanly ſighs from my ſwoln boſom break,
And tears of anguiſh tremble on my cheek. —
Devoted realm! what now avails thy claim,
To milder virtue, or ſublimer flame?
Or, what avails, unhappy land! to trace
The generous labours of thy patriot race?
Who urg'd by fate, and fortitude their guide,
On the wild ſurge their deſperate fortune tried;
Undaunted every toil and danger bore,
And fix'd their ſtandards on a ſavage ſhore:
What time they fled, with an averted eye,
The baneful influence of their native ſky;
Where, ſlowly riſing through the duſky air,
The Northern meteors ſhot their lurid glare.
In vain their country's genius ſought to move,
With tender images of former love,
Sad riſing to their view, in all her charms,
And weeping wooed them to her well-known arms.

The

The favour'd clime, the ſoft domeſtic air,
And wealth and eaſe were all below their care.
Since there an hated tyrant met their eyes,
And blaſted every bleſſing of the ſkies.
For not the winding ſtream, or painted vale,
The ſweets of ſummer, or the vernal gale,
Were form'd to fetter down the noble ſoul,
Beneath the magic of their ſoft controul.
Wherever nature bids her treaſures riſe;
Or circling planets ruſh along the ſkies;
Or ocean rolls his ever-ebbing wave;
Has fate ordain'd a refuge for the brave;
Who claims from Heaven, and Heaven allows the claim,
To live with freedom, or to die with fame;
And finds, alike contented with his doom,
In every clime, a country, or a tomb.

O gen'rous ſouls, renown'd through every age,
Vain were your labours, vain your patriot rage;
Vain the great deed, when prodigal of blood,
Ye ſtem'd oppreſſion, and repell'd the flood.
— What! though eternal fame diſplay'd her meed?
And earth admir'd, and Heaven approv'd the deed?
When freedom reaſſum'd her awful reign,
And juſtice triumph'd in a STUART ſlain?
Again, exulting in their country's woes,
A long ſucceſſive race of tyrants roſe —
Fall'n, but not cruſh'd, the monſter rais'd his head,
With renovated poiſons from his bed.
With ten-fold rage he rear'd his creſt on high,
And ſable wings that darken'd all the ſky;
Bent the wide Eaſt with unreſiſted ſway,
And blaſted every virtue in his way. —

And

And now, no more by nature's bounds confin'd,
He ſpreads his dragon pinions to the wind.
The genius of the Weſt beholds him near,
And freedom trembles at her laſt barrier.
In vain ſhe deem'd in this ſequeſter'd ſeat
To fix a refuge for her wand'ring feet;
To mark one altar ſacred to her fame;
And ſave the ruins of the human name; —
He comes, he comes, exulting in his force —
He comes —, and deſolation marks his courſe:
Gloomy as night, ſtern as the kindred forms
Of hell, and fiercer than a thouſand ſtorms. —

What boots it now, unhappy land! to boaſt
Thy towering cities, or thy ſea-girt coaſt?
Where ocean ſaw unnumber'd navies ride
Proudly triumphant on his ſubject tide;
And from their teeming wombs, exulting, pour
The varied produce of each diſtant ſhore.
Ah! what avail thy widely-ſtretch'd domains;
Thy waving harveſts, or thy cultur'd plains;
Thy lawns for plenty's choiceſt gifts renown'd;
Thy ſwelling hills with purple vintage crown'd;
Thy fav'ring ſuns that ſhoot propitious beams;
Thy nodding foreſts, and thy ruſhing ſtreams?
Where late fair peace ſat brooding o'er the plain,
And gather'd nations to her halcyon reign:
'Till mid the bleak, inhoſpitable wild,
Order uprear'd her head, and nature ſmil'd?

Swift as the lightning ſhoots its angry glance,
Through thy fair fields I ſee the peſt advance.

Deſtru-

Deſtruction fills his hand; and in his haſte
He withers earth, and lays creation waſte. —
No more the ripening harveſt waves its pride;
Nor yellow canes their luſcious treaſures hide;
Nor lowing herd the winding valley fills;
Nor thouſand flocks ſport on a thouſand hills;
No more, at early dawn, the ſhepherd's voice
Salutes the morn, or bids the groves rejoice;
Nor breath of muſic floats along the glade;
Nor maiden's ſong ſoft trilling through the ſhade;
— But o'er the waſted fields and dreary plains
In ſilent horror deſolation reigns. —
All ſad and pale the wounded peaſant flies;
Fear urges on, yet oft he turns his eyes;
And ſees behind him, as he ſlow retires,
His blazing cottage, and purſuing fires. —

But oh! what melancholy ſounds I hear!
What notes of anguiſh vibrate on my ear!
Sounds that to every breaſt might ruth impart,
And all but mollify a Britiſh heart.
The cries of wretched mothers, that in vain
Lament their fate, and mourn their children ſlain;
The virgin's ſhriek who, trembling in the duſt,
Weeps the pollution of a ruffian's luſt;
The mangled infant's wail that, as he dies,
Looks up in vain for pity to the ſkies;
The ſtifled groans of fortitude diſtreſt,
Slow burſting from the wounded warrior's breaſt,
That ſcorns his own, but mourns his country's fates,
And ſinks indignant from a world he hates.

Howl, howl, thou genius of the weſtern ſhore!
Thy hopes extinguiſh'd, and thy fame no more!
The labours of an age at once laid low,
Beneath the vengeance of a mightier foe!
Wide o'er the ruin'd fields which once were thine,
See! the proud bands of adverſe Europe ſhine!
See! daring prows thy vanquiſh'd waves divide,
Sport on thy billows, and inſult thy tide! —
All that rewarded once thy children's toil,
Riches and arts, become the victor's ſpoil.
Thy ſwelling columns, thy majeſtic ſpires,
Bow to their baſe, and moulder in the fires.
The impious ſteel thy ſacred haunt invades,
And guilt and tyranny pollute thy ſhades.
O'er all the ſcene inſatiate vengeance reigns,
Nor Heaven itſelf can vindicate its fanes.

But oh! what rage theſe guilty deeds inſpires?
Who wields the faulchin, and who hurls the fires?
No foreign hate impels this ſtorm of death,
That rolls impetuous down, and cruſhes all beneath.
Each claim rejected now, that once was priz'd,
All piety contemn'd, and faith deſpis'd,
See! the fell parent by the fiends poſſeſt,
Plants her keen dagger in the offspring's breaſt!
Inexorably fierce, alike unaw'd
By ſhame, by nature, or by nature's god!

Vainly our fields have all their gifts ſupplied,
To ſate her luxury, or ſooth her pride.
Patient of ſufferings, and unbroke by toils,
In vain our race have yielded up their ſpoils;

And

And ſeen the ſons of idle pomp conſume
Their fragrant treaſures, and nectareous bloom.
While fetter'd induſtry ſtood weeping by,
And mark'd the teeming earth, and favouring ſky;
Mark'd, but not dar'd to uſe — Oh! impious pride! —
The bleſſings Heaven beſtow'd, but man denied.
For her alone our commerce ſpread the ſail,
Through all our harbours, to the weſtern gale:
And every wave ſome precious offering bore,
To deck her cities, or increaſe her ſtore. —
Too fond of fame, and prodigal of life,
Our warriors bled, where'er ſhe wag'd the ſtrife:
On every ſhore, in every combat tried,
For her they conquer'd, and for her they died. —
Our induſtry and valour rear'd the mound,
Where now ſhe ſits, and darts her rays around;
And imp'd her flight, when touch'd by glory's flame,
She ſpread her eagle wings, and ſoar'd to fame.

But now no thought, nor memory remains
Of all our former merits, and our pains.
The future, Heaven; the paſt, oblivion hides;
And friendſhip's ſlighted bonds the ſword divides.
Lo! Britain bended to the ſervile yoke,
Her fire extinguiſh'd, and her ſpirit broke,
Beneath the preſſure of deſpotic ſway;
Herſelf at once the ſpoiler and the prey;
Deteſt the virtues ſhe can boaſt no more,
And envies every right to every ſhore!
At once to nature and to pity blind,
Wages abhorred war with human kind.
And whereſoe'er her ocean rolls his wave,
Provokes an enemy, or meets a ſlave. —

But free-born minds, inſpir'd with nobler flame,
Atteſt their origin, and ſcorn the claim.
Beyond the ſweets of pleaſure and of reſt,
The joys which captivate the vulgar breaſt;
Beyond the dearer ties of kindred blood;
Or brittle life's too tranſitory good;
The ſacred charge of liberty they prize,
That laſt, and nobleſt preſent of the ſkies.

Theſe are the crimes, for which, in ruin hurl'd,
The wrath of Britain burſts upon the world. —
Theſe are the crimes, for which our race muſt feel
The flames of vengeance, and the ruthleſs ſteel;
All ills, all wrongs that e'er the vanquiſh'd ſhar'd;
All crimes remorſeleſs conqueſt ever dar'd;
Whate'er vindictive tyrants can decree
For ſouls, that train'd to honour dare be free;
Whatever horrors ſtigmatize the time,
When guilt prevails, and virtue is a crime. —

For impotent in rage, oppreſſion calls
The banded world to our devoted walls.
Where'er the crimes of lawleſs power degrade
The harden'd breaſt, and blood becomes a trade;
Thence, lur'd by Britiſh gold, the ſpoiler leads
His ſquadrons, and the brib'd aſſaſſin bleeds.
Here, loſt to all their former virtue, ſhine
The venal legions of the ſervile Rhine:
Hither, as to a certain quarry, flies
The gloomy hunter from his frozen ſkies:
But far more fell, more dreadful than the reſt,
From his dark foreſt ſprings the ſavage peſt

Untaught

Untaught in open fields the fight to dare,
Or with firm foot await the coming war;
Through woods and waſtes the ſilent miſchief glides,
As hope of ſpoil, or thirſt of vengeance guides:
Then like a tyger crouching by the way,
Forth ruſhes on his unſuſpecting prey;
Torture and death alone his thoughts employ:
Blood his delight, and havoc all his joy:
The miniſter of hell, and Britain's hate,
Nature's abhorrence, and the ſcourge of fate!

— Yet, gracious Heaven! tho' clouds may intervene,
And tranſitory horrors ſhade the ſcene;
Though for an inſtant virtue ſink depreſt,
While vice exulting rears her bloody creſt;
Thy ſacred truth ſhall ſtill inſpire my mind,
To caſt the terrors of my fate behind!
Thy power which nature's utmoſt bound pervades,
Beams thro' the void, and cheers deſtruction's ſhades,
Can blaſt the laurel on the victor's head,
And ſmooth the good man's agonizing bed,
To ſongs of triumph change the captive's groans,
And hurl the powers of darkneſs from their thrones!

— How long, O ſtorm-toſt veſſel! wilt thou ride,
The ſport of winds, and victim of the tide?
While all the elements thy wreck conſpire,
The ſeas in tempeſts, and the ſkies on fire? —

— Yet let the lightnings flaſh! — the billows whelm! —
Be firm, great pilot, nor deſert the helm!
See! where a beam of everlaſting light,
The gloom diſperſing, riſes on thy ſight!

Promiſe of ſafety, harbinger of bliſs;
To guide thee wandering on the vaſt abyſs! —

O then unmov'd the mighty danger wait!
Nor ſink below the meaſure of thy fate! —
Though from each quarter gathering tempeſts riſe,
Though whirlwinds rock the earth, and tear the ſkies;
Let neither doubt impede, nor fear tranſport, —
Theſe are the gales which waft thee to the port!

THE END.

THE

PEASANT of AUBURN; *

OR

THE EMIGRANT.

By T. COOMBE, D. D.

The ſhort and ſimple Annals of the Poor.

DARK was the ſky, and fatal was the morn,
When firſt from AUBURN'S vale I roam'd forlorn.
The neighbouring ſwains came penſive o'er the lea,
And parting breath'd their laſt kind prayers for me.
Ah! gentle ſouls, your prayers for me how vain,
The man of ſorrow, penury, and pain!

Thus EDWIN mourn'd, pale, melancholy, ſlow,
Where wild OHIO'S ſounding waters flow.
The ſun ſet low'ring on the plaints he made,
And ſavage howlings doubly gloom'd the ſhade.

O Thou, in publick toils with glory tried,
Whoſe high-born honours are thy humbleſt pride,

* It is almoſt ſuperfluous to inform the reader that the hint of this little poem is taken from Dr. Goldſmith's Deſerted Village.

Whoſe private worth, in fame's proud fane enroll'd,
Time ſhall emblaze in characters of gold;
Illuſtrious HOWARD! ſhield th' unpoliſh'd lays
Which twine this cypreſs wreath around thy bays.
And whilſt thy breaſt matures each patriot plan
That gladdens life, and man endears to man,
Hear what big woes the village group befel,
By AUBURN's penſive bard foretold too well.

Night o'er the ſcene her duſky horrors drew,
The ſtars burn'd dim, the rapid whirlwind flew;
E'en the lone cot denied its cheering ray,
As o'er the wild the wanderer urg'd his way.
No more the birds prolong'd their ſoothing ſtrain,
No more the landſcape ſtole a pang from pain;
In every buſh deſtruction ſeem'd to hide,
And hoarſe beneath him foam'd the ſullen tide.
Amidſt uncoffin'd bones, as thus he paſs'd,
Where many a gallant Briton breath'd his laſt, *
From diſtant hills ſtrange fires began to glow,
That mark'd the ravage of the barbarous foe.
The ſcene, the hour, renew'd the trickling tear,
When thus, with mingled groans, the mournful ſeer.

God of my life! protect me as I ſtray,
Where human wolves in murd'rous ambuſh lay.

Once I was bleſt beyond the peaſant's lot,
In humble neatneſs roſe my little cot.
I ſaw my whitening fleece the down adorn,
I ſaw my valley wave with golden corn,
I ſaw

* This part of America was the ſcene of Braddock's defeat.

I ſaw my duteous children round me bloom,
Nor envied pride its palace and its plume.
Pleas'd with what heaven had lent, and far from ſtrife,
Calm, unreprov'd, I walk'd the vale of life.
But vain the humbleſt hope the poor can form,
When fierce oppreſſion wings th' unfeeling ſtorm.
Nor peace, nor love, nor merit's modeſt woe,
Can or avert, or mitigate the blow.
Alas! regardleſs of the ſuppliant train,
The tyrant lord uſurps the whole domain.
The peaſant's glebe, his garden's decent bound,
The ſhade he rear'd, the lane with ſweet-briar crown'd,
All, all muſt yield, as wills imperious pride,
And e'en the ſtraw-thatch'd cottage is denied.
Hence, at this hour, by deſperate ſorrow led,
A baniſh'd man, I roam the world for bread.

Yet witneſs heaven, tho' ſuch thy chang'd decrees,
Ne'er did I waſte my hours in loitering eaſe;
Ne'er did thy bleſſings prompt a wiſh to ſtray,
Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue bleſs'd my day.
Conſtant at dawn to hardy toils I roſe,
Brav'd the bleak winds, and deſolating ſnows;
Whilſt ſweet contentment lent her magic power,
Soften'd the gale, and warm'd the frozen ſhower,
Still ſad remembrance fondly calls to view
The field where once the branching poplar grew.
'Twas there, when ſpring renew'd the ploughman's toil,
My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged ſoil;
There, with my ſickle, thro' long ſummer days,
I work'd, regardleſs of the noontide blaze;
And there the labouring band, as leiſure ſway'd,
The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,

Led up their ſports along the bordering green,
Whilſt age look'd on, and bleſs'd the harmleſs ſcene,
Such were my toils, in days too bright to laſt,
Such joys were mine, but all thoſe joys are paſt!

Mean tho' I was, and circled too with care,
Yet, bleſt with little, I had ſtill to ſpare.
No neighbour's ſorrows but aſſail'd my breaſt,
No poorer brother left my door unbleſt.
To all my mite, to ſome, more ſingly dear,
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.
Oft times, returning from the taſk of day,
I hail'd the weary trav'ller on his way,
Remark'd the hour of reſt was nearly come,
And preſs'd the ſtranger to my ſocial home.
Heedleſs of future ills, the playful train,
To meet their ſire, came ſhouting o'er the plain,
With eager joy their little news convey'd,
Or round the green their mimick dance diſplay'd.
Perhaps, ſome neighbouring ſwain of genial ſoul
Would lift the latch, and join our ſober bowl;
And, whilſt his ſoothing tales engag'd the gueſt,
Of ſlighted love, or modeſt worth diſtreſt,
Whate'er our dairy, or our fields afford,
In frugal plenty ſmil'd upon the board.
Bleſt ſocial home! and ye dear diſtant bowers!
Scenes of my youth, and all my bliſsful hours,
Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,
This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.
E'en now weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,
Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.

Good heaven! what anguiſh wrung this boding heart,
When the rough boatſwain gave the word to part.
Then firſt the tear, at nature's bidding, fell,
As bleeding Friendſhip preſs'd its long farewel.
Pale on mine arm Connubial Mildneſs hung,
Fond Filial Duty round my boſom clung.
Firm for their ſakes, along the ſurf-beat ſtrand,
And whiſpering peace, I led the weeping band;
Deceiv'd their thoughts from AUBURN's much-lov'd plain,
And talk'd of happier ſeats beyond the main.
Poor aged man! ſince that eventful day
Deſpair and terror mark'd thee for their prey.
War, ſickneſs, famine, burſting on thine head,
Mock thy vain toils, and weigh thee to the dead.

Ah me! the words our pious Preacher ſpoke,
When firſt to him my mournful mind I broke.
"EDWIN," he ſaid, with looks of kind diſmay,
"Earth's meteor hopes but glitter to betray.
"Thou canſt not fly from God's all-chaſtning hand,
"Storms ſweep the ocean, diſcord blaſts the land.
"No change of climate can reverſe our doom,
"Life's various roads all center in the tomb."
Thus the meek ſage my raſh reſolve repreſt,
Whilſt tears of pity bath'd his hoary breaſt.
Oh! had I liſten'd to his wiſe alarms,
Then had I died at home in friendſhip's arms.

Twelve tedious weeks we plough'd the wintry main,
And hop'd the port, but hop'd alas in vain,
Till left of heaven, and preſs'd for daily bread,
Each gaz'd at each, and hung the ſickly head.

Two little ſons, my hope, my humble pride,
Too weak to combat, lauguiſh'd, wail'd, and died.
Stretch'd on the deck the breathleſs cherubs lay,
As buds put forth in April's ſtormy day.
Not EMMA's ſelf remain'd my woes to cheer,
Borne with her babes upon a watery bier.
Five days ſhe ſtruggled with the fever's fire,
The ſixth ſad morn beheld my ſaint expire.
Theſe trembling lips her lips convulſive preſt,
Theſe trembling hands ſuſtain'd her ſinking breaſt;
Theſe trembling hands diſcharg'd each mournful rite,
Sooth'd her laſt pang, and ſeal'd her dying ſight.
To the ſame deep their dear remains were given,
Their mingled ſpirits wing'd their flight to heaven.

One only daughter, in life's vernal pride,
Surviv'd the wreck that whelm'd my all beſide.
Snatch'd from the peace of death, and loathing day,
On bleak Henlopen's coaſt the mourner lay.
Theſe aged arms her languid body bore
Through the rude breakers to that ruder ſhore.
Mercy, ſweet heaven! and did the pitying ſtorm
Spare but for deeper ills that angel form!
Bleſt had we ſunk unheeded in the wave,
And mine and LUCY'S been one common grave.
But I am loſt, a worn-out, ruin'd man,
And fiends complete what tyranny began.

Much had I heard, from men unus'd to feign,
Of this New World, and Freedom's gentle reign.
'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud maſter ſpurn'd,
The poor man ate ſecure the bread he earn'd;

That

That verdant vales were fed by brighter ſtreams
Than my own Medway, or the ſilver Thames;
Fields without bounds ſpontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bleſs'd the favour d ſhore.
Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care,
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baſeleſs as the air.

Is this, O dire reverſe, is this the land,
Where nature ſway'd, and peaceful worthies plann'd!
Where injur'd freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd ſeat, her laſt aſylum held!
Ye glittering towns that crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witneſs the change, and as ye witneſs weep.
Mourn all ye ſtreams, and all ye fields deplore
Your ſlaughter'd ſons, your verdure ſtain'd with gore.

Time was, bleſt time, to weeping thouſands dear,
When all that poets picture flouriſh d here.
Then War was not, Religion ſmil'd and ſpread,
Arts, Manners, Learning rear'd their poliſh'd head;
Commerce, her ſails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on theſe coaſts the treaſures of the world.
Paſt are thoſe halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.
Brothers 'gainſt brothers riſe in vengeful ſtrife,
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life,
Sons, leagued with foes, unſheath their impious ſword,
And gore the nurturing breaſt they late ador'd.

How vain my ſearch to find ſome lowly bower,
Far from thoſe ſcenes of death, this rage for power;
Some quiet ſpot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pauſe from woe, and calmly die.

No ſuch retreat theſe boundleſs ſhades embrace,
But man with beaſt divides the bloody chace.
What tho' ſome cottage riſe amid the gloom,
In vain its paſtures ſpring, its orchards bloom;
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here, as I trace my melancholy way,
The prowling INDIAN ſnuffs his wonted prey.
Ha — ſhould I meet him in his duſky round —
Late in theſe woods I heard his murderous ſound —
Still the deep war-whoop vibrates on mine ear,
And ſtill I hear his tread, or ſeem to hear.
Hark, the leaves ruſtle! what a ſhriek was there!
'Tis he! 'tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
Hold, coward heart, I'll anſwer to the yell,
And chace the murderer to his gory cell.
Savage! — but oh! I rave — o'er yonder wild,
E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
She, the dear ſource and ſoother of my pain,
My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor LUCY! in whoſe face, whoſe breaſt,
My long-loſt EMMA liv'd again confeſt,
Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
Soon ſhall the turf infold this wearied head;
Soon ſhall my ſpirit reach that peaceful ſhore,
Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to rue the fatal morn
When firſt from AUBURN'S vale I roam'd forlorn.

He ſpoke — and frantic with the ſad review,
Prone on the ſhore his tottering limbs he threw.

Life's

Life's crimſon ſtrings were burſting round his heart,
And his torn ſoul was throbbing to depart;
No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd ſtranger near,
To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
Angels of grace, your golden pinions ſpread,
Temper the winds, and ſhield his houſeleſs head.
Let no rude ſounds diſturb life's awful cloſe,
And guard his relicks from inhuman foes.
O haſte, and waft him to thoſe radiant plains,
Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal reigns.

THE END.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PRINCE of PEACE.

AN ODE.

Written in the year 1779.

O THOU! that on the ſapphire throne
Of glory ſeated, look'ſt on human race
With eyes of tendereſt love! ſtill deign to own,
Tho' much their madneſs ſlight thy proffer'd grace,
The ſons of thoughtleſs ALBION! Write thy law
Freſh in their Hearts! that now, on blood intent,
With complicated vengeance, ſtrive to draw
The thunders down of Heaven's keen puniſhment!
Plac'd at the dread right-hand of POWER SUPREME,
Extend thy mercy ſtill! ſtill mighty to redeem!

Black with no crimes of common dye,
No common woes involve a guilty land:
Revengeful War's loud clangours rend the ſky,
Terror and frantic Rage around her ſtand.
Afflicted Commerce flies to happier ſhores,
With Peace retiring, courts the proſperous gale;
The ſad ſeceſſion Induſtry deplores,
And mutual confidence and plenty fail.
Pale Want and dark Diſtruſt and deadly Fear
A gloomier hour portend and evils more ſevere!

See War ſtalk forth with giant ſtride!
Far o'er the weſtern wave ſhe bends her courſe;
In brother's blood her gory garments dy'd!
While Britons Britons meet with hoſtile force.
Ah what avail, to ſtem the riſing flame
That civil Diſcord's baleful torch ſupplies,
Or Reaſon's voice, or Nature's feeble claim,
Or ancient amity, or kindred ties!
Vain, uſeleſs all! the raging dæmon reigns
From cold Canadia's hills to Georgia's diſtant plains.

Ah! better far, in ocean's breaſt
If undiſcover'd ſtill thoſe regions lay!
If ſtill no pilot, turning to the weſt,
Purſued the ſtar of eve's retiring ray!
In evil hour, alas, ill-fated land!
The bold Ligurian firſt thy coaſt explor'd,
With prow adventurous ſought thy unknown ſtrand,
And midſt thy wondering ſons his navy moor'd.
Soon as the proſperous bark in triumph rode,
With more than mortal hopes his boſom glow'd.

What varied wonder fill'd his mind,
All EDEN riſing to his raptur'd view!
Here dwelt, he deems, the firſt of human kind,
And here the trees of life and knowledge grew.
THE ISLES OF BLISS now bloom to Fancy's eye:
But that no dragon guards their fruits of gold;
'Tis here, he thinks, thoſe bliſsful iſlands lie,
Nor doubts the dream that fabling bards have told.
The bright illuſion on his Mind impreſt,
Heſperian Groves he ſees, the Manſions of the bleſt!

A ſplendid viſion, ſoon to fade!
Ah might he now the ſad reverſe behold!
In vain thoſe groves extend their bliſsful ſhade,
In vain they glow with vegetable gold!
In vain hath Induſtry, with noble ſtrife,
O'er ſleeping Nature wav'd his potent wand;
And, as her features ſoftened into life,
Smiled o'er the works of his creative hand.
In vain the riſing Arts unfold their plan,
Whate'er or life adorns, or dignifies the man.

What, tho' Religion's morning-ray
Chace from the weſtern world the ſhades of night?
In vain, from darkneſs burſting into day,
Aſtoniſh'd tribes adore the wond'rous light.
Muſt then no more that morning-ray, ſo pure,
To blinded Ignorance its light ſupply?
Alas! that Britons ſhould that Light obſcure!
And quench in blood the Day-ſpring from on high!
From Nature's ſimple path miſlead the blind,
And prompt to deeds of Hell the unenlighten'd mind!

Lo! now, arous'd to ſavage war,
Their horrid rites begin; the chiefs advance:
Hark! their wild orgies echo from afar!
Their ſongs of death, that time the warriour-dance!
Their orgies ended, forth with ſilent tread
They ſteal along beneath the veil of night:
In coward murder bent, alike they dread
The glare of day or foe prepar'd to fight.
Now with light leaves they ſtrew the trackleſs way;
Now crouching creep along to ſpring upon their prey.

Perchance

Perchance, in that unguarded hour
When wearied Nature ſinks in ſweet repoſe,
Some parent, bound by ſleep's ſubduing power,
Awhile forgets his own and country's woes:
Kind Fancy paints to his deluded ſight
His infants ſporting where no foes moleſt;
Their looks contemplating with fond delight,
He claſps the ſmiling mother to his breaſt.
His lighten'd heart the flattering dream beguiles,
And golden harveſts wave, and Peace returning ſmiles.

Ah dream deluſive! ſoon to end!
The human fiends now ſpread deſtruction wide:
Hither their deſolating courſe they bend,
With Death that walks in darkneſs at their ſide!
The yell, that rends th' affrighted air,
Proclaims with ſavage ſound their purpoſe done.
With rage of hell the mangled limbs they tear!
With rage of hell, from blood to blood they run!
Carnage and conflagration mark their way;
Youth, age, and beauty fall, an unreſiſting prey.

Yet infants hold no forfeit life —
They, ſinleſs Beings! ſurely 'ſcape the foe!
Their little hands provoke no hoſtile ſtrife;
Save ſmiling innocence, no arms they know!
With tears, that more than ſpeak, they ſurely move
The murderer's breaſt, recalling nature's law;
Or melt to mercy with their looks of love,
The heart, now milder than the milk they draw!
In vain — their little tears ſhall not avail!
Nor Innocence — their coat of mail!

And ſee, where feeble age extends
His nerveleſs arm! to ward th' impending blow;
He vainly tries! th' impending blow deſcends!
Subdu'd he falls beneath th' inſulting foe!
Alas! life's evening hop'd a brighter cloſe!
Not theſe the promiſes that nature gave!
He fondly thought, with glory to repoſe
Belov'd and honour'd in the peaceful grave.
His grave, alas, the vulture ſhall ſupply!
Bleach'd by the parching winds his bones unbury'd lie!

Yet Beauty meets a milder doom —
Yet female weakneſs bends the ſtubborn ſoul —
In vain or ſex ſhall plead, or beauty bloom:
Their furious paſſions feel no ſoft controul.
Perchance e'en now, in yon ſequeſter'd bower
Some maid ſhall liſten to her lover's voice,
In thought anticipate the golden hour,
When holy rites ſhall ſanctify her choice.
Vows of long love ſhe breathes, with fondeſt breath!
Ah! ſoon to cancel all thoſe vows in death!

E'en now ſhe hears the ambuſh'd foe:
What ſound, ſhe ſtarting cries, pervades my ear?
In yonder moonlight glade it lingers ſlow —
No foe inſidious ſurely lurking near!
Suſpect, the youth replies, no baſe deſign;
Our ſafe retreat what prying foe ſhall find?
'Twas but the whiſper of the murmuring pine,
Or diſtant waters ſounding in the wind.
Her fears remov'd, he thinks no danger nigh,
And reads freſh tranſports in her ſmiling eye.

Alas! that eye ſhall ſmile no more!
No more that lovely cheek with beauty glow!
In graceful negligence no more ſhall flow
Thoſe waving ringlets ſtiff with clotted gore!
The wolves of war now rend that flowing hair!
Impending o'er their agonizing prize,
With gnaſhing unrelenting fangs they tear
The horrid trophy of their victories!
This ſees the youth, expiring as he lies,
With aggravated horror ſees and dies!

O BRITONS, fam'd for gentle Hearts!
On guilty cheeks let conſcious bluſhes riſe!
At deeds like theſe revolting nature ſtarts,
And mild Humanity recoils and dies.
In crimes of deepeſt dye no longer ſhare:
Ungenerous BRITONS, ſpare your country's ſhame!
Your injur'd country's faded glory ſpare,
Nor thus to infamy conſign her name!
Be her's the praiſe, than Valour's greater far,
With Clemency's kind hand to ſooth the woes of war

Vain hope! e'en now new horrors riſe!
New modes of brutal warfare unexplor'd!
In Engliſh hands the ſcourge of fury flies,
And flames devour the remnant of the ſword.
In Engliſh hearts diſgraceful triumph reigns,
As wide the ſtreams of deſolation ſpread.
Not ſuch the chief, that on Germania's plains
His country's valiant ſons to victory led!
To conquer leſs ambitious than to ſave,
He waſh'd with pitying tears th' unwilling wounds he gave.

Ah! ſurely dead to human woe
Their iron hearts, that deeds like theſe approve!
All future Hope they ſurely muſt forego,
Nor fear a vindicating Power above!
And yet — to Heaven they bow the ſuppliant knee,
And breathe the formal prayer with lips defiled;
And yet — they lift their blood-ſtain'd hands to Thee,
To Thee, meek Saviour, merciful and mild!
And yet — to Thee thoſe hands they DARE to ſhew!
To Thee, who did'ſt COMMAND affection to the foe!

Man's guardian friend! at Pity's call
Once more thy ſpirit in their hearts renew!
And, O may Heaven, whoſe mercy ſtoops to all,
Their crimes forgive! — they know not what they do!
In rival breaſts awake thy law of Love!
From Thee all human hope, all comfort ſprings!
The mutual wound's keen anguiſh to remove,
Ariſe once more with healing on thy wings!
So may each doubt diſſolve, all Diſcord ceaſe,
And kindred nations bow before THE PRINCE OF PEACE!

MOR-

MORNING, or the COMPLAINT.

An American Eclogue.

By the Rev. Mr. GREGORY.

FAR from the ſavage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or diſtant din of horrid deſpot's arms,
Tho' Pennſylvania boaſts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd,
And ſtream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields tho' rip'ning rays deſcend,
With bluſhing fruit tho' loaded branches bend;
To thoſe who ne'er muſt freedom's bleſſings taſte,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthleſs waſte.

While hoarſe the cataract murmur'd on the gale,
And chilling dews ſwept through the murky dale;
Along the hills the diſmal tempeſt howl'd,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafleſs tree, ere morn aroſe,
The ſlave Adala thus laments his woes:
Ye griſly ſpectres, gather round my ſeat,
From caves unbleſt, that wretches groans repeat!
Terrific forms, from miſty lakes ariſe!
And bloody meteors threaten thro' the ſkies!
Oh curs'd deſtroyers of our hapleſs race,
Of human kind the terror and diſgrace!

Lo! hoſts of duſky captives, to my view,
Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!
And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom,
And o'er the ſalt ſea wave pronounce your doom, —
But Gods are juſt, and oft the ſtroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold deſpair.
Lift high the ſcourge, my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!
With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie;
Oppreſs'd by pain and want the aged ſigh;
Thro' reedy huts the driving tempeſt pours,
Their feſtering wounds receive the ſickly ſhowr's;
In mad'ning draughts our lords their ſenſes ſteep,
And doom their ſlaves to ſtripes and death in ſleep:
Now, while the bitter blaſt ſurrounds my head,
To times long paſt my reſtleſs ſoul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearleſs roves —
O bliſsful ſeats! O ſelf-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltleſs hours! Our cares and wants were few,
No arts of luxury, or deceit we knew.
Our labour, ſport — to tend, our cottage care,
Or from the palm the luſcious juice prepare;
To ſit, indulging love's deluſive dream,
And ſnare the ſilver tenants of the ſtream;
Or (nobler toil!) to aim the deadly blow
With dextrous art againſt the ſpotted foe;
O days with youthful daring mark'd! — 'twas then
I dragg'd the ſhaggy monſter from his den,
And boldly down the rocky mountain's ſide,
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.

Our

Our healthful ſports a daily feaſt afford,
And ev'n ſtill found us at the ſocial board.

Can I forget? Ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was ſwept away!
Th' affrighted maids in vain the Gods implore,
And weeping view from far the happy ſhore;
The frantic dames impatient ruffians ſeize,
And infants ſhriek, and claſp their mothers' knees;
With galling fetters ſoon their limbs are bound,
And groans throughout the noiſome bark reſound.
Why was I bound! Why did not Whydah ſee
Adala gain or death or victory!
No ſtorms ariſe, no waves revengeful roar,
To daſh the monſters on our injur'd ſhore.
Long o'er the foaming deep to worlds unknown,
By envious winds the bulky veſſel's blown,
While by diſeaſe and chains the weak expire,
Or parch'd endure the ſlow conſuming fire.
Who'd in this land of many ſorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrants give?
Tyrants unbleſt! Each proud of ſtrict command,
Nor age nor ſickneſs holds the iron hand;
Whoſe hearts, in adamant involv'd, deſpiſe
The drooping females tears, the infants cries,
From whoſe ſtern brows no grateful look o'erbeams,
Whoſe bluſhleſs front nor rape nor murder ſhames.
— Nor all I blame, for Naſtal, friend to peace,
Thro' his wide paſtures bids oppreſſion ceaſe; *

* The Quakers in America have ſet free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other ſervants.

No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
Nor ſtern compulſion damps th' exalted mind.
There ſtrong Arcona's fated to enjoy
Domeſtic ſweets, and rear his progeny;
To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
To Naſtal's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
His mind at eaſe, of Chriſtian truths he'll boaſt —
He has no wife, no lovely offspring loſt.
Gay his ſavannah blooms, while mine appears
Scorch'd up with heat, or moiſt with blood and tears.
Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
While to the ſtorm the ſad Adala mourns.
Lift high the ſcourge, my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!
Shall I his holy prophet's aid implore,
And wait for juſtice on another ſhore?
Or ruſhing down yon mountain's craggy ſteep,
End all my ſorrows in the ſullen deep?
A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
The daſhing wave beneath roars harſh and loud —
But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
The gulf of death once paſs'd what ſhore we find?
Dubious, if ſent beyond th' expanded main;
This ſoul ſhall ſeek its native realms again;
Or if in gloomy miſts condemn'd to lie,
Beyond the limits of yon arching ſky.
A better proſpect oft my ſpirit cheers,
And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,
And fleeting viſions of my former life,
My hoary ſire I claſp, my long-loſt wife,
And oft I kiſs my gentle babes in ſleep,
Till with the ſounding whip I'm wak'd to weep.

Lift

Lift high the ſcourge, my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.
Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the ſea,
Who vaunt your hardy anceſtors were free;
Whoſe teachers plead th' oppreſs'd and injur'd's cauſe,
And prove the wiſdom of your prophet's laws;
To force and fraud if juſtice muſt give place,
You're dragg'd to ſlavery by ſome rougher race,
Some rougher race your flocks ſhall force away,
Like Afric's ſons your children muſt obey;
The very Gods that view our conſtant toil,
Shall ſee your offspring till a ruder ſoil,
The pain of thirſt and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments that from bondage flow,
When, far remov'd from Chriſtian worlds we prove,
The ſweets of peace, the laſting joys of love.
But hark! the whip's harſh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb freſh horrors ſeize —
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I ſit alone —
Be ſtrong, my ſoul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians proceed! Adala ne'er ſhall ſwerve,
Prepare the rack, and ſtrain each aching nerve!
Lift high the ſcourge, my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.
Thou God, who gild'ſt with light the riſing day!
Who life diſpenſeſt by thy genial ray!
Will thy ſlow vengeance never, never fall,
But undiſtinguiſh'd favour ſhine on all?
O hear a ſuppliant wretch's laſt, ſad pray'r!
Dart fierceſt rage! infect the ambient air;
This pallid race, whoſe hearts are bound in ſteel,
By dint of ſuffering teach them how to feel.

Or

Or to ſome deſpot's lawleſs will betray'd,
Give them to know what wretches they have made!
Beneath the laſh let them reſign their breath,
Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death.
Or, worſt of ills! within each callous breaſt,
Cheriſh uncurb'd the dark internal peſt,
Bid AV'RICE ſwell with undiminiſh'd rage,
While no new worlds th' accurſed thirſt aſſuage;
Then bid the monſters on each other turn,
The fury paſſions in diſorder burn:
Bid DISCORD flouriſh, civil crimes increaſe,
Nor one fond wiſh ariſe that pleads for peace —
Till with their crimes in wild confuſion hurl'd,
They wake t' eternal anguiſh in a future world. *

EVENING, or the FUGITIVE.

An American Eclogue.

By the ſame.

MOMBAZE, ZAMBOIA with a Child.

MOMBAZE.

SAY whither, wand'rer, points thy cheerleſs way,
When length'ning ſhades announce the cloſe of day?
In yon wild waſte no friendly roof thou'lt find,
The haunt of ſerpents, and the ſavage kind. —

And

* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

And ſure rememb'rance mocks me, or I trace
In thine the ſemblance of Zamboia's face?
Yet ſcarce thyſelf! for in thy alter'd eye
I read the records of hard deſtiny. —
From thy rack'd boſom ſighs that ceaſeleſs flow,
A man beſpeak thee, exercis'd in woe.
Say, then, what chance has burſt thy rigid chains,
Has led thee frantic o'er theſe diſtant plains?
What potent ſorrows can thy peace infeſt?
What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breaſt?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infeſt, this hand defile,
Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign ſoil.
A murder'd wife, and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,
And buried joys, that never ſhall return!
If, then, thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
Take this poor life, and proſper by the deed!

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's ſhore,
Not all the miſer's heap'd and glittering ſtore,
Not all that pride would graſp, or pomp diſplay,
Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
No traitors dwell within this bleſt domain,
The friends of peace we live, a guileleſs train.
Grief dims thy eye, or gladly would'ſt thou ſee
Thy lov'd Mombaze yet ſurvives in me.
Can'ſt thou forget? I taught thy youth to dare
The ſylvan herd, and wage the deſp'rate war;
Can'ſt thou forget? One common lot we drew,
With thee inchain'd, a captive's fate I knew:

Diſtruſt

Diſtruſt me not, but unreſerv'd diſcloſe
The anxious tale that in thy boſom glows;
To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
And ſocial ſorrows blunt the darts of fate.

ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my ſight that form, and doubly dear
Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.
Oh! had I died, and left the name of ſlave
Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave!
Oh! had I died, ere ruthleſs fates conſtrain,
With thee enthrall'd, to croſs the weſtern main!
Oh! to have met a glorious death in arms,
And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
Time would be ſhort, and memory would fail,
To dwell diſtinctly on the various tale. —
Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were try'd,
To ſooth the ſmart of ſtill revolting pride. —
I liv'd, and lov'd — Then kiſs'd the fatal chain;
No joy but one to cheer a life of pain. —
Yet witneſs bear, thou dear departed ghoſt,
That lonely rov'ſt thy Gambia's ſacred coaſt!
How ſweet the toil that met the morning's ray,
How light the labour that o'er-laſted day!
The reed-built hovel, and the ſcanty fare,
Imperial bliſs could give, Melinda there!
Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breaſt,
When o'er-preſs'd Nature droop'd in want of reſt!
And if a rebel tear diſgrac'd my eye,
Thine was the tear, and thine the burſting ſigh.
Bliſs I could boaſt, unenvied had it paſs'd,
But bliſs too great for hapleſs ſlaves to laſt.

A wretch

A wretch, who baniſh'd from his native clime,
Defil'd with many a black and monſtrous crime,
Preſided o'er us, and with iron hand
Held ſavage ſway o'er all the ſervile band,
In him each helliſh paſſion rudely glow'd,
And cruelty in him moſt cruel ſhew'd.
Him luſt infernal, one ſad ev'ning, led
T' invade the chaſteneſs of my marriage bed:
I chanc'd t'approach — the caitiff I ſurpriz'd —
My wife preſerv'd, and had his guilt chaſtis'd,
While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart —
But chance reſerv'd him for a baſer part.
Meanwhile o'erjoy'd that vice e'en once had fail'd,
I bleſs d the gods that innocence prevail'd.
The baffled villain, now a foe profeſs'd,
Rolls ſcenes of blood within his rank'ling breaſt;
With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale;
And hands unrighteous poize the partial ſcale.
Imputed crimes to cruſh the weak ſuffice,
Hearſay is guilt, and damning fact ſurmiſe.
Where uncurb'd will uſurps the place of laws,
No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cauſe.
Our tyrant's fears each want of proof ſupply'd,
We ſtand condemn'd, unqueſtion'd, and untry'd.
Oh! had the grief and ſhame been all my own,
And the black vengeance lit on me alone!
But harſher fates a harder curſe decreed;
Theſe eyes were doom'd to ſee Melinda bleed.
I ſaw her by relentleſs ruffians bound,
The brandiſh'd ſcourge inflict the mortal wound,
Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
I ſaw her welt'ring in a flood of gore.

The murd'rous ſcene had ſoon a dreadful cloſe —
And do I live! and can I ſpeak my woes!
Her pregnant womb no longer could ſuſtain
The public ſhame, and agony of pain!
A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
And pangs convulſive ſeal'd her eyes in death.
One only pledge my weary ſoul detains;
This hapleſs infant, all that now remains;
The mournful image of my once lov'd wife,
And ties me down awhile to hated life.
Elſe this bold hand ſhould liberty reſtore,
And my rapt ſpirit ſeek a happier ſhore.
Thro' devious paths with timid haſte we fly,
Where yon blue mountains meet the bending ſky. —
Nor ſerpents haunts I dread, nor deſarts drear,
The maſter-ſavage, Man, alone I fear.

MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to part,
Such pointed ſorrows have not touch'd my heart.
Inſatiate plunderers! could it not ſuffice
To rend, inhuman, all the ſocial ties!
From guiltleſs joys, that bleſs'd our native ſoil,
Dragg'd to a life of miſery and toil;
Would you yet take the little God has giv'n,
And intercept the gracious dews of Heav'n!
Your rage for blood, wild as your thirſt of gain,
Shall no reſpects, no truths divine, reſtrain!
The eternal fabric can a name undo?
Is rape and murder ſanctified in you?
And us, what laws, as impious as ſevere,
Forbid the common rights of man to ſhare?

Didſt

Didſt thou, creative Power! thy views confine
For one proud race the ſpacious earth deſign?
For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
Bluſh in the fruit, and tinge the ſcented gale?
For them the ſeaſons all their ſweets unfold?
Blooms the freſh roſe, and ſhines the waving gold?
O no, all-bounteous is thy equal hand,
And thy fix'd laws irrevocable ſtand!
Hapleſs Zamboia! had it been thy fate
With me to ſhare my more propitious ſtate;
Thy ſoul had breath'd no impious wiſh to die,
Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
Disjoin'd from thee, I too to ſlavery went;
But Heaven a father, not a maſter, lent. —
He ſeems, as Virtue's ſelf in mortal guiſe,
Tho' wealthy, ſimple, and tho' modeſt, wiſe.
Bleſt be the hand that life and freedom gave!
That pow'r can boaſt, exerted but to ſave!
Bleſt the ſage tongue, that ſtor'd the vacant mind!
The manners ſoften'd, and the heart refin'd!
That ſtill to Heaven's unerring dictates true,
Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
But come! thy faint and weary limbs repoſe,
Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compoſe;
By morning's dawn with earneſt foot I ſpeed,
Nor ſleep theſe eyes till I behold thee freed.
Some wealth I have, and did I prize it more,
Well ſpared for this I deem the ſacred ſtore.
So talk'd theſe friends, and to the cottage haſte;
While ſad Zamboia his purſuers trac'd;
The ruffian band arreſt the hapleſs ſwain,
And pray'rs and tears and promiſes are vain;

Their vengeful fervour, no — not gifts abate;
But bound in chains, they drag him to his fate. *

THE
HAUNCH of VENISON.

A Poetical Epiſtle to Lord CLARE.

By the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Veniſon, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmoak'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy.
Tho' my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting,
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;
As in ſome *Iriſh* houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One Hammon of Bacon hangs up for a ſhow:
But for eating a Raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.
But hold — let me pauſe — Don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the Bacon a damnable Bounce?

Well,

* A higher reward is generally offered for the *head* of a fugitive Negro, than for bringing him alive.

Well, ſuppoſe it a Bounce — ſure a Poet may try,
By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no Bounce: I proteſt in my Turn,
It's a Truth — and your Lordſhip may aſk Mr. *Burn*.
To go on with my Tale — as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
I thought of a Friend that was truſty and ſtaunch;
So I cut it, and ſent it to *Reynolds* undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt.
Of the Neck and the Breaſt I had next to diſpoſe;
'Twas a Neck and a Breaſt that might rival *M—r—ſe*:
But in parting with theſe I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's *H—d*, and *C—y*, and *H—rth*, and *H—ff*;
I think they love Veniſon — I know they love Beef.
There's my Countryman *H-gg-ns* — Oh! let him alone,
For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.
But hang it — to Poets who ſeldom can eat,
Your very good Mutton's a very good Treat;
Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,
It's like ſending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.
While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,
An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himſelf, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-ſpoken Fellow was he,
And he ſmil'd, as he look'd at the Veniſon and me.
What have we got here? — Why this is good eating!
Your own I ſuppoſe — or it is in Waiting?
Why whoſe ſhould it be? cried I, with a Flounce,
I get theſe Things often; — but that was a Bounce:
Some Lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate oſtentation.

If that be the caſe then, cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this Houſe in my Way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No Words — I inſiſt on't — preciſely at three:
We'll have *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,
My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my *Lord Clare*.
And now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner!
We wanted this Veniſon to make out the Dinner.
What ſay you — a paſty — it ſhall, and it muſt,
And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for cruſt.
Here, Porter — this veniſon with me to *Mile-end;*
No ſtirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear friend!
Thus ſnatching his hat, he bruſht off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,
And no body with me at ſea but myſelf;
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman haſty,
Yet *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, and a good veniſon paſty,
Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his wife.
So next Day in due ſplendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair lumber'd cloſet juſt twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite dumb,
With tidings that *Johnſon*, and *Burke* would not come.
For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
The one with his ſpeeches, and t'other with *Thrale;*
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;

The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna* — he owns to *Panurge*,
While thus he deſcrib'd them by trade, and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;
At the Sides there was ſpinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty — was not.
Now, my Lord, as for Tripe it's my utter averſion,
And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Perſian*;
So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d—'d *Scottiſh* Rogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles and his brogue,
And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
Pray a ſlice of your liver, tho' may I be curſt,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt.
The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in the week:
I like theſe here dinners, ſo pretty and ſmall;
But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
O — Oh! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
There's a Paſty — A Paſty! repeated the *Jew*,
I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.
What the De'il, Mon, a Paſty! re-echoed the *Scot*;
Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that.
We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out;
We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.
While thus we reſolv'd, and the Paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid;

A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd *Priam* in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could miſtake her?
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the Baker:
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven,
Had ſhut out the Paſty on ſhutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus — but let Similes drop —
And now that I think on't, the Story may ſtop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour miſplac'd,
To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;
You've got an odd ſomething — a kind of diſcerning —
A reliſh — a taſte — ſicken'd over by learning;
At leaſt, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,
You may make a miſtake, and think ſlightly of this.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE *from a Clergyman to a young gentleman of the Law.*

IN great Auguſtus' golden days,
When Horace held the ſeal of bays,
And ſagely made reports of caſes,
To ſerve all future times and places;
'Twas found that * not a human wight,
(If I conceive his meaning right)
Liv'd eaſy in his own eſtate,
But always prais'd his neighbour's fate.

Succeeding

* Vide Sat. I. Lib. I.

Succeeding times with ſacred awe
Have the preſcription held as law;
And to this day you cannot find
One creature that, with patient mind,
Endures for better and for worſe
His proper life's determin'd courſe.

Thus the fond country damſel prays
For balls, and maſquerades, and plays;
Whilſt your town ladies wiſh to rove
Thro' the green glade and ſhady grove:
Thus damns the Captain, blood and fire,
And longs to reſt an eaſy 'Squire;
Whilſt the fierce 'Squir' impatient glows
To meet in arms his country's foes:
And thus to cut the matter ſhort,
(For why in long exampling ſport
When one home caſe the truth will ſhew?)
You like the church, and I the law.

But ſince no pow'r propitious hears
The peeviſh tenor of our pray'rs,
And, ſpite of all our noiſe and din,
You muſt read briefs, I rail at ſin;
Let us, my friend, with nicer eye,
The nature of our ſtations try;
See if the maſs we ſo deplore
Contain not ſome intrinſic ore;
Some latent principle of good,
Sure to be priz'd when underſtood.

And firſt, t'obſerve an order due,
'Tis proper my own caſe to view;

As children of diſtinguiſh'd taſte,
Still eat the daintieſt bits the laſt.
'Tis true, from crape ſome torment ſprings;
Lean curacies are hateful things;
Diſtreſſing cramps to gen'rous ſpirit,
You ſcarce can treat a friend of merit:
And then your ruſty wig and gown
Excite the laugh of ev'ry clown.
But when ſome years have roll'd away,
Some patron of benignant clay
(Time move thy lazy pinions quicker;)
May ſet me down a thankful vicar.
Now ſee the proſpect brighten round:
Unnumber'd comforts ſtrait abound;
A fair three hundred pounds a year,
Good books, neat houſe, and dainty cheer,
A mettled nag, perhaps a chair,
To ride abroad and take the air;
"In ſummer, ſhade; in winter, fire,"
And Sunday, dinners with the 'Squire.
Mean while, my ev'ry bliſs t'improve,
With life's beſt cordial, gen'rous love,
Some fair Selinda, lovely name,
May gradual catch the tender flame,
And yield the treaſure of her charms
With ſweet reluctance to my arms.
If then my friend ſhould ſteal from town,
With all the anger of the gown,
And ſee his parſon in good caſe,
Bleſt with th' eſteem of all the place;
See the dear partner of my heart,
All ſoftneſs act the kindeſt part;

See young Selindas, good and fair,
Climb up my knee the kiſs to ſhare:
Pray how could Fortune more preſent?
What room for pining diſcontent?
Proceed we now to place the next
(Like good dividers of a text)
In which the Muſe ſhall make appear
You've much to hope, and nought to fear.
Where Garrick holds his mimic reign
(Mere mortals call it *Drury-lane*)
You've ſeen, the firſt or ſecond night,
A new-born piece produc'd to light.
Scene firſt, a friend o' th'hero ſays
Something that puts you in amaze,
Of great events impending near,
And dangers threaten'd to his dear;
But for your life you can't divine,
Where tends this ſtrange involv'd deſign!
The plot proceeds; you've got a clue
That guides the whole performance thro';
And plain as noſe upon your face
You ev'ry turn and winding trace.
Hear, gentle friend, th' inſtructive lay;
Your law reſembles juſt the play.
At *writ*, *ejectment*, *certiorari*,
Trover, and *ſcirefacias* ſtare ye?
Have patience; mark with eye profound;
And ſoon you'll tread on clearer ground.
What viſion's that? In court you ſtand,
With nervous tongue and waving hand,
Pleading the injur'd orphan's cauſe,
Whilſt ſtill Attention ſpeaks applauſe.

And now Britannia's patriots join
To bid you in the ſenate ſhine:
With all a Pitt's undaunted force,
You ſtem Corruption's head-long courſe;
Break the vile chain by Slav'ry worn,
And bleſs the ages yet unborn.
O may I live to ſee the day,
When crowds ſhall hail you on your way,
For ſelfiſh ſchemes of feigning good,
Or frontleſs Rapine juſt ſubdu'd;
The Muſe ſhall pour her ſtrongeſt lays,
And grow immortal by your praiſe.

Thus ev'ry ſtate, at diſtance due,
If we the piece attentive view,
Shews tints in ſweet aſſemblage laid,
Nor all is light, nor all is ſhade.

Then let us, to our lot reſign'd,
All-patient ply with ſteady mind
The preſent oar, howe'er it teize us; —
The reſt when heav'n-born Fortune pleaſes.

TO a KINSMAN,

on his intended marriage.

1.

SEE! the wild herds of nymphs and ſwains!
A deſpicable throng:
See! how they ſtrive in Hymen's chains,
And drag their plagues along.

2. Keen

2.

Keen Anguiſh, Hate, or waſting Care
On every footſtep treads,
While pining Want, and black Deſpair,
Hang hov'ring o'er ther heads.

3.

Yet fools in crowds are following ſtill
Through the ſame thoughtleſs road,
Which leads far wide from Wiſdom's hill,
To Sorrow's dark abode.

4.

See! how they ruſh before the prieſt,
And bid his altars ſmoke:
He deems them juſt above the beaſt,
The fitter for the yoke.

5.

Fondly they view the golden gate,
And haſte to enter in,
Where Mirth diſplays its guileful bait
And veils the ſnare within.

6.

Blind Cupid helps the dire deceit,
As folly guides his hand,
And laughing Momus hides the cheat,
Till Fancy ties the band.

7.

Then for a while in giddy noiſe
The revels ſhake the plain:
One hour is ſpent in empty joys,
And All beyond is pain.

8.

The dawn appears! the ſhades retire!
And the gay viſion flies:
Loſt are the dreams of fond deſire:
But ſolid woes ariſe.

9.

In ſtrong tumultuous paſſions toſt,
Their comforts ſoon are dead:
Fair Peace and Happineſs are loſt,
And Hope for ever fled.

10.

Juſt is their doom. 'Tis luſt; 'tis gold;
'Tis Sex alone can pleaſe;
While mercenary Love is ſold,
And pairs ſuch minds as theſe.

11.

The village ſwain thus views his flock,
And governs abſolute:
Whilſt he attentive rears his ſtock,
And couples every brute.

12.

Such common things may well be bound
With any of their kind:
But who, young kinſman, ſhall be found
To match thy nobler mind?

13.

The brighteſt nymphs who crowd our ſcenes,
And bid the world admire,
Are but ſome finer clay machines,
Void of celeſtial fire.

14. Thus

14.

Thus China's vaſes give delight;
Trim, gaudy, ſmooth, and gay;
Whilſt gazing females bleſs the ſight,
And wiſh their hearts away.

15.

So ſhine themſelves in Beauty's dreſs;
As clear their poliſh'd ſkin;
But elſe 'tis all vaſt emptineſs,
Or duſt and filth within.

16.

Uſeleſs alike the painted jar,
And ſhowy tinſel maid:
Both charm the ſenſes, view'd afar,
And pall when near diſplay'd.

17.

Bluſhes and Virtue hence are fled,
In theſe degen'rate days:
This huge rotundity we tread,
And loſt mankind decays.

18.

Few heavenly forms adorn the ſtage,
Since Nature waxes old:
One is the labour of an age
Wrought in a perfect mould.

19.

Could I but find that ſingle She,
Incomparable Boy!
Stamp'd with the hand which faſhion'd Thee,
And pure without alloy,

20.

Then ſhould my Muſe to Hymen bend,
And ſhout his wheels along,
With eager joy his ſteps attend,
And tune the grateful ſong.

21.

And lo! propitious to my vows,
Behold! the God appears,
Smiling he leads thy deſtin'd ſpouſe,
And chaſes all my fears.

22.

Fair Virgin, hail! hail, blooming Fair!
Thrice hail! exalted Maid!
High as my warmeſt wiſhes were,
They nobly here are paid.

23.

Bleſt are mine eyes which view the ſight:
But doubly bleſt is He
Who gives thy gentle thoughts delight,
And reſts his ſoul on Thee.

24.

With conſcious Innocence ſhe moves
Where Honour points the way;
Sage Pallas all her ſteps approves,
And glads the nuptial day.

25.

Here praiſe is weak; here words are vain;
Let Fancy reign ſupreme:
Since Pope in his ſublimeſt ſtrain,
Muſt ſink beneath the theme.

TO the NYMPH of P * * * WATERS.

— *καλιϛον ὑδωρ επι γαιαν ἰηϛιν.* Hom.

I.

O Green-ſtol'd Nymph, whoſe fount reſtor'd my fair,
When ſickneſs crop'd the beauties of her face;
Ne'er may the rainy South thy pow'rs impair,
Nay never reptile foul thy ſtream diſgrace.

II.

While on the T — deep-harrowing Winter reigns,
Not the leaſt wrinkle may thy ſurface know;
And while the north binds E — in icy chains,
In lapſe unfetter'd may thy waters flow.

III.

May Spring's firſt cowſlips on thy borders bloom;
Thy banks firſt echo to the cuckoo's lay;
Firſt round thee Fragrance fling each rich perfume;
Thy thickets firſt exclude the noon-tide ray.

IV.

What time blythe Auguſt on thy margin plays,
To thee, ſweet-featur'd Nymph (ſo Jove ordains)
Each year bland Health a ſolemn viſit pays,
And, while thy groves are green, with thee remains.

V.

O may no wayward hags, of aſpect foul,
Brew their dire potions near thy willowed ſpring;
Nor melt the waxen ſemblance, as they howl
Dread orgies to their grimly-ſmiling king.

VI.

But oft when Night has hung with black the ſky,
And only Heſper ſheds his ſilent ray,
May dapper Fays around their revels ply,
Till Chanticleer awake the dawn of day.

VII.

Oft may their muſic lonely trav'lers cheer,
And ſwains belated oft their lights perceive;
Thy rills ſhall ſtop their dimply courſe to hear,
And love-lorn Philomel forget to grieve.

VIII.

May gay-dreſt Pleaſure wanton on thy plains,
May vaſt increaſe thy ploughman's toil repay;
May never clarion fright thy peaceful ſwains,
Nor battle tear them from their wives away.

IX.

Thy healing powers the Youth ſhall yearly ſing,
And Age, recruited, wreaths on thee beſtow;
For, truſt the preſcient Muſe, O virtuous Spring!
While murmurs Helicon, thy fount ſhall flow.

X.

Not mine, be told the truth, not mine the lays,
Unheard, the favour of the Nine I ſue;
Love cull'd this chaplet of immortal praiſe,
And grateful ſprinkled with Caſtalian dew.

ANA-

ANACREON'S DOVE.

By the late Dr. JOHNSON.

Lovely Courier of the ſky,
Whence and whither doſt thou fly?
Scattering, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it buſineſs? — Is it Love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove!

"Soft *Anacreon's* vows I bear,
"Vows to *Myrtale* the fair,
"Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
"Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art;
"*Venus*, courted by an Ode,
"On the Bard her Dove beſtow'd.
"Veſted with a maſter's right,
"Now *Anacreon* rules my flight:
"His the letters that you ſee,
"Weighty charge conſign'd to me.
"Think not yet my ſervice hard,
"Joyleſs taſk without reward;
"Smiling at my maſter's gates,
"Freedom my return awaits.
"But the liberal grant in vain
"Tempts me to be wild again;
"Can a prudent Dove decline
"Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
"Over hills and fields to roam,
"Fortune's gueſt without a home;
"Under leaves to hide one's head,
"Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed!

"Now my better lot beſtows
"Sweet repaſt and ſoft repoſe:
"Now the generous bowl I ſip,
"As it leaves *Anacreon's* lip;
"Void of care and free from dread,
"From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
"Then with luſcious plenty gay,
"Round his chamber dance and play;
"Or, from wine as courage ſprings,
"O'er his face extend my wings;
"And, when feaſt and frolic tire,
"Drop aſleep upon his lyre:
"This is all, — be quick and go,
"More than all thou canſt not know;
"Let me now my pinions ply,
"I have chatter'd like a pye."

ADDRESS to FRIENDSHIP.

By ANN YEARSLEY,

a Milkwoman of Briſtol.

FRIENDSHIP! thou nobleſt ardor of the ſoul!
immortal eſſence! languor's beſt ſupport!
Chief dignifying proof of glorious man!
Firm cement of the world! endearing tie,
Which binds the willing ſoul, and brings along
Her chaſteſt, ſtrongeſt, and ſublimeſt powers!

All elſe the dregs of ſpirit. Love's ſoft flame,
Bewildering, leads th' infatuated ſoul:
Levels, depreſſes, wraps in endleſs miſts,
Contracts, diſſolves, enervates, and enſlaves,
Relaxes, ſinks, diſtracts, while Fancy fills
Th' inflaming draught, and aids the calenture.
Intoxicating charm! yet well refin'd
By Virtue's brightening flame, pure it aſcends,
As incenſe in its grateful circles mounts,
Till, mixt and loſt with thee, it boaſt thy name.

Thou unfound bleſſing! wo o'd with eager hope,
As clowns the nightly vapour ſwift purſue,
And fain wou'd graſp to cheer their lonely way;
Vain the wide ſtretch, and vain the ſhorten'd breath,
For, ah! the bright deluſion onward flies,
While the ſad ſwain deceiv'd, now cautious treads
The common beaten track, nor quits it more.

Not unexiſting art thou, but ſo rare,
That delving ſouls ne'er find thee; 'tis to thee,
When found, if ever found, ſweet fugitive,
The noble mind opes all her richeſt ſtores;
Thy firm, ſtrong hold ſuits the courageous breaſt,
Where ſtubborn virtues dwell in ſecret league,
And each conſpires to fortify the reſt.

Etherial ſpirits alone may hope to prove
Thy ſtrong, yet ſoften'd rapture; ſoften'd more
When penitence ſucceeds to injury;
When, doubting pardon, the meek, pleading eye
On which the ſoul had once with pleaſure dwelt,
Swims in the tear of ſorrow and repentance.

The faultleſs mind with treble pity views
The tarniſh'd friend, who feels the ſting of ſhame;
'Tis then too little barely to forgive;
Nor can the ſoul reſt on that frigid thought,
But ruſhing ſwiftly from her Stoic heights,
With all her frozen feelings melted down
By Pity's genial beams, ſhe ſinks, diſtreſt,
Shares the contagion, and with lenient hand
Lifts the warm chalice fill'd with conſolation.

Yet Friendſhip's name oft decks the crafty lip,
With ſeeming virtue clothes the ruthleſs ſoul:
Grief-ſoothing notes, well feign'd to loook like Truth,
Like an inſidious ſerpent ſoftly creep
To the poor, guileleſs, unſuſpecting heart,
Wind round in wily folds, and ſinking deep
Explore her ſacred treaſure, baſely heave
Her hoard of woes to an unpitying world;
Firſt ſooths, enſnares, expoſes and betrays.
What art thou, fiend, who thus uſurp'ſt the form
Of the ſoft cherub? Tell me, by what name
The oſtentatious call thee, thou who wreck'ſt
The gloomy peace of ſorrow-loving ſouls?
Why thou art Vanity, ungenerous ſprite,
Who tarniſheſt the action deem'd ſo great;
And of ſoul-ſaving eſſence. But for thee,
How pure, how bright wou'd Theron's virtues ſhine;
And, but that thou art incorp'rate with the flame,
Which elſe wou'd bleſs where'er its beams illume,
My grateful ſpirit had recorded here
Thy ſplendid ſeemings. Long I've known their worth.

O, 'tis the deepeſt error man can prove,
To fancy joys diſintereſted can live,

Indiſ-

Indiſſoluble, pure, unmix'd with ſelf;
Why, 'twere to be immortal, 'twere to own
No part but ſpirit in this chillig gloom.
My ſoul's ambitious, and its utmoſt ſtretch
Wou'd be, to own a friend — but that's deny'd.
Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
Which kindly melted at my woe-fraught tale:
Start back, Benevolence, and ſhun the charge;
Soft bending Pity, fly the ſullen phraſe,
Ungrateful as it ſeems. My abject fate
Excites the willing hand of Charity,
The momentary ſigh, the pitying tear,
And inſtantaneous act of bounty bland,
To miſery ſo kind; yet not to you,
Bounty, or charity, or mercy mild,
The penſive thought applies fair Friendſhip's name;
That name which never yet cou'd dare exiſt
But in equality. * * * *
* * * * * * *

On Mrs. MONTAGUE.

By the ſame.

WHY boaſt, O arrogant, imperious man,
Perfections ſo excluſive? are thy powers
Nearer approaching Deity? can'ſt thou ſolve
Queſtions which high Infinity propounds,
Soar nobler flights, or dare immortal deeds,
Unknown to woman, if ſhe greatly dares

To uſe the powers aſſign'd her? Active ſtrength,
The boaſt of animals, is clearly thine;
By this upheld, thou think'ſt the leſſon rare
That female virtues teach; and poor the height
Which female wit obtains. The theme unfolds
Its ample maze, for Montagu befriends
The puzzled thought, and, blazing in the eye
Of boldeſt oppoſition, ſtrait preſents
The ſoul's beſt energies, her keeneſt powers,
Clear, vigorous, enlighten'd; with firm wing
Swift ſhe o'ertakes his Muſe, which ſpread afar
Its brighteſt glories in the days of yore;
Lo! where ſhe, mounting, ſpurns the ſtedfaſt earth,
And, ſailing on the cloud of ſcience, bears
The banner of Perfection. —
Aſk Gallia's mimic ſons how ſtrong her powers,
Whom, flaſh'd with plunder from her Shakſpeare's page,
She ſwift detects amid their dark retreats
(Horrid as Cacus in their thieviſh dens);
Regains the trophies, bears in triumph back
The pilfer'd glories to a wond'ring world.
So Stella boaſts, from her the tale I learn'd;
With pride ſhe told it, I with rapture heard.

O, Montagu! forgive me, if I ſing
Thy wiſdom temper'd with the milder ray
Of ſoft humanity, and kindneſs bland:
So wide its influence, that the bright beams
Reach the low vale where miſts of ignorance lodge,
Strike on the innate ſpark which lay immers'd,
Thick clogg'd, and almoſt quench'd in total night —
On me it fell, and cheer'd my joyleſs heart.

Unwel-

Unwelcome is the firſt bright dawn of light
To the dark ſoul; impatient, ſhe rejects,
And fain wou'd puſh the heavenly ſtranger back;
She loaths the cranny which admits the day;
Confus'd, afraid of the intruding gueſt;
Diſturb'd, unwilling to receive the beam,
Which to herſelf her native darkneſs ſhews.

The effort rude to quench the cheering flame
Was mine, and e'en on Stella cou'd I gaze
With ſullen envy, and admiring pride,
Till, doubly rous'd by Montagu, the pair
Conſpire to clear my dull, impriſon'd ſenſe,
And chaſe the miſts which dimm'd my viſual beam.

Oft as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong guſts of thought wou'd riſe, but riſe to die;
The portals of the ſwelling ſoul ne'er op'd
By liberal converſe, rude ideas ſtrove
Awhile for vent, but found it not, and died.
Thus ruſt the mind's beſt powers. Yon ſtarry orbs,
Majeſtic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-waſting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,
Which bound th' horizon, and which curb the view;
All thoſe, with beauteous imagery, awak'd
My raviſh'd ſoul to extacy untaught,
To all the tranſport the rapt ſenſe can bear;
But all expir'd, for want of powers to ſpeak;
All periſh'd in the mind as ſoon as born,
Eras'd more quick than cyphers on the ſhore,
O'er which the cruel waves, unheedful, roll.

Such timid rapture as young Edwin ſeiz'd,
When his lone footſteps on the ſage obtrude,

Whoſe noble precept charm'd his wond'ring ear,
Such rapture fill'd Lactilla's vacant ſoul,
When the bright moraliſt, in ſoftneſs dreſt,
Opes all the glories of the mental world,
Deigns to direct the infant thought, to prune
The budding ſentiment, uprear the ſtalk
Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,
Woo the abſtracted ſpirit from its cares,
And gently guide her to the ſcenes of peace.
Mine was that balm, and mine the grateful heart,
Which breathes its thanks in rough, but timid ſtrains.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

By Mr. CUMBERLAND.

DORINDA and her ſpouſe were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony not in mind,
A faſhionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds and fine lace,
The ſmarteſt vis-a-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wiſh'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; ſhe'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now

Now education's care employs
  Dorinda's brain — but ah! the curſe,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noiſe —
  " Go, take 'em to the nurſe! — "
The lovely babes improve apace
  By dear Ma'amſell's prodigious care;
Miſs gabbles French with pert grimace,
  And Maſter learns to ſwear.
"Sweet innocents!" the ſervants cry,
  "So natural he, and ſhe ſo wild!
"Laud, Nurſe, do humour 'em — for why!
  "'Twere ſin to ſnub a child."
Time runs — "My God!" — Dorinda cries,
  "How monſtrouſly the girl is grown!
"She has more meaning in her eyes
  "Than half the girls in town."
Now teachers throng; Miſs dances, ſings,
  Learns every art beneath the ſun,
Scrawls, ſcribbles, does a thouſand things
  Without a taſte for one:
Lap-dogs and parrots paints, good laek!
  Enough to make Sir Joſhua jealous;
Writes rebuffes, and has her clack
  Of ſmall-talk for the fellows:
Mobs to the milliners for faſhions,
  Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, paſſions,
  And dictates in virtù.
Ma'amſelle to Miſs's hand conveys
  A billet-doux; ſhe's trés commode,
The Dancing maſter's in the chaiſe
They ſcower the northern road.

Away to Scottiſh land they poſt,
  Miſs there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolic over, to her coſt
  Miſs is a wretch for life.
Maſter mean-while advances faſt
  In modern manners and in vice,
And with a ſchool-boy's heedleſs haſte
  Rattles the deſperate dice;
Travels no doubt by modern rules
  To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the ſchools
  Of Rouſſeau and Voltaire;
Returns in all the dernier goût
  Of Bruſſels point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique ſtatues vampt anew,
  And buſts without a noſe.
Then hey! at diſſipation's call
  To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
  He's pigeon'd and undone.
Now comes a wife, the ſtale pretence,
  The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pocket's City-Madam's pence,
  And doubles all his betts.
He drains his ſtewards, racks his farms,
  Annuitizes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levée ſwarms
  With ſwindlers and with Jews.
The guinea loſt that was his laſt,
  Deſperate at length the maniac cries —
"This thro' my brain!" — 'tis done; 'tis paſt:
He fires — he falls — he dies!

ADVICE to LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By PETER PINDAR.

WHATE'ER your wiſh, in landſcape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landſcape in a garret.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying them for goats and ſheep;
And, if you'll take the poet's honeſt word,
A bug muſt make a miſerable bird.
A ruſh-light winking in a bottle's neck,
Ill repreſents the glorious orb of morn;
Nay, tho' it were a candle with a wick,
'Twould be a repreſentative forlorn.
I think too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint-ſtool;
Or ev'n by them to repreſent a ſtump:
As alſo broom-ſticks, — which tho' well he rig
Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,
Muſt make a very poor autumnal clump.
You'll ſay — "Yet ſuch ones oft a perſon ſees
In many an artiſt's trees;
And in ſome paintings, we have all beheld;
Green bays hath ſurely ſat for a green field;
Bolſters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats for ram-goats; — and curs, for bulls and cows."
All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from you I want.
As Shakſpeare ſays, (a bard I much approve)
'Liſt, liſt, Oh, liſt,' — if thou doſt Painting love.

Claude

Claude painted in the open air! —
Therefore to Wales at once repair;
Where ſcenes of true magnificence you'll find:
Beſides this great advantage — if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête:
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who hunt you, with what noſe they may,
Muſt hunt for needles in a ſtack of hay.

To CYNTHIA.

By the ſame.

O Thou! whoſe love-inſpiring air
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines in dark deſpair,
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe.
Yet who, alas! like me was bleſt,
To others ere thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on me alone.
Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs,
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.
Lo! theirs is ev'ry winning art,
With Fortune's gifts — unknown to me!
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,
In love with Innocence and Thee.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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